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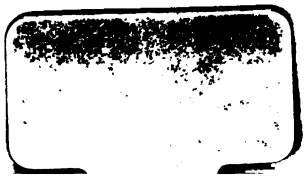

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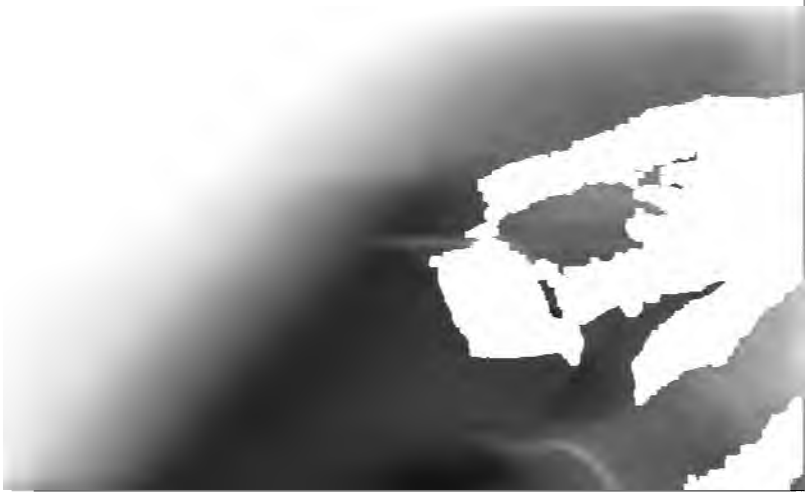

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In the autumn of 1815 my father's domestic happiness and literary pursuits were broken in upon by the illness of his only surviving daughter. A severe cough, attended with an affection of the lungs, compelled him to take her to London, and place her under the care of Dr. Pemberton. That eminent and kind-hearted physician very soon advised a removal to a warmer climate; but as at that time the intercourse with Italy and the South of France

was not so easy as it has since become, several weeks elapsed before a vessel could be met with in which a passage could be obtained; and before the vessel sailed, the fatal disease had made such rapid advances that all hope of recovery was gone. On the 18th of April, 1816, my father lost his child.

The two following letters were written during this distressing period:—

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Chiswick, January 5, 1816.

My dear Price,

I cannot let the opportunity of a packet to Rushwick pass, without wishing you joy of St. Peter's, and saying how much pleasure the prospect of seeing you here in May gives me. Jane S. is better than when her mother last wrote, though not yet near so well as I could wish her. Her pulse still continues at ninety, and till it is abated I shall not feel easy about her. May you never know such anxiety! or rather, as you can scarcely expect to live without being exposed to it, may you have a little more firmness of mind to encounter it!

Believe me, my dear Price, with love to Georgina and your children (some at least of whom I hope we shall see with you), believe me yours truly ever,

H. F. Cary.

P. S. When you write take no notice of what I have said about J. S.

TO THE SAME.

8, *Down-street, Piccadilly, March* 4, 1816.

My dear Price,

It will be necessary for me to delegate to some one the management of my two livings, and I know not whom I can ask to undertake this troublesome office except yourself. If you will allow me to do so, I will, before I go, state to you such particulars as you must be made acquainted with on the subject. I shall desire the receiver at Abbot's-Bromley, and Myring at Kingsbury to send in the annual accounts to you, and from the experience you have had of each living, you will not find much difficulty in seeing whether they appear to be right. The appointment of a curate at Kingsbury will also devolve on you, if it is not settled before my departure. Mr. Dawson, the present curate, whom I have seen here within these few days, will continue to serve it a few months after the expiration of his term, which ends in the beginning of June, if I am not sooner provided with another. The house, he tells me, is let to two ladies. It will be better on this account to get some one in the neighbourhood to accept of the curacy. Mr. Palmer's son is now serving it for Mr. Dawson, and I think it possible, would continue to do so, if the salary were raised to 75*l.*, or the service at Dosthill omitted, and the 5*l.*, (which is the

whole salary for it) given up. This service, Mr. Dawson says, is a great objection to the curacy, and so it must be to any one who wishes to take another in the neighbourhood with it.

Poor Jane's cough has grown worse within these few days, and I am very desirous, if possible, that she should move to the southward, so as to escape the rest of this month and the following one, which her physician said would be the most perilous for her. I have this morning been on board a vessel that is to sail for Marseilles in a week, but could not meet with the captain of it, whose perquisite it is to take what passengers he can get. I find that the passage to Lisbon or Madeira, though so much shorter, is not less expensive, and that when I reached there I should scarcely be able to subsist there on my little pittance, which will be enough for me in the South of France. A physician of my acquaintance, who spent the last winter at Marseilles, showed me an account of his expenses, which were wonderfully moderate. If I am disappointed of a passage to Marseilles, I shall try for one to Genoa or Leghorn, where I can also live very cheaply, and perhaps more to my own liking; but that must be a subordinate consideration.

Pray thank Wilkes for his invitation, which I shall perhaps be glad to avail myself of to his cost at my return, for I believe I must then go by house-row with you till I can lay by enough to set up house-keeping again for myself.

Our vicar at Chiswick has kindly offered, without any solicitation, to lend me 100*l.*, which I intend therefore to borrow from him.

I wrote by this post to Caroline, and you will see by my letter to her, that I am endeavouring to divide between you my two most weighty concerns.

Love to Georgina and your children. Believe me, dear Price, yours ever truly,

H. F. CARY.

The morning after my sister's death was the first on which I became acquainted with sorrow. My father sat all day long in what appeared to me a state of awful silence, neither showing nor seeking sympathy. But what most impressed me at the time was the bearing of my mother; she manifested none of the usual tokens of grief, offered no word or sign of comfort to her fellow-sufferer, but sat watching him with more than a mother's anxiety for a helpless dying infant. It was not till many years later, on the occasion of her own death, that I was able to unravel the mystery of this and several following days. She must have been longing to see an outburst of grief, yet not daring to provoke it. It was doubtless owing to her self-devotion, to the concealment of her own sufferings, in order that he might not feel the full extent of his, that is to be attributed his escape from that awful visitation which had attended the loss of his youngest daughter in 1807.

The following sonnet, which bears the date of August in this year, at the same time that it shows the extent of his feeling for the loss he had a few months since sustained, shows also that he had retained his self-command; for grief that can express itself in the strict framework of a sonnet, must needs be under the control of the reasoning powers.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

THRICE has the dart of Death my peace bereaved;
First, gentle mother, when it laid thee low,
Then was my morn of life o'ercast with woe,
And oft through youth the lonely sigh was heaved.
But in a child I thought thou wert retrieved,
She loved me well, nor from my side would go
Through fields by summer scorch'd or wintry snow:
How o'er that little bier at noon I grieved!
Last when as time has touch'd my locks with white,
Another now had learnt to shed fresh balm
Into the wounds, and with a daughter's name
Was as a seraph near me, to delight
Restoring me by wisdom's holy calm.
Oh, Death! I pray thee next a kinder aim.

In contemplation of a journey to the South of Europe, my father had resigned the curacy of Chiswick, and let his house for a term of three years. As soon therefore as he was able to leave London, after his recent loss, he set out with his family for Ramsgate, but the scantiness of his means and the heavy expenditure that had of late been unavoidable, compelled him again to seek for clerical employment, and accordingly he undertook the curacy of the

Savoy Chapel in the Strand, of which Dr. Jenkinson, Dean of Worcester, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, was then the incumbent.

Of the following letters, those bearing date July 14, relate to the loss of a daughter in the family of my father's friend and kinsman, Mr. Price:—

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

No. 5, Trafalgar-place, Ramsgate, May 17, 1816.

My dear Price,

We arrived here the evening before last, after a rather tedious voyage of twenty-six hours, the wind being adverse when we had to double the North Foreland, which made a good deal of tacking necessary. Yesterday morning was employed in looking about us for a lodging, and we at length fixed on this. It is a little out of the town on the road to Pegwell Bay, and on an eminence open to the sea, which is about a hundred yards off. To the left stretches the coast of Deal and Walmer, and opposite to us is the French shore, with the Goodwin Sands between. The adjacent country (at least as far as I have seen,) is pleasanter than I expected to find it. We walked in the evening about a mile; the latter half along some pretty fields that lie upon the cliffs, and heard the nightingale, among some hawthorns and sloe that are thinly scattered over them. Is he so early with you?

Lodgings are at present cheap enough. We are

to have a parlour and three bed-rooms, with attendance and cooking for a guinea and half a week to the end of June. The season then begins, and the price will perhaps be doubled, in which case I shall be induced to seek for a less expensive residence. Provisions are rather cheaper than in London, and fish very plentiful. James Ormsby is to join us here in a few days.

I doubt you will find your plan of an excursion to the Kentish coast too troublesome to put in execution. You would think me too, I fear, a dull companion, as I should want spirits to join with you in any of your little excursions and adventures. Next winter we may, perhaps, sit over the fire and prose together at Beveré or Rushwick. In the meanwhile, pray let me hear from you soon and often, and ask my father to write.

If you have any notices of this place and the neighbourhood of it, in your great topographical collection, not too long to transcribe, I will thank you to send them me, or otherwise to point them out. Tell me, too, how you get on with that task.

I have brought nothing here for my amusement but Heyne's Pindar, in which, however, if I can once interest myself about it, I shall meet with enough to suspend more melancholy thoughts now and then.

My wife is beginning a little to recover herself; but our loss will never be repaired on this side the grave.

Believe me, dear Price, with most affectionate

remembrances to my sister and your family, ever yours truly,

H. F. CARY.

MRS. CARY TO MRS. PRICE.

Ramsgate, June 2, 1816.

MY DEAR GEORGINA,

I had been reproaching myself for not writing to you, when your letter came and determined me to defer it no longer than to the time you name. Our children are much better since they came to this place, especially Francis. The sea air seems so necessary to him that we intend keeping him here or somewhere on the Kentish coast during the summer, and if we can find out a school where we can leave him in the winter in a situation not too cold for him, we think of doing so. He was so much neglected at the school he was at last summer, that we must be cautious where we leave him.

Henry likes this place very well, and seems to think we are as well here as we should be anywhere. I know not what to think; sometimes I think he would be better amongst you all, and at others that he is best alone. Nothing but time can soften the anguish we now feel, and perhaps the place where there is least to remind us of what we have lost is best; and again I think that she is now so constantly present to our thoughts, that she could not be more so, even in places where we once had her. All I am

decided in, is in agreeing to whatever he likes best, and that at present seems to stay here.

Thank you for your kind offer of coming to me: no doubt I should be very happy to see you; but as there is no necessity for your coming, it would not be fair to ask you to leave your family and take so long a journey.

You say nothing of your children, but I conclude they are well, or you would not have left them. God preserve them to you.

I am always, Dear Georgina, your affectionate,

J. CARY.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

London, June 22, 1816.

MY DEAR PRICE,

I have just written to Mr. Jenkinson that I shall willingly accept the curacy of the Savoy, but that it will not be convenient to me to engage in the duties of it before Michaelmas, till which time we must keep our youngest boy by the sea-side. It is possible that this may be in Flanders, as Sir Charles Ormsby has preferred our going with his son James there or to Holland for the next three months, as much, I believe, on my account as on his, thinking that the change of place and objects may be of use to me. I have also written to Mr. Palmer's son to engage him as curate of Kingsbury, when Mr. Dawson resigns it. You have my thanks for having negotiated both

these matters for me: and should you see Mr. Jenkinson at Worcester, I shall request you (as I have told him that I would) to make known to me his wishes respecting the Savoy, and that as early as you can.

I am glad to hear so good an account of Georgina from my father. I have never seen him better in every respect than he now appears to be. It is our present plan that we should take different courses to-morrow, he for Worcestershire and I for Kent.

The beginning of the extract you offer me from Mrs. Cowley does not promise well enough to make me wish for the remainder.

There is an old Saxon legend respecting a place three or four miles from Ramsgate, called Minster, which has raised some curiosity in me to visit it, but not enough to put me in motion. Mr. Vincent (whom you perhaps remember as a Westminster student in our time) and myself talk of walking there together. He and his family went down with us in the packet, and as we remembered each other's faces at college, we made an acquaintance with that sort of "coy delay," but, perhaps, real confidence, with which two Christ Church men would be apt to approach one another on meeting in the world.

When you see Digby, pray ask him for intelligence of Birch and Bullock, and his own cousin, the Canon of Windsor. I have sometimes thought of writing to the former two (with whom I sometimes correspond), to tell them of my late change of residence,

and the causes; but the attempt has been too painful for me.

I have written to Caroline by my father. She ought to endeavour to divert her mind as much as she can, but I know it is easier to give that advice than to follow it. For my own part, I find relief from my sufferings in exercise and in books; and, I think, in nothing else. Society, though I enter into it with some apparent interest, and though it occasions a temporary forgetfulness, is succeeded by a weight on my spirits which you cannot easily imagine; and this effect from it indeed I have experienced great part of my life.

May you continue to pass your days as serenely as you have long done!

Believe me, dear Price, your's and Georgina's ever,

H. F. CARY.

FROM MRS. CARY TO MRS. PRICE.

12, *Hertford-place, Ramsgate, July* 14, 1816.

MY DEAR GEORGINA,

It would be vain for me to attempt to offer you consolation under your great affliction, but I can grieve with you, and there is something consolatory in the sympathy of one's friends. How little can we perceive the events of this world! But a few days ago, I cited you as an instance of one peculiarly happy; Henry's reply was, "Her turn will come." Alas! how soon it is come. He bids me say, if you

think change of place would be any relief to you, that we should be most happy to see you all. We could easily get a lodging that would hold us all, and living is cheap here; so that it would not be attended with any great expense.

Let me hear from you when you feel able to write. Adieu. I am always yours most affectionately,

J. CARY.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Ramsgate, July 14, 1816.

MY DEAR PRICE,

My father, in the letter which tells me of the severe affliction you have sustained, adds, from your information, that poor Georgina bears it with fortitude. I can express my satisfaction at this; though I have been so deficient in setting an example of the same conduct myself. Perhaps from a recollection of what I suffered some years ago by a like calamity, when the state of my mind rendered me so unequal to the pressure, I may be inclined to over-rate the keenness both of your feelings and hers. I sometimes think that that blow so effectually stunned me as to make me much less sensible to the last, though, in fact, a much severer one. This use I have found from both—that they have made me sit very easily to this world and to everything that is in it.

I have got a letter to-day from Mr. Jenkinson, in which he has the goodness to acquaint me with his having got assistance at the Savoy till Michaelmas.

I do not think I need trouble him with an answer; but if you see him, pray thank him for me, and say that I shall be ready at that time.

Best love to Georgina.

Yours truly, dear Price,

H. F. CARY.

At Michaelmas my father returned to London, and fixed his residence in Cecil Street, Strand, not far distant from the Savoy Chapel. He did not now attempt to follow any regular course of study, but diverted himself with desultory, and what to him was light reading. In November, he wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine a brief notice of an assize sermon lately published by his friend Birch, of which mention is made in the following letter:—

TO THE REV. WALTER BIRCH.

20, *Cecil-street, Strand, December* 8, 1816.

MY DEAR BIRCH,

It was too late when I received your letter yesterday to write to Reynolds to send your books; but I intend, if I can, to call on him to-morrow morning, and desire him to do so. I am sorry you have ordered the Gentleman's Magazine for the sake of my advertisement (for it is, in fact, little more) of your sermon, as that which I wrote of Price's was not inserted for some months after I sent it, and the

same may be the case now. I have not seen the Magazine yet for last month, but scarcely expect to find the article there so soon.

I saw the volume of Gray given in charge at the coach-office on the day I wrote to you, and it must therefore have been detained either there or at Devizes. I have always thought Mr. Mathias's style somewhat wordy, but never quite deserving the name of bombastic, such as Gibbon's is in a volume of his posthumous works lately published by Lord Sheffield, which I am now reading. Can you divine the meaning of these sentences? "They reserved their defeat for the precipice of despair," and "Ptolemy reigned for centuries in great part of the earth, as well as in the heavens." Gibbon was no doubt a man of unwearied diligence, most extensive reading, and uncommon acumen in weighing the evidence of mere historical facts; but I doubt he was almost as insensible to real excellence in works of art as he was wanting in reverence for religion. I have been led to say this partly by your observation on Mr. Mathias's style and partly by a comparison I have met with in one of the literary journals between the posthumous writings of Gray and Gibbon, in which the preference is given to the latter, and that very decidedly, as if the former were almost unworthy of notice.

In consequence of your remark on the Bard, I have read it again, but do not find my credulity more revolted by the passage in question than at the

mention of Severn and Berkeley Castle in a former part of the Prophecy, where the shadowy and typical style proper to that kind of writing is so plainly dismissed. The truth is, that Gray pleases me more in those shorter pieces that are marked by a tender and moral melancholy than in the two greater odes, in which I hold him to be far surpassed in freedom, grandeur, and originality by Pindar. With respect to what you say of Milton, I own I am still boy enough to like the Comus better than the Samson Agonistes; but I can scarcely remember the time when I had not nearly as much pleasure in reading the Paradise Regained as the Paradise Lost; and as to the Lycidas we are quite agreed, such a combination of poetic embellishment with unfeigned mourning I do not remember to have met with elsewhere. What a transition to the last Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews about which you inquire! There is only a short article in the latter about Mason's works that much interested me. Many things are represented to be now first published (in 1816), whereas on inquiry at Cadell's I find there is nothing that had not been printed in the edition of 1811. In the other, the Edinburgh, there is a notable discovery very well adapted to abate the tumour of your conceit as a Magdalen man. It is that the reputation of one Addison as a writer, who was once made very much of, is now in a great measure past by, and that certain Scotch luminaries are henceforth the lords of the ascendant,

and that to them we must go as models of fine writing. I will wait for the Demosthenes till you come to town in February, when I hope we shall be more together, and that you will bring two or three sermons with you for my church.

Monday Morning.

I have inquired this morning at Reynolds's about your books; they promise that they shall be sent to-morrow afternoon at furthest. They had got Butler's Analogy for you. I have been looking into Porson's Tracts. There is a good defence of him at the end of the preface by a Mr. Kidd of Cambridge, against the accusations of Miss Hannah More. I was sorry to see a bitter reflexion on poor Hayley by the professor (in which he is called *poetarum et criticorum pessimus*), in consequence of Hayley's having offended Porson by speaking irreverently of his master Bentley. But poets and critics have, I believe, a natural antipathy to each other.

Mrs. C. desires her regards, and I am, dear Birch, yours affectionately,

H. F. Cary.

From this period until the following spring my father resided in Cecil Street; then the illness of his youngest son made a removal to the sea-side again necessary; and after a month spent at Worthing he took a house at the retired village of Littlehampton, on the same coast.

At this place occurred one of the most important

incidents (I might almost call it an event) of his life, that is, his becoming acquainted with Coleridge. The manner of their introduction is perhaps not devoid of interest.

Several hours of each day were spent by Mr. Cary in reading the Classics with the writer of this memoir, who was then only thirteen years of age. After a morning of toil over Greek and Latin composition it was our custom to walk on the sands and read Homer aloud, a practice adopted partly for the sake of the sea-breezes, and not a little, I believe, in order that the pupil might learn to read *ore rotundo*, having to raise his voice above the noise of the sea that was breaking at our feet. For several consecutive days Coleridge crossed us in our walk. The sound of the Greek, and especially the expressive countenance of the tutor, attracted his notice; so one day, as we met, he placed himself directly in my father's way and thus accosted him: "Sir, yours is a face I *should* know: I am Samuel Taylor Coleridge." His person was not unknown to my father, who had already pointed him out to me as the great genius of our age and country.

Our volume of Homer was shut up; but as it was ever Coleridge's custom to speak, it could not be called talking or conversing, on the subject that first offered itself, whatever it might be; the deep mysteries of the blind bard engaged our attention during the remainder of a long walk. I was too young at that time to carry away with me any but a

very vague impression of his wondrous speech. All that I remember is, that I felt as one from whose eyes the scales were just removed, who could discern and enjoy the light, but had not strength of vision to bear its fulness. Till that day I had regarded Homer as merely a book in which boys were to learn Greek; the description of a single combat had occasionally power to interest me; but from this time, I was ever looking for pictures in the poem, endeavouring to realise them to my mind's eye, and especially to trace out virtues and vices as personified in the heroes and deities of the Homeric drama.

The close of our walk found Coleridge at our family dinner table. Amongst other topics of conversation Dante's "divine" poem was mentioned: Coleridge had never heard of my father's translation, but took a copy home with him that night. On the following day when the two friends (for so they may from the first day of their meeting be called) met for the purpose of taking their daily stroll, Coleridge was able to recite whole pages of the version of Dante, and, though he had not the original with him, repeated passages of that also, and commented on the translation. Before leaving Littlehampton he expressed his determination to bring the version of Dante into public notice; and this, more than any other single person, he had the means of doing in his course of lectures delivered in London during the winter months. But to this subject I must presently recur.

In November of this year was born my father's youngest child, Richard. As he is no longer left amongst us, I venture to pay a passing tribute to his memory. As often happens with those who are born of parents that have passed the meridian of life, he differed in a remarkable degree in constitution, both of body and mind, from those the youngest of whom was his senior by many years. His frame was small and delicate; his apprehension quick and lively, but veiled under a constant and silent reserve. Learning, which his father was so anxious to impart to his children, he could not away with. Yet, after all, I believe he had a more genuine love of literature than any of us, though confined to one peculiar branch. Whatever was dramatic, whether in form strictly so or not, afforded him never-failing delight. Every page of Dickens's he devoured with avidity as soon as he could possess himself of it. His love for Shakspeare, his father, who was ever anxious to foster a decided taste for any pursuit that was calculated to enlarge and adorn the mind, endeavoured to turn to good account, by encouraging and assisting him in searching out passages from our elder writers, which had been imitated by our great dramatist. His work, consisting of two manuscript volumes, was brought to a conclusion, but he was unable to meet with a publisher who would risk the expense of paper and print. But if he took pleasure in dramatic writings, with much greater relish did he see them acted; and at length his love for every-

thing connected with the stage grew so strong, that he became literally a walking play-bill, and could tell, as soon as it was announced, the title of every piece that was to be acted in any London theatre, from Covent-garden and Drury-lane to the least distinguished house in Southwark or the city; and could tell, moreover, the name of every actor in every one of them who was thought worthy of a place in the printed bills. This was the only subject on which he could, I will not say talk, but even speak. Here he claimed to be supreme. The stage had no interest for my father, yet it was delightful to see him listening with affectionate interest to the eager raptures of his son. He treated him as a spoilt child; though all the while I believe my brother thought him the child. He certainly, most often of the two, assumed the parental privilege of remonstrance or reproof. Their affection for each other was as sincere and guileless as their natures. My brother survived his father a little more than a year, and died at the age of twenty-seven.

The first of the following letters was written during a brief absence in London.

TO THE REV. THOMAS AND MRS. PRICE.

Littlehampton, December 28, 1817.

My dear Georgina and Price,

A happy new year to you and your children. Your Christmas festivities, I doubt not, have exceeded ours, though we had yesterday the rare carnival of a christening dinner, at which the vicar and the village doctor's family were present.

This country, too, abounds in the old customs peculiar to this season. Besides waits and carollers, we have wassailers and *tipteerers*. Pray explain that last term to me, Mr. Antiquarian, for I can make nothing of it. They appear to be a species of mummers, consisting of seven characters — Father Christmas, the Turk, Maid Marian, &c.; and I regretted that a sick fit of Francis's would not let me see their antics when they came to us the other evening. I wish Georgy, Edward and Arthur were here to give their opinion of these proceedings.

You will be sorry to hear that Henry Ormsby (with whom, I think, you are acquainted), has been sent by the physicians to Devonshire, whence he is to proceed in the spring to France, for a cough and spitting of blood. He has left a wife and seven children, besides a school of twelve boys, yet went away in good spirits and with cheerful hopes. He

says he is resolved to pay us a visit before his return: but how uncertain must that return be!

You have not for a long time said anything of poor Waters. I sometimes muse on his case, and consider, but in vain, of what could be done for him.

We have heard lately from our friend Miss Stafford, in answer to our request that she would be one of the sponsors to our little boy. She appears to have been well, as she was setting out on a journey to London for a few weeks.

The letters * Mr. Thomas White mentioned, have been kindly returned by him. Mr. Hayley, who expressed a strong wish to me that I would recover his, put me on this; and I am well pleased, both for his sake and mine, that it is effected. The continued attention required by my boys prevents me from passing even one night at his house, which he has asked me to do.

Yours ever truly,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. WALTER BIRCH.

Littlehampton, April 8, 1818.

My dear Birch,

I know not whether the power of procrastination, χειρὸς ἕλκων ὀπίσσω, would not have kept me from writing to you still longer than the present time, if it had not been counteracted by the fear that you

* Mr. Cary's Letters to Miss Seward.

should suppose me capable of intentionally repaying you in kind for your long silence. Fear therefore is, as it has often been, the parent of courage in the present instance. Since I last wrote to you, I have not been much more diligent than you profess yourself to have been. I have not, however, the excuse you might make, of having a house to rebuild or repair, and have been so entirely unmolested by those ephemerals you complain of—Reviews, monthly and quarterly, &c.—that I have not even seen a London newspaper in the course of the winter. What then, you may say, have you done with yourself? In the first place, I have been employed for some hours every day with my sons, one of whom has read to me the Iliad, more than half the Odyssey, nearly a quarter of the Greek tragedies remaining to us, besides a good quantity of Latin, more altogether than, I doubt, you will think wholesome for a young stomach, in less than a twelvemonth. It has not appeared to disagree with him at all either in mind or body. Then, for myself, I have read Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ, and for the first time Chaucer regularly through, except one tale, Patient Grisilde, which I know so well that I passed it. This, I think, is all the heavy artillery I can bring into the field, if it is not insulting pleasant old Geoffry to speak thus of him. My other lighter troops are Burnet de Resurrectione, Strada's Prolusiones (in which there is much entertaining and generally sound criticism, though not perhaps in the highest and severest taste),

Sadolatus de Liberis Instituendis (a golden little tractate on the education of boys, written by the Cardinal Sadolate, one of the ornaments, in character the chief ornament, of Leo the Tenth's Court); and the last four publications of Coleridge's, the Zapolya, a successful imitation of the style of our elder dramatists, particularly Massinger, the Sibylline Leaves, almost filled with genuine poetry, the second Lay Sermon, for which he has been complimented by deeper politicians than I pretend to be, and his Biographia Literaria, very amusing where he speaks of himself and of Wordsworth's Poems, but not always intelligible to me when he enters on metaphysics, though I am inclined to give him credit for being right in preferring the old systems *toto cœlo* to the new: with the author himself I had the pleasure of becoming intimate here last autumn, and find him, on the whole, the most extraordinary man I have met with, insomuch that I expect it will be some time or other considered among the *opprobria* of this age that he is suffered to continue in poverty, and, with regard to any public acknowledgment of his merits, almost in neglect. He remembered having met you at a Mr. Methuen's, I think, and in that short meeting had appreciated your character very justly, at least as to its most distinguishing features.

I have not seen the book you inquire after,—Hazlitt's Remarks on Shakspeare. Have you read Copleston's Prolusiones Academicæ? What are the subjects of them? I am in no want of the second

volume of Gray at present. I hope you are in none of the oration of Demosthenes you lent me, as it is in my trunk in London, where I shall not probably go till Midsummer, and then for a short time. Would you have it then sent to you?

You are not singular in placing Virgil almost as much beneath Theocritus as beneath Homer. But how extreme is the disparity between the languages themselves! Can you conceive the same effect produced in Latin, however managed, as results from the use of the Sicilian Doric in pastoral? The Greek seems to me as superior for the purposes of poetry in general, as Parian marble would be to Portland stone for the use of a sculptor. I admire your constancy to Pindar. What think you of Porson's chiding a Greek scholar for wasting his time over compositions of so little value as he esteemed those to be that are left of the old Theban's? Was this affectation, or a real want of taste? You will probably be contented to remain under a delusion, to which Navagero, Bacon, and Fox have submitted. I quite agree as to Fox's Letters placing him in an amiable light, yet they rather lessened the opinion I had formed of his learning, particularly of his acquaintance with Greek. Indeed, I had a little wondered how the erudition, which I had attributed to him, would be consistent with his avocations as a statesman and his diversions in the earlier part of his life.

You may guess from all this rambling, that I have

not much to make me uneasy about the health of my little boy. It has indeed recovered so much since we have been here, as to afford us a good prospect of its being re-established. We moved a few days ago into a house close to the shore, and can now give you a bed, if anything should bring you into this neighbourhood. I have taken it for three months, but I think it likely we shall remain here the remainder of the summer. The sea agrees so well with myself and with my young ones, that I should be well satisfied to reside near it, if I could do so consistently with professional duties, and most willingly would I resign my inland benefices for one situated like this.

Mrs. Cary is well, but has lately been much afflicted by the sudden death of her eldest brother, whom you remember at Abbots-Bromley. An attack of gout in the stomach carried him off in about ten minutes. Another infant, who has made his appearance here, seems to comfort and employ her.

Believe me, yours affectionately,

H. F. Cary.

In the month of February, 1818, Coleridge in a Lecture on Dante, being the tenth in his course, made mention of my father's translation. Of the terms in which he introduced it no record has been preserved. In his Literary Remains, vol. i., p. 161, edited by Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, the following

memorandum is made in his Notes for this lecture :– "Here to speak of Mr. Cary's translation."

The effect of his commendation, however, was no other than might have been expected. The work, which had been published four years, but had remained in utter obscurity, was at once eagerly sought after. About a thousand copies of the first edition, that remained on hand, were immediately disposed of; in less than three months a new edition was called for. The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews re-echoed the praises that had been sounded by Coleridge, and henceforth the claims of the translator of Dante to literary distinction were universally admitted.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

London, May 10, 1818.

My dear Price,

It has been so uncertain when Ormsby would set out for Worcester, that I have not been able to apprise you of the time when he would be likely to arrive there. He is in so delicate a state of health, that I doubt whether he will not find himself too fatigued to deliver this to you in person at Barbourne. I had no notion of Georgina's being so near her confinement, or we should not have proposed this visit. You will, I trust, lose no time in communicating to me the glad tidings. It is needless to say how glad we shall be to see you in August at Littlehampton. I wish much to see Kennedy's

Poem; will you forward it to me, together with the stray leaves of Aristophanes, by the first opportunity, to Cecil Street, from whence parcels are frequently despatched to me? Return the author (of course the former of the two) my best thanks. I have just read a very friendly review of my translation of Dante, in the "Edinburgh Review," and know not to whom I am indebted for it. The booksellers already propose another edition, and we are to talk over the terms to-morrow at Coleridge's, with whom I am to spend the day at Highgate. But they are such hard men to deal with, I scarcely expect much to come of it.

Poor Sawkins! but if any man goes to happiness it must surely be he. I regret that he has not left more behind him: I remember only one or two sermons of his. No man of his time, probably, was a sounder divine and better scholar. It remains for Waters to work so much the harder. I am really glad to hear he is doing anything for himself. If you see or write to Wilkes, remind him where we are, and say we have now a bed to give him. I hope you do not lose sight of the Topographia Poetica; you might find much to add to it, and well worth adding in a poem called Samor, just published by a Mr. Milman. There are more beauties, and perhaps as many faults in it, as in anything of the kind I have read for a good while. But I must conclude this gossip. Love to the ladies and the young men.

From, dear Price, yours ever truly,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Littlehampton, June 20, 1818.

My dear Price,

My wife unites with me in sincerely wishing you joy of Georgina's safety, and the birth of your little girl. It is to be hoped that both will be able to pay us the long-expected visit in August next, and that nothing will intervene to hinder you from fulfilling that engagement. You do not say whether I may hope to meet my father in town next month, unless "by the same safe hand (by whom you will send to Cecil Street) as before" you mean his; for I am ungrateful enough to forget who brought me the last parcel from you.

If my father can come, pray tell him the most convenient time for me will be between the Sundays occurring every fortnight when I have duty at Preston. Those Sundays next month will be on the 5th and 19th instant. Preston is a small parish, with about thirty families, at the distance of a mile and a half from hence, of which I serve the curacy during the illness of a clergyman in this neighbourhood. The living is altogether not worth more than 50*l.* a year. Do you know whether that charity, from which Mr. Bennet formerly obtained a donation for his church, near Abbots-Bromley, would be applicable to this living? I am doubtful whether its being in the province of Canterbury would exclude it. If it were so augmented, it might be worth my

having, and could perhaps be had without much difficulty. I wished much for your company in a walk I had with James, Henry, Charles, and a donkey, who carried our provisions, last Tuesday and Wednesday, to and from the village of Berry, eight miles and a half from hence, on the London road. On the left of it we diverged two miles to Bignor, a Roman station, where, in the year 1812, a farmer ploughing his ground met with the foundation of a very large villa belonging to that people, and, on pursuing his discovery, had the good fortune to clear away the soil from some pavements of rooms in tesselated, or (perhaps to speak more properly) vermiculated work, in excellent preservation and exceedingly curious. The colours are so fresh, that one might suppose them done no more than a hundred years since, and the designs (particularly of a Ganymede in the talons of the eagle) so good, that I should take them to be in some instances copied from the most eminent of the ancient artists.

One room, at least sixteen feet square, has the whole of the floor (except a very few inches) perfect, and there are large remains in two or three others. The farmer, who owns and occupies the land, has had the spirit to refuse large offers for these treasures, and is covering them over with sheds to protect them from the weather. The situation itself is a very fine one, being on a gentle slope to the south, with an amphitheatre of fine bold hills, almost embracing it, at the distance of three or four miles. After returning to

Berry, we again struck off a mile (across the Avon) to our right, and visited Amberley Castle, the largest ruins of a Norman castle I remember to have seen out of North Wales. I tell you of these curiosities, that you may not, if you have time to see them, pass them unnoticed on your way hither.

And now for what you say to me about the Dante. It would so incalculably increase my trouble to have the printing of the original along with the translation, that I do not at all regret my not having to do it. I am now in the midst of Lombardi's edition, which I had before only looked at occasionally, and met with so many new readings, such variety in the pointing, and so much novelty in the interpretation, that it is staggering enough to have to compare my version with it, and to alter my notes accordingly. What would it be to have to new-model the text itself! If you have any regard for me, do not mention it again. I should be ungrateful if I did not request you to tell Digby from me of the proposed new edition. Will he allow me to make a public acknowledgment to him in my preface, of the liberal offer he once made me of printing the book at his own risk? The same booksellers, who have engaged to pay me 125*l.* for the next edition, have paid me 109*l.* for the remains of the old. I wish, therefore, to recal from the hands of Mr. Walcott, and of the other booksellers at Birmingham, Lichfield, and Tamworth, of whom I gave him a list, what copies remain in their hands, together with an

account of those sold. Perhaps you will have the goodness to put this in train for me. I don't give you any hopes of my meeting with any of those old poems you seek after; nothing is more quickly caught up. Your best way, I should think, would be to devote a little time, whenever you are able, to that object, in the neighbourhood of the British Museum.

I hope to hear particularly in your next how Caroline and Mary go on. I shall be desirous, both on their account and Georgina's, to hear again soon. Henry Ormsby got over his journey pretty well. His friends found him fatter, but his cough very bad. I met Sir James Ormsby in London, on his way to Ireland. He talks of coming to see us here next month. My tenant continues in the house at Chiswick till next Lady-day; so that, if we go to the neighbourhood of London in the winter, I must look out for another habitation. But this is quite uncertain.

Love to Georgina and your party from all here.

Yours ever truly,

H. F. Cary.

TO HIS WIFE.

20, *Cecil-street, Strand, July* 22, 1818.

My dearest Jane,

My father has brought a cream cheese, which I have the pleasure to forward to you, hoping it will save the crabs and lobsters. My father arrived this

evening, and is quite well, as is James, who is one of our party. He tells me there has been no arrival for some time from Jamaica.

I inclose you a letter from Georgina. We had a pleasant journey yesterday, considering the heat. Henry was not at all tired, and is very well.

I called yesterday on Mr. ——, and then I inquired after his family. He told me his only son was lately brought to him a corpse, of which he could not distinguish the features. He was drowned in bathing. I mention this that you may take care of Charles on the same occasion. When I said to the mother, "But you have still daughters left," her answer, poor woman! was—"We have one, but she has run away with a servant, to whom she is married." Such are the misfortunes of life!

I hope to hear better tidings from you to-morrow. My father will stay here a week. If anything else occurs worth writing about, or if I do not return about Wednesday next, I will write again.

Believe me, dear Jane,

Your affectionate and faithful,

H. F. Cary.

In November of this year my father returned to London, and resumed his duties at the Savoy Chapel. As the term for which his own house at Chiswick had been let was not yet expired, he rented a small house at Kentish Town, on account of its proximity to the residence of Coleridge, at Highgate.

The winter and spring of 1819 were occupied in a new and handsomer edition of the translation of Dante, which was published in July of the same year. Of this, and other literary matters, the following letters give a sufficient account :—

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Grove, Kentish-town, January 1, 1819.

My dear Price,

I was just about to write to my father and wish you all a happy new year, when on looking at his last letter I find he is to be at Shiffnall to-morrow, on the business of Emery's bankruptcy, so that the postage to be paid for these good wishes will fall into your account instead of his. This is unlucky, but you have not brought it on yourself, for you had not written to me since the beginning of October, and that letter I believe I have answered. Some days ago indeed I thought of writing to you on the subject of a plan which was proposed to me by my booksellers; and though I thought it scarce worth making a letter of itself, yet it will do very well for something to say in addition to the compliments of the season. Their proposal to me is, that I should undertake the editing of a quarterly magazine, to be conducted on principles of fairness, without any bias from party spirit, and to be supplied chiefly by articles which they will offer the writer a handsome price for supplying.

I thought it ungracious to give a direct refusal, and said I would take a little time to consider their scheme. Since then I have spoken of it to Mr. Gilman, Mr. Coleridge's host and friend, and whom I have also found disposed to be friendly to myself, a man of strong natural sense, and of attainments superior to those of most men whom one meets with, and he has advised me to make a trial of this matter, at least for a time, only stipulating that I shall not be known as the editor. Still there is one part of the undertaking that is so much out of my way, that if *that part* must fall to my own management, it would determine me to decline it altogether. It is the reviewing of new publications. Now it has occurred to me that you were once engaged in this trade of a critic, and that you might have no objection to resume it, particularly if it were, (as it must be,) made more profitable to you than before. Their wish is that the task should be performed with a better temper than has been usually shown on such occasions, and that more pains should be taken to search out for the beauties than the faults of the books that are to be reviewed. My neighbour, Mr. Gilman, is of opinion that without a strong spicing of ill-nature, nothing of this kind can be made palatable to the public, and that the attempt would therefore probably fail. My answer was, that, as the medical men had lately prevailed on many to leave off stimulants, I saw no reason to despair of our being able to do something of the same kind as to

the palate of the mind. At any rate I think this is not a point of view in which their scheme would meet with your disapprobation or refusal, any more than it would with mine. Let me hear in a few days, if you can make up your mind so soon, what you think of this, and whether you will allow me to say that you are disposed to enter into an engagement with the booksellers. One great point is, that they appear to be respectable men. Perhaps I ought to say more than this; for I have found them to be so by proof, and such is their general character, as you may judge from the following extract from a letter Mr. Coleridge wrote to me when he first spoke to them about my book: "Mr. Chalmers, a veteran in the literary market, and several other highly respectable men had congratulated me on my having Taylor and Hessey's names in my prospectus. Pointing to their names he said, 'Now these, Sir, are men that give respect as well as receive it. I have not myself been connected with them in any literary engagement, but I know that they are men of character, and worthy of confidence.' So, too, a friend of mine (in the worldly acceptation at least) who has realised a large fortune by a newspaper, and whom I have found infallible in worldly knowledge, who knows everybody, and how they stand with the world, said to me, 'I was pleased to see the names of Taylor and Hessey in your prospectus, that is the sort of connection that will be of service to your reputation.' Besides, they are very honest and honourable

men." All that I have to say besides is, that if you would undertake the reviewing part, I think I would, if they made it worth my while (as indeed they must also make it worth yours), conduct the rest of the publication, unless there is more to be done than I am aware of.

We are all well, and hope to hear the same of the three points in the Worcestershire map that interest us most.

Pray thank my father for the ham and apples, the latter of which have proved good, as I dare say the other will also. Our prospect of paying a visit *en famille* at Beveré must, I fear, be deferred to another summer, as James is in future to go a day-scholar to Merchant Taylors, and that will hinder us from being absent for a long time together, and would make us too many for guests at one time. Perhaps we shall send out a detachment, who will take up their quarters for a few weeks on the Knoll in the course of the spring or summer. I hope to hear that my father does not suffer from these journeys, which I do not quite like his taking in this season of the year. The press is put in motion for me, so far as to give me specimens of the types, out of which I am to choose for my book.

You have seen that the "Edinburgh Reviewer" has changed his note a little, and does not sing quite so musically to me as he did at first. The criticism is supposed to come from Holland-house; for on application being made through Sir James Macintosh for

Cancellieri, the book on Dante last reviewed, it has been sent to me from Lord Holland's library.

I hope you and Wilkes do not forget your engagement. No more excuses, pray.

With love to Georgina and your children,

Believe us, yours affectionately,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Grove, Kentish-town, February 9, 1819.

MY DEAR PRICE,

You would have heard from me sooner, if our joint labours had been engaged to the booksellers. Their plan, however, appeared on further disclosure to be so extensive, that I shrank from the task that would have devolved on me as editor. Not only a review of the best books that are published, but of the political occurrences of the times, of the progress made in science, and of the fine arts, was requisite, besides the arrangement of the correspondence they should receive; and though they intended to employ different hands for the treating of their different matters, yet it would have been unpardonable folly in me, to make myself in any way responsible for what I should not be competent even to understand. They have your name, in the meanwhile, as one who would be ready to do them some service as a reviewer, and if they have occasion for it, you will probably hear from them. I regret your disappoint-

ment in not getting Mr. Palmer's books, which I always understood he had given you reason to look for, though I did not know your expectations had extended further.

Did you ever make the intended search for a Latin translation of Dante, among the manuscripts at your cathedral? If you have that review which you wrote some years ago, and which was returned to you when the "Critical Review" changed hands, I know that my bookseller would be well pleased to have it for insertion in some similar publication.

The reprint, as yet, goes on but leisurely; but more expedition is promised. If you will send me a short critique on Digby's sermon, I will transmit it to Mr. Nichols. You see I am resolved what to make of you. Your own employment of yourself as tutor, is likely to be more profitable. Edward and Arthur will, no doubt, be glad to have another pony running in the same yoke with them. Has Waters found any others who will commit the reins into his hands? and how is he going on? Remember me to him, and to Wilkes, as occasion offers. Kennedy, too, must not be forgotten. There was here and there something in his verses, that reminded me of Shakspeare and Young. Will that do for the sop you asked me for some time ago for him? I have seen nothing new since I have been here, but have heard of a translation of an Arabic poem called Antar. Have you seen it?

Tell Georgina that the Washing-day is Mrs. Bar-

bauld's, and ask her to take care and let me have it again (I mean the description, not the reality), the next time I visit Barbourne; and yet, I believe, if she must have visitors, I had liefer have the washer-woman than others. Love to her, Georginette, and the rest, from, dear Price,

Yours ever truly,
H. F. Cary.

My father's house at Chiswick being now vacant, he returned thither with his family at Lady-day, and thence wrote the following letter to his friend :—

THE REV. WALTER BIRCH.

Chiswick, April 3, 1819.

My dear Birch,

Your kind letter would have been sooner acknowledged, if I had not been occupied in the business attendant on the removal of a family from one house to another, almost ever since I received it. You will think I scarcely ever write to you without recording a similar "preventive of moss-gathering," and you have reason to think so. But though a locomotive disposition may have had something to do with these changes, yet they have been on many occasions necessary. This last indeed has been somewhat against my own inclination; but if I had not made it, I should have had two bargains to drive, one as

landlord (the house I now live in being my own), and another as tenant, in both of which I should probably have come off, as I do in almost all bargains, second best. You talk of coming to London for a few days in the course of this year. Let me request that you will, if possible, add a few days more on my account; and that if Mrs. Birch is with you, you will allow my wife and myself the gratification of forming an acquaintance with her. You know our humble manner of living, but that, whatever else may be wanting, we have at least a well-aired bed and a hearty welcome to offer.

Just after I got your letter, Mr. Coleridge happened to say he was busy writing in the papers, &c., in favour of the cotton children, which I told him would supply me with an answer to your question of what he was then about. One cause of regret to me at this change of residence, is the distance to which it removes me from him. Mr. Hazlitt has very well described the peculiar charm of his conversation, though he is, I think, very unjust to him as an author. Not to speak of his poems, with which you know how much I have been always delighted, some parts of his prose writings appear to me to be almost the only compositions of the kind in later days that call one back to a happier age, I mean that of Elizabeth and her two successors. It is indeed a very striking contrast between his style and that of Mr. Hazlitt, which is cut and

minced, and sparkles like the French, or Seneca's, and which you have well termed "flippant and ambitious."

I have not seen the article you speak of on Horace Walpole in the "Edinburgh Review," and indeed scarcely anything else that is new. I have heard *Antar*, a translation of part of one of the poems suspended in the temple of Mecca, spoken of as curious. Whistlecraft's Letters, by Mr. Frere, are now old; that is, they have been published two years. If you have not happened to see them, I think they would amuse you. They carry you on, with a delightful flow of easy numbers, through such trifling as is better than the gravity of most other men.

It is a pleasure to me to hear that Crowe still retains his health, though something feebler for the threescore years and twelve that he has come to: may not the indolence you speak of have been occasioned in some measure by the want of more encouragement to exertion? I have often thought of what you told me a year or two ago, that he was deterred, you thought, by the expenses of publication, from printing his remarks on English metre. Is not this a sad proof of the want of all Mœcenatism (if you will allow of such a word) in this country? And yet I can scarcely think that he has tried what the booksellers would do on this occasion. Those, for whom I am now engaged in printing another edition of my translation, and who purchased the first

so as fully to secure me from any loss by that, would, if I am not much mistaken, not only secure Mr. Crowe in like manner, but would make him some acknowledgment for being allowed to publish his book. If you think it likely to be of any avail, pray mention this to him, and offer my services. I do not forget his promise of coming to see me, if he should come to town, and I hope the little distance I now am from it, would not make me forfeit that pleasure. There is a bed for him, and he would be cordially welcomed by Mrs. Cary and myself. Pray make our united good wishes acceptable to Mrs. Birch, and, with our sincere regards, believe me, dear Birch,

Ever yours truly,
H. F. Cary.

CHAPTER IX.

1819—1822.

Mr. Cary resumes his Literary Journal, 1819.—Letters to Mr. Price, to his Father, and to his Wife.—Literary Journal for 1820 and 1821.—Contributions to the London Magazine, "The Funeral of Eleanor, a ballad," and "Eustace de Ribaumont".—Spends some time at Versailles, his pursuits there.—Letter to Mr. Price.—Walks round Dieppe.—Literary Journal continued, 1821 and 1822.—Letter to Mr. Price.

On his return to his own house at Chiswick, Mr. Cary resumed the Afternoon Lectureship in that parish, in addition to the curacy of the Savoy; and was at length able to follow his favourite pursuits with his former zeal.

The studious reader will probably be glad once more to attend him to his study.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1814.

July. Began vol. iii. of Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ.

August 2. In Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ, vol. iii. pp. 76, 77, is a passage from which it appears that *anno post Christum*, 253, Cyprian, in the third Council of Carthage, determined that infants were to be

baptized immediately on being born:—Et idcirco, frater carissime, hæc fuit in concilio nostra sententia, a baptismo atque a gratia Dei, qui omnibus misericors et benignus et pius est, neminem per nos debere prohiberi. Quod cum circa universos observandum sit atque retinendum, tum magis circa infantes ipsos et recens natos observandum putamus, qui hoc ipso de ope nostra ac de divina misericordia plus merentur, quod in primo statim nativitatis suæ ortu plorantes ac flentes nihil aliud faciunt quam deprecantur.*—p. 77.

In the preceding page (p. 76) is a passage, on which Fell remarks in a note:—Vix alibi reperitur, apud antiquos scriptores locus ad confirmandum dogma de originali peccato, magis appositus et expressus.†

It is this:—Quanto magis prohiberi non debet infans, qui recens natus nihil peccavit, nisi quod secundum Adam carnaliter natus contagium mortis antiquæ primâ nativitate contraxit.‡—*Cypr. Ep.* lix. *ad Fidum*, c. 4. There is a good note, also, by Routh.

* "Wherefore, dearest brother, this was our decision in council, that we ought to debar no one from baptism and the grace of God, who is merciful and benign and holy towards all. Which, as it is to be observed and retained towards all men, so we think it should more especially be observed towards infants and those just born, who on this very account the rather deserve our aid and the Divine mercy, because immediately after the first moment of their birth, wailing and weeping they do nothing else than entreat for mercy."

† "A passage more apposite and express in confirmation of the doctrine of original sin is scarcely to be met with anywhere else among ancient writers."

‡ "How much more ought not an infant to be forbidden it, (bap-

Page 91. In the seventh Carthaginian Council held under Cyprian, A.D. 256, it is said:—Neque enim quisquam nostrum episcopum se episcoporum constituit, aut tyrannico terrore ad obsequendi necessitatem collegas suos adigit, quando habeat omnis episcopus pro licentia libertatis et potestatis suæ arbitrium proprium, tamque judicari ab alio non potest quam nec ipse potest alterum judicare.*—*Conc. Carthag. ap. Cypr.*

Page 222, is an excellent explanation of the sin against the Holy Ghost by Theognostus, who wrote at the end of the third century. I have transcribed it at Mark iii., 28, in Gregory's Greek Testament.

Page 307, is an epistle from the Bishop Theonas to Lucianus, the chamberlain of the Roman Emperor, containing very prudent advice. It would be worth while to give an English translation of it.

Page 430, is a long and satisfactory note on the thirteenth canon of the Council of Ancyra, which the Editor skilfully interprets so as to support the Episcopalian cause against the Presbyterians. In the preface to the fourth volume he mentions having met with a late publication, printed at Leipsic in 1801,

tism), who being newly born hath committed no sin, except that, being carnally born, according to Adam, it hath contracted in its first nativity the contagion of the old death."

* "For neither doth any one of us set himself up for a Bishop of Bishops, nor by any tyrannical terror compel his colleagues into a necessity of submitting themselves to him; since every bishop is at liberty to use his power according to his discretion, and can no more be judged by another, than he can himself judge another."

in which a similar interpretation is given. It is called πηδάλιον τῆς Νοητῆς Νῆος, &c.

Page 466. In a note by Routh:—Interea nonnulla ad initia peccandi spectantia iterum atque iterum animo volvenda admonuit Matthæus Blastares, in *Syntagmate*,* Lit. II., cap. xvi., p. 224., apud Beveregium.

Page 496. In a note from Beveridge it is said:—

Siricius papa Romanus nobis primus videatur, qui talem legem ecclesiæ Christianæ obtrudere ausus est;† that is, for the celibacy of the clergy, and their separation from their wives, if already married. The decree then is given; and it is said:—Hoc Siricii decretum Innocentius I. renovatum confirmavit. Decret. Cap. xxi., et post eum alii.‡ Syricius, called by Mosheim Syricus, was at the end of the fourth century, and Innocent at the beginning of the fifth.

De clinicis etiam quidam accipiunt illud D. Pauli i. Corinth., cap. xv., 29. τί ποιήσουσιν, &c.; Hoc est, ut ipsi putant, qui tanquam mortui seu moribundi baptisantur. Ego vero, salvo meliore judicio, illud intelligendum puto, de iis qui, perverso quorundam hæreticorum more, vice mortuorum baptisabantur. Justelli annotatt. in Canones Ancyran.

* "Matthew Blastares has remarked on some things relating to the first beginnings of sinning, that should be again and again revolved in the mind."

† "Siricius the Roman pontiff seems to me to have been the first who dared to impose such a law on the Christian Church."

‡ "Innocent the First renewed and confirmed this decree of Siricius, and others after him."

*et Neocaes.** Justellus proceeds to quote Epiphanius and others in support of this interpretation. See Markland's note on the Supplices of Euripides, 740.

At the end of the third volume of Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ, is a warm panegyric on his friend Samuel Parr.

August 6. Ended this volume of Routh.

7. Began the fourth volume of Routh.

9. On the fragment of "An uncertain writer concerning the canon of the Sacred Scriptures," Routh observes, p. 9, that it had escaped the diligence of Lardner. It was first published by Muratori, *Antiq. Ital. Med. Œvi.*, vol. iii., *Mediol.*, 1740. Quum vero ponendus sit auctor inter scriptores, qui primi omnium, excepto Papiâ, de Evangelistis ipsis vel commemoraverint, vel ipsorum scripta nominatim adduxerint, fieri non potest quin primus hic librorum Novi Testamenti catalogus curis nostris dignus censeatur.—p. 10.† Yet he omits, adds Routh, the first Epistle of Peter, of which none had doubted from

* "Some also understand that passage of St. Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 29, 'what shall they do who are baptised for the dead?' to refer to such as receive clinical baptism: meaning, as they think, 'who are baptised as dead or dying.' But I, under correction, think it is to be understood of those who, in accordance with a perverse practice of certain heretics, were baptised in place of the dead."

† "But since the author must be placed among the writers who, with the exception of Papias, were the first either to make mention of the Evangelists, or to adduce their writings by name, this first catalogue of the books of the New Testament must needs be deserving of our attention."

first time I ever asked for anything in my life. It is not very inspiriting so far. But *courage!* perhaps next time I shall do better, especially if we Radicals (since you choose to rank me among that number), become a little more formidable. I do assure you, however, that I knew not a word of Arthur Thistlewood's intention, till the matter had gone too far to be concealed. So you can see where you are likely to be safe next spring. Well: if I find you have not already made yourself a marked man, I will venture to promise you a shelter at Chiswick. As we do not purpose doing away the universities at present, I am glad your brother has applied to the president, and the two others for me. It will not be the worse for him, if Henry succeeds.

A letter from Birch informs me that there has lately been made a vacancy for Warwickshire, which increases our chance. One of the intended examiners (Mr. Smith), is also dead; and his office will be supplied by the Rev. Z. H. Biddulph, or, in case of his declining it, by the Rev. Thomas Grantham. Pray ask your brother what he can do for us with them.

But it is time to come to the subject on which I sat down to write to you. It is to request that you will write a review (of course as favourable as your conscience will allow, and send it to me), on Clare's Poems, which, remember that you have told me, you find *surprising* and *beautiful*. He has got 100*l.* from Lord Fitzwilliam, or Lord Milton, I forget which; 100*l.* from Hessey and Taylor, his publishers; and

an annuity of 15*l.* a year from Lord Exeter, besides other smaller donations. 1,000 copies of his book are already sold, and another edition of 2,000 is preparing. Lastly, the banns are published between him and his Patty. I spent an evening lately with him at our common bookseller's, and was invited to pass another with him in the company of a nobleman who has taken him by the hand, but did not go. He has the appearance rather of a big boy who has never been used to company, than of a clown, though his dialect is clownish enough; and, like *all true geniuses*, he was longing to be at home again, and is now there. He is modest and unpresuming. The eulogium of another genius upon another genius (or rather the representative of one), has not yet appeared in the Magazine.

Love to all, from yours ever truly,

H. F. Cary.

TO HIS FATHER.

Chiswick, July 27, 1820.

My dear Father,

I returned yesterday from Oxford, where Henry was not successful in his attempt at Magdalen. Indeed, it could scarcely be expected, as there were sixty candidates for only five vacancies, and he had little or no interest with the electors, which it seems is necessary for success: I trust, however, that he acquitted himself well.

We were ten days at Oxford, where we had a cheap and comfortable lodging. Jane was not left alone. She has had with her, great part of the time, her brother William Ormsby's wife, who has returned with her two daughters from India, intending to leave them in this country for their education. She appears to be a worthy woman, and her husband is highly respected at Madras, where he has the lucrative office of Secretary to the Military Board.

I do not think it would answer my purpose to apply to Lord Anglesea, through Mr. Lowe, on the subject of augmenting Abbots-Bromley, even if you advanced 100*l.*; nor do I believe that I could receive the augmentation without residence. I am glad to hear that you got over your hay-harvest so well.

Your tenant, Miss Booth, is very welcome to the copy of Dante. All the rest of the small edition are sold, and many more would be so, if they were printed in so cheap a form, as the Master of the Charter-house gave a large order for them, for the use of his boys to turn into Latin verse, which order cannot be supplied. This testimony of approbation, you may suppose, has been gratifying to me.

I wish you would have the kindness to recommend Tom Ormsby to Muckleston's notice.

He is now quartered at Lichfield. He is a fine open-hearted lad, and not at all spoiled by having come into possession of the large sum which Sir

Charles Ormsby left him. Where will a letter find the Prices?

Believe me, my dear father, with love to all around you,

Your affectionate and dutiful
H. F. CARY.

TO HIS WIFE.

Barbourne, Worcester, Nov. 23, 1820.

MY DEAR JANE,

I should have waited a little longer before I answered your letter, in the hopes of being able to fix a time for my return, if your plans respecting the yard did not require an immediate answer. I hereby consent, then, to "your reducing it in size, bringing the paling in a line from the gate to the narrow part of the yard—a flag-way to be made from the gate to the present kitchen door and the rest to be bricked or tiled." (The old bricks, I should think, might be used for the purpose, if laid edgewise)—no alteration to be made in the passage from the kitchen door round the house, excepting mending it where broken. The expense not to exceed ten pounds, according to Mr. Adamson's estimate. So you see it is all *your own way, as usual.*

We have been distressed this morning by hearing that Caroline is indisposed. I had intended going to Stourport to spend a day with her and Mary, as they were afraid of coming out during this change-

able weather. But I doubt now whether they can even receive me for a night. From thence I had resolved proceeding to Enville on Tuesday next. But this unexpected occurrence has perplexed, as it has grieved me, and I know not now when I shall go to see Wilkes, who has written to press me to make him a visit; nor even whether I shall go at all. On the whole, I do not think it likely we shall set out on our return before next Monday fortnight, by which time I suppose all your operations will be over. In your next letter tell me whether you expect the workmen to be off the premises by that time. You do not mention whether you have heard again from your sister. I am sorry to see by the papers that Mr. Hayley is no more. Georgina, from whose house I am writing, desires to be particularly remembered to you, and to say how much pleasure it would have given her to see you.

Remember me affectionately to the boys, and believe me, my dearest Jane,

Your ever faithful and affectionate husband,

H. F. Cary.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1820.

March. Finished the Dittamondo of Fazio degli Uberti. The plan of this poem very bad, not equal to that of the Quadriregio by Frezzi; but it excels that poem in a Dantesque energy of style which

sometimes appears in it, and besides has a greater originality.

March 21. Read Plato's Menon in Le Grou's French translation. There are one or two things in this dialogue which render it unfit for being read with youth. Otherwise it is well adapted for this purpose. At the end is an approach to Christian divinity not unusual in Plato.

24. Finished the Laches of Plato, on which I have remarked before. It would be very worth while to reprint this dialogue by itself for the use of young persons.

28. Read the Theages of Plato, a short and entertaining dialogue, of which Gray has given a good account.

April 7. Read the Ἐρωτικὸς Λόγος * attributed to Demosthenes. Reiske's edit., 1770, vol. ii., 1401. In Wolf's edition, p. 157, it is said not to be adjudged to Demosthenes by Libanius. The exhortation to the study of philosophy, in the latter part of this Essay, has many excellent things. It begins with "Παυσάμενος οὖν περὶ τούτων," p. 1411, and would be worth printing by itself to the end, omitting one word or so.

To 24. Read to the end of the third Philippic of Demosthenes, from the beginning of his Orations. Libanius supposes that that on Peace was prepared but not delivered by Demosthenes. It is to persuade

* "Discourse on Love."

the Athenians not to go to war with Philip on account of his obtaining a seat in the Amphictyonic Council. The oration Περὶ Ἁλονήσου is attributed by Libanius to Hegesippus. The fourth Philippic is suspected by Valcknaer and F. A. Wolf, and the Περὶ Συντάξεως is set aside by the latter critic, as being made up from the third Olynthic and the Aristocratean Oration, by some declaimer. *See F. A. Wolf's edit. of the Orat. contra Leptinem, Prologom. lxx. lxxiv., and my MS. extracts.*

To *May* 7. Continued the Orations of Demosthenes.

8. Read Demosthenes' Oration against Androtion, a very noble invective.

To 27. Read the Ion of Euripides. The story is very interesting, but the character of the Pædogogue unnecessarily odious, except it be thought that Creusa's violence needs the excuse of an ill adviser. The choruses not remarkable, I think, for beauty. Read the Opere Scelte of Alfonso Varano;—and the Crito of Plato, who, in this dialogue, approaches *presso al segno,* in what he says of the forgiveness, or rather the not returning of injuries. It is exceedingly beautiful and easy throughout.

To 31. Read the Oration of Demosthenes against Timocrates, which F. A. Wolf says, every one who wishes to make himself well acquainted with the Athenian laws, should learn thoroughly. There is much, at the conclusion, the same as in the Oration against Androtion. An instance of the jocose is to

be here found, in which, I think, it has been supposed that this orator never indulged. Hermogenes has, I am pretty sure, remarked others.

To *June* 6. Began Demosthenes against Aristocrates. Read the Athalie of Racine. Though Racine has now renounced the study of profane poetry, he still condescends to imitate, and sometimes even to translate Euripides in his Ion. The conduct of this play is very good. In other respects it is unequal to the Greek original. That the young Ioas should not testify some commiseration for his unhappy grandmother is neither natural nor pleasing. The manner in which his character is drawn, will indeed bear no comparison with that of Ion.

To 14. Finished Demosthenes against Aristocrates. The object of this oration is to show that the peculiar protection granted to Charidemus was both contrary to the laws and undeserved by him. The trial in Phreatto is remarkable. Much of the latter part respecting the simplicity of the old Athenians in their private buildings, and their magnificence in the public edifices, is found in more than one other oration. See the Περὶ Συντάξεως, and the third Olynthic, and one other to which I cannot at present refer.

To 17. Read Demosthenes' two Orations against Aristogiton. In the former of these there are more of what would now be called *brilliant* things, than in any other of the speeches of this orator that I have read, and for that very reason is it less like him.

The beginning particularly savours of the Rhetoricians. Towards the conclusion, however, the comparison of the Sycophant and the Scorpion, and the mutual behaviour of the young and old towards each other in a well-ordered community must be owned to be admirable.

To *June* 21. Read the five speeches of Demosthenes relating to the fraudulent practices of his guardians. Some think they were composed, others that they were corrected, by Isæus, his master. In the fourth of these, namely the first against Onetor, it appears that the testimony given by slaves, who were put to the torture, was considered as the best kind of evidence. Pasiphon, the physician, is mentioned in this.

To *December* 31. Began Livy.

1821.

To *March* 1. Began Thucydides. Ended Euripides. Began Æschylus.

May 23. Began Athenæus in Schweighæuser's edition. In the preface is this just remark:—"Pars utique major [he is speaking of proposed emendations] ultra aliquem probabilitatis gradum, majorem illum minoremve, non procedit; cujus probabilitatis ea est ratio, ut, nisi accedat illud momentum, quod (in hoc genere de quo agimus) a probati codicis auctoritate expectatur, semper aliquid desiderat animus, nec in eâ securus adquiescere queat. Ac nôrunt quicunque in hoc genere non plane sunt hospites, emendationum ex conjectura propositarum eam esse

naturam, ut cum vel maximâ veri specie sese commendaverint, subinde vel unus melior codex posthac consultus clare ostendat, longissime eas a vero, quod acu tetigisse nobis visæ erant, abfuisse."*—p. xxxiv.

The editor's disappointments in the assistance he expected are so remarkable, that they may be placed among the *Infelicitates Literatorum*. See p. cviii., to the end.

Athenæus, lib. iii., sect. 54:—Καὶ τὰς τῶν μυῶν διεκδύσεις μυστήρια ἐκάλει, (Dionysius the Sicilian), ὅτι τοὺς μῦς τηρεῖ.†

Κηφισόδωρος γοῦν, ὁ Ἰσοκράτους τοῦ ῥήτορος μαθητὴς, ἐν τῷ τρίτῳ τῶν πρὸς Ἀριστοτέλην λέγει, ὅτι εὕροι τις ἂν ὑπὸ τῶν ἄλλων ποιητῶν, ἢ καὶ σοφιστῶν, ἓν ἢ δύο γοῦν πονηρῶς εἰρημένα.‡—*Ibid.*, sect. 94. He instances in Archilochus, Theodorus, Euripides, Sophocles, Homer: πονηρῶς means *badly* in a moral sense.

Athenæus, lib. iv., sect. 1. Hippolochus the

* "The greater part of them do not go beyond some degree of probability, whether it be greater or less; of which probability this is the test, that unless there be added to it that weight which (in the matter which we are treating of) is looked for from the authority of an approved manuscript, the mind still requires something more, and cannot rest satisfied with it. And all who are not altogether strangers to this subject, will know that such is the nature of conjectural emendations, that when they have approved themselves by the greatest appearance of truth, a single better manuscript afterwards consulted, will often clearly show that those which seemed to us to have exactly hit the mark have been furthest from the truth."

† "Mice-holes are called μυστήρια (mysteries), because τοὺς μῦς τηρεῖ (they hold mice)."

‡ "Cephisodorus, the disciple of the orator Isocrates, in his third book against Aristotle, says, 'That we may find one or two things spoken badly by other poets, or even sophists.'"

Macedonian had agreed with Lynceus and Duris to give each other an account of the feasts to which they were invited.

Sect. 3. An extract from a letter by Hippolochus (which, we are told, was of rare occurrence), describing a nuptial banquet, given by Caranus the Macedonian.

Sect. 6. The spare feasts of the Greeks.

Sect. 9. An extract from Diphilus, that it is a cook's business to know from whence the guests come, that he may suit their appetites.

Sect. 28. The Celts used *knives*, which they carried in sheaths, when they could not tear or bite off λεοντωδῶς* the joints they were eating. They used a beer called κόρμα.

Sect. 34. Ariamnes, a Gaul, gave a feast that lasted a year.

Sect. 41. Celts, who for a sum of money bargained for, to be divided among their friends, would suffer their heads to be cut off.

Sect. 42. The Thracians had a play or game, in which they exposed themselves to the risk of hanging.

Sect. 83. At Alexandria, learning (which had been declining through the frequent changes in Alexander's successors) was restored among the Greeks under the seventh King of Egypt, Ptolemy Κακεργέτης.

Lib. v. He compares Homer's banquets with those of Plato and Xenophon, giving the preference to the poet.

* "Lion-wise."

Sect. 55. He accuses Plato of having invented his account of Socrates' military exploits, and of having contradicted himself in that account.

Sect. 56. Xenophon, in his Symposium, accused of errors in chronology.

Sect. 58. And Plato in the Gorgias. But see Gray's Remarks on this Dialogue, p. 361, 4to edit., and Routh's Notes to his edition of this Dialogue, pp. 361, 404, 405, and 469.

Sect. 59. And Plato in the Protagoras.

Sect. 65.

> Γωνιοβόμβυκες, μονοσύλλαβοι, οἷσι μέμηλε
> Τὸ σφίν, καὶ σφῶϊν, καὶ τὸ μίν, ἠδὲ τὸ νίν.*

part of an epigram on grammarians by Herodicus the Babylonian.

Lib. vi. Sect. 19. Anaximenes of Lampsacus says, that the bracelet of Eriphyle was much famed on account of gold being then scarce among the Greeks.

Sect. 14. Eubulus, in Orthane, says:

> Ῥιπὶς δ' ἐγείρει φύλακας Ἡφαίστου κύνας,
> Θερμῇ παροξύνουσα τηγάνου πνοῇ.

"The bellows wakeneth Vulcan's guardian dogs,
And irritates the gridiron with hot blast."

Or,

"The bellows rousing Vulcan's wakeful dogs
Exasperates the gridiron with hot blast."

---

* "Worms hidden in corners, monosyllabists, who trouble themselves about the words σφὶν and σφῶϊν and μὶν and νίν."

So Alexis, in the Milesians, quoted by Athenæus, Lib. ix., sect. 23, describing a kitchen,

κάεται δὲ μοι τὸ πῦρ,
Ἤδη πυκνοὶ δ' ἄττουσιν Ἡφαίστου κύνες
Κούφως πρὸς αἴθραν, οἷσθ' ὃ γίγνεσθαι θ' ἅμα
Καὶ τὴν τελευτὴν τοῦ βίου συνῆψέ τις
Μόνοις ἀνάγκης θεσμὸς οὐχ ὁρώμενος.*

Sect. 74. An interesting extract from Hippias the Erythræan, relates the death of Cnossus by treason, the tyranny of his traitorous successors, and their fate.

Sect. 76 and 77. The worthless and abominable associates mentioned by Theopompus. Philip's intemperance, again in Lib. x., sect. 68, from Theopompus. Mr. Mitford who, I think, praises Philip, would do well to consider this.

Sect. 79. The love of ridicule incurable.

Sect. 82. The hospitality of Thamneus, a pretty little story.

Sect. 88. The Chians, the first purchasers of slaves among the Greeks; by which they incur the divine anger.

Sect. 90. The heroism of Drimacus, the captain of the runaway slaves at Chios, related by Nymphodorus.

Sect. 91. The divine vengeance on the Chians,

* "The fire is lit: now lightly Vulcan's dogs
Leap frequent into air. What next is done,
Thou know'st. To us alone some doom unseen
Life's destined term hath finally decreed."

whence the proverb in Eupolis, Χῖος δεσπότην ὠνήσατο.*

The sixth book is particularly rich in quotation.

The seventh consists almost entirely of passages descriptive of fish from prose-writers and poets. The fish are named alphabetically.

Lib. viii., sect. 6. A rain of frogs in Pannonia and Dardania described by Heraclides Lembus.

Sect. 15. Athenæus had read and made extracts from more than eight hundred dramas of the middle comedy.

Sect. 26. An extract from Machon, the comedian, describing the death of Philoxenus, the Dithyrambic poet, from whence Pope's glutton, "then bring the jowl."

Sect. 30. Aristippus, when he was rebuked by Plato for having purchased a large quantity of fish, replied that he had bought them for two oboli: and when Plato observed that he would have bought them himself at that price: "You see, then," said he, "Plato, it is not I that am a glutton, but you that are a miser."

Sect. 35. Clearchus in his treatise* Περὶ Θινῶν relates that Psammitichus, king of Egypt, brought up boys to live on fish, intending to employ them in discovering the fountains of the Nile; and exercised others in sustaining thirst, that were to explore the sands of Africa, of whom few escaped.

* "The Chian purchased himself a master." † "On sandy places."

Sect. 36. In the temple of Diana Alpheosa was a picture by Cleanthes, the Corinthian, of Neptune bringing a tunny-fish to Jupiter *ὠδίνοντι*.*

Sect. 39. *Οὐδ' ἐπὶ νοῦν βαλλόμενος τὰ τοῦ καλοῦ καὶ λαμπροῦ Αἰσχύλου, ὃς τὰς αὐτοῦ τραγῳδίας τεμάχη εἶναι ἔλεγε τῶν Ὁμήρου μεγάλων δείπνων. Φιλόσοφος δὲ ἦν τῶν πάνυ ὁ Αἰσχύλος, ὃς, καὶ ἡττηθεὶς ἀδίκως ποτὲ ὡς Θεόφραστος ἢ Χαμαιλέων ἐν τῷ περὶ Ἡδονῆς εἴρηκεν, ἔφη, χρόνῳ τὰς τραγῳδίας ἀνατιθέναι εἰδὼς ὅτι κομιεῖται τὴν προσήκουσαν τιμήν.*†

Sect. 50. The origin of Protagoras the Sophist.

Sect. 68. A pretty song on the swallow, from Theognis' book on the sacred ceremonies in Rhodes.

Ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδὼν. κ. τ. λ.

Sect. 61. A pretty story of the capture of Achaia in Ialysus.

Sect. 63. *Βαλλισμός* the same as *κῶμος* or *χορός*. Hence probably our word *ball*, and *ballet*.

Sect. 64. The derivation of the word *θίασος* from *σιοῦς*, the Spartan word for *θεούς*.

Sect. 65. To the end of the book. Gods formerly thought to be present at feasts. Corruption

* "In labour."

† "Paying no attention to the words of the great and illustrious Æschylus, who said, 'that his tragedies were the remnants of Homer's great banquets.' But, assuredly Æschylus was a philosopher, who, although once unjustly worsted, as Theophrastus or Chamæleon relates in his Treatise concerning Pleasure, said, 'that he dedicated his tragedies to Time, knowing that he should at length reap the honour that was his due.'"

and inhospitality since. Different descriptions of feasts.

Lib. ix. sect. 9. Nicander in his Gorgias, (a work unfortunately lost), had called cabbage μάντιν, "prophetess," being sacred. "By Cabbage" was an oath; and "by Capers," the latter used by Zeno, the founder of the Stoa, in imitation of Socrates swearing "by the Dog."

Sect. 25. Μὰ τοὺς ἐν Μαραθῶνι κινδυνεύσαντας, καὶ προσέτι τοὺς ἐν Σαλαμίνι ναυμαχήσαντας *; thus the cook swears he will not tell the secret of his art in dressing a pig; whereon Ulpian exclaims Μὰ τοὺς ἐν Ἀρτεμισίῳ κινδυνεύσαντας †.

Sect. 29. A droll description of a learned cook from the Phœnicides of Strato, or (as some read), Strattis.

Sect. 23. Geese's livers, mentioned by Eupolis, (or Eubulus), as some would read.

Sect. 63. Hegesander, the Delphian, in his Commentaries says, that in the reign of Antigonus Gonatas, there were so great a number of Astypalæa, that the Astypalæans consulted the oracle about them, and that the Pythian priestess said, they must breed dogs and hunt; and that more than six thousand were taken in a year.

Sect. 65. A Sicilian word used by Æschylus: ὅτι δὲ Αἰσχύλος, διατρίψας ἐν Σικελίᾳ, πολλαῖς κέχρηται

* "By those that perilled their lives at Marathon, and those too that fought at Salamis."

† "By those that perilled their lives at Artemisium."

φωναῖς Σικελικαῖς, οὐδὲν θαυμαστόν *. *Quære*, What was the Italian comedy here mentioned? Sciras, a Tarentine, is here said to have been a writer of it. Two lines of his are quoted, that are as sonorous as tragedy:

Ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ νέμειν βοτὰ,
Οὔτ' ἀσχέδωρος νεμόμενος καπρώζεται·†

ἀσχέδωρος is the Sicilian word, used by Æschylus in tragedy, that is lost.

Sect. 73. Timocles, both a tragic and comic poet.

Lib. x. sect. 9. Polemon relates that there was in Sicily a temple of Gluttony (Ἀδηφαγία) and in Scolum, in Bœotia, statues of Great-loaf and Great-pudding (Μεγαλάρτου καὶ Μεγαλομάζου.)

Sect. 11. Pempelus, when asked what he thought of the Bœotians, said, that they talked of nothing else than what vessels would, if they could, speak, how much each of them could hold.

Sect. 33. In the Cabiri, Æschylus introduced Jason and those with him, drunk: ἃ δ' αὐτὸς ὁ τραγῳδοποιὸς ἐποίει ταῦτα τοῖς ἥρωσι περιέθηκε μεθύων γοῦν

* "It is not at all surprising that Æschylus used many Sicilian words, since he lived some time in Sicily."

† "Where neither shepherd deigns to feed his flock,
Nor amorous Grecian boar to seek his mate."

"A learned friend observes to me that the first line is from the Hippolytus of Euripides, and that Valcknaer proposes an alteration in that passage of Euripides from the second line. The Italian comedy probably means no more than the comedy written by the Italians."—The learned friend was John Symmons before spoken of.—H. C.

ἔγραφε τὰς τραγῳδίας*. Wherefore Sophocles said, blaming him, "Æschylus, if you do well, you do it without knowing it." Alcæus, the Lyric, and Aristophanes, the comedian, wrote their poems when drunk. Anacreon, though a sober and good man, pretended drunkenness.

Sect. 35. Various passages from Alcæus. (N. B. imitated by Horace).

Sect. 48. Ion the poet, φιλοπότης, "a drinker."

Sect. 68. Two fine fragments, the one from Ion, the other from Amphis.

Lib. xi., sect. 13. Βακχίου φιλανθέος†, from Euripides.

"Hid Amalthea and her florid son."

Milton, Par. Lost.

Sect. 15. A pretty story of a virgin and her lover drowned and changed into sea-deities.

Sect. 34. Three good lines from the Agamemnon of Ion. The word ἔργον used remarkably in them, κάστορος δ' ἔργον ποδῶν—a cup, gained as a prize, by Castor's swiftness. He had *made* this, as we should say, by his speed.

Sect. 66. ἄγρει δ' οἶνον ἐρυθρὸν ἀπὸ τρυγός. This beginning of an hexameter in Archilochus has a word, which a late editor has thrust out of one of Æschylus's plays, and substituted αἴρει for it, very frigidly‡.

Sect. 112. Plato not the inventor of the Dialogue,

* "What the tragedian himself was accustomed to do, this he attributed to his heroes; for he used to write his tragedies when drunk."

† "Florid Bacchus." ‡ See before, p. 50.

but Alexamenus, the Teian, who is mentioned by Aristotle in the Poetics.

Sect. 113. Plato's Dialogues, fictitious and full of anachronisms.

Sect. 114. And of malevolence. Further abuse of Plato to the end of this book.

Lib. xii. Shaving began in the time of Alexander.

Lib. xiii., sect. 27. Learned blockheads—

Οὓς ἐδίδαξαν ἀριστερὰ γράμματα Μοῦσαι·*

Sect. 29. An amiable woman, Antiphanes calls,

Ἦθος τι χρυσοῦν πρὸς ἀρετὴν κεκτημένη.†

Sect. 35. A pretty story of Zariadres and Odatis, who fell in love with each other in a dream.

Sect. 38. Μεταβάλλουσι γὰρ αἱ τοιαῦται εἰς τὸ σῶφρον, τῶν επὶ τούτῳ σεμνυνομένων εἰσὶ βελτίους‡. He is speaking of the ἑταίραι.

Sect. 71. A poem in elegiac metre by Hermesianax, the Colophonian, near a hundred verses, a good deal corrupted. A learned friend has remarked to me that it is in a peculiar style, different from any other of the Greek Poets that have come down to us.

Lib. xiv., sect. 25. Clisthenes, the tyrant of Sicyon, seeing one of the suitors of his daughter (viz. Hippoclides the Athenian) dancing badly, said that he had danced off his marriage — ἀπορχήσασθαι τὸν

* "Whom the Muses taught left-handed letters."

† "One who possesses golden manners in regard to virtue."

‡ "For women of this class who change to a modest course of life, are better than those who boast of their virtue."

γάμον ἀυτὸν ἐφησε. The commentary refers to Herodotus, Lib. vi., 129—where it is not that he danced badly, but that he danced too well, too much in the way of a public dancer.

Lib. xiv., sect. 43. πᾶν τὸ τῶν Ἐρωτικῶν Ἐπιστολῶν γένος ἐρωτικῆς τινος διὰ λόγου ποιήσεως ἐστίν*. Does this mean, as it is translated in the Latin, poetry in prose? If so, is mention elsewhere (in any other Greek writer) made of the same? There is a good deal that is curious in this book, the fourteenth, on the subject of musical instruments.

Sect. 46. An extract from the Ὀλβία, "Fortunate Woman," of Eubulus. All things venal at Athens,—σῦκα, κλητῆρες†. This droll mixture of things *præter expectationem* is sometimes found in Aristophanes, and in some modern plays and farces. *Quære*, is it not met with in the writers of Elizabeth's time?

Sect. 47.

> Δείπνου δὲ λήγοντος γλυκὺ τραγάλιον,
> καὶ πέδ' ἄφθονον βοράν.‡

a fragment of Pindar. Second courses, or rather deserts, described.

Sect. 51. Φιλοπλάκουντος, "a lover of cakes," several kinds of cakes mentioned in this and the following section.

* "Every kind of amatory epistle is a species of free amatory composition."

† "Figs, bailiffs."

‡ "A sweet desert when supper's o'er,
And after bounteous meal."

Lib. xv. sect. 49. A definition of the songs called Scholia.

Sect. 61.

Οὐρὰν ὑπείλας ὑπὸ λεοντόπουν βάσιν.*

It is not said whose verse this is. Does it not smell of Æschylus?

July 3. Ended Athenæus.

9. Left Chiswick for France.

12. Arrived at Versailles.

September 25. Left Versailles.

26. Arrived at Rouen.

28. Came to Dieppe.

During the whole of this period, since the subject was last mentioned, my father had paid unremitting attention to the education of his children. The time had now arrived, when two of them should be sent to college; but his means were altogether inadequate to so heavy an expense. He therefore resolved to eke out his slender income by means of his pen, and became a regular contributor to the "London Magazine," of which his publishers, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, were then the proprietors.

The first article which he contributed to that periodical, was a paper† "On Gray's Opinion of Collins," which probably suggested his continuation of the Lives of English Poets from the time of Johnson; for in the following number for August,

* "Drawing his tail beneath his lion tread." † July, 1821.

the series was announced, and commenced with the Life of Thomas Warton.

Mr. Cary, in writing the lives of others, has been so careful to preserve the memory of their most trifling pieces, that I consider it a duty, as far as I am able, to make mention of all his own contributions to the periodical literature of the day. In addition, then, to his continuation of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and to his Notices of Early French Poets, which have been lately republished in two separate volumes, I find that he contributed the following papers to the "London Magazine" at the dates severally affixed to each.

"Zariadres and Odatis, a Grecian Story;" a paper "On Sadoleti's Dialogue on Education, with A Poem by Fracastorio;" and a notice of "Travels of Cosmo III. through England, in 1669." *August*, 1821.

A review of "Méditations Poétiques, par M. Alphonse de La Martine." *September*, 1821.

"Estephania de Gantelmes, a Tale of the Middle Ages;" and "A Song, imitated from the Italian." *October*, 1821.

"Specimen of a Translation of Valerius Flaccus." *February*, 1822.

"A Hymn, from the Latin of Flaminio." *July*, 1822.

"The Funeral of Eleanor, a Ballad." *August*, 1822.

"Eustace de Ribaumont, a Ballad;" and a review

of "Les Machabées, ou le Martyre, a Tragedy, by Alexandre Guiraud." *October*, 1822.

A review of "A Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante, by Mr. Taaffe." *March and April*, 1823.

A review of "Ciceronis de Re Publica quæ supersunt; edente Angelo Maio." *April*, 1823.

A review of "Essays on Petrarch, by Ugo Foscolo." *May*, 1823.

"The Clouds, a Dream:" and "Early Italian Poets; Guittone d'Arezzo." *Nov.*, 1823.

"Early Italian Poets; Lapo Gianni." *Dec.*, 1823.

"The Land of Logres." *Dec.*, 1824.

Of these, "The Hymn to the Morning," from Flaminio; the "Poem by Fracastorio," and the "Translation from Valerius Flaccus," have been already inserted in these volumes. To them may here very fitly be added the two original ballads of "The Funeral of Eleanor," and "Eustace de Ribaumont:" of the time when they were written I am unable to speak with certainty.

THE FUNERAL OF ELEANOR.

A BALLAD.

"ELEANOR (commonly called the damsel of Britain) sole daughter of Geoffrey, Earl of Britain, and only sister and heir of Earl Arthur, was sent into England by her uncle, King John, and imprisoned in Bristol Castle, for no other crime than her title to the crown; but that was sufficient to make her liberty both suspected and dangerous. In durance there she prolonged her miserable life until the year of our Lord 1241, which was the 25th of King Henry III., at which time she died a virgin, and lieth buried in the church of the Nunnery

at Ambresbury, unto which Monastery she gave the Manour of Melkesham with its appurtenances."—*Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings of England. Printed in the Savoy, for the Author*, 1677.

A quiet knell the convent bell
Of Ambresbury knoll'd ;
And quietly the moonlight fell
On tower, and stream, and fold.

When towards the tower a shepherd old
A look of wonder cast,
As by the stream, and near his fold,
The sad procession past.

By pairs they came, the virgins all
Clad in snow-white array,
Save that a sable velvet pall
On the twain foremost lay.

Upon that cloth in golden woof
A regal crown was wrought :
The moon a watry glimpse thereof,
As if in sadness, caught.

On a grey stone the bier is laid,
Which soon that pall must hide ;
And therein lies a royal maid
Who of long sadness died.

Ah, who can tell her heavy years,
Dragg'd on by Avon's side ?
Ah, who can tell the scalding tears
She mingled with his tide ?

How oft on Arthur's name she cried,
At the still midnight hour,
When nought but echo's voice replied
Amid the lonesome tower ?

How oft she saw him, 'mid her dreams,
  Now smiling on a throne,
Now struggling in the fatal streams,
  Dash'd from the heights of Roan!

Nor of a crown alone debarr'd
  She lost her rightful due,
But in the tyrant's jealous guard
  Had pined a prisoner too.

The horsemen train have laid her down
  Upon that stone so grey,
And homeward straight to Bristow town
  They slowly wend their way.

At stated hour the virgins come
  To meet the expected bier,
And circling stand amid the gloom,
  In silent love and fear.

The wondrous pile is gleaming nigh,
  Believed by giant hands
Brought hither through the murky sky,
  At Merlin's stern commands.

The moon, that labour'd through the cloud,
  Shot sudden from a rift,
As their white arms the sable shroud
  Upon the coffin lift.

No longer sinking, as before,
  It flapp'd and idly hung,
But its full plaits extended o'er
  Upon the coffin flung.

Toward the pall that shepherd old
  A look of sorrow cast,
As down the stream, and by the fold,
  Again the virgins past.

And now entomb'd, in lowly guise,
'Neath Ambresbury's floor,
In holy peace for ever lies
The saintly Eleanor.

In Worcester's dome the tyrant king,
Reclined by Severn's wave,
Hears the stoled priests their anthem sing
Around his gorgeous grave.

So long the vengeful demons sleep;
But when the strain is done,
Once more in furious mood they leap
Upon the heart of John.

His princely son the sceptre sways:
In vain it fills his hand:
Distrust, and dread, and pale amaze,
Pursue him through the land.

'Neath Ambresbury's floor she lies:
Her slumbers there are sweet,
For Arthur's spirit comes and cries;--
—In joy at last we meet.

EUSTAÇE DE RIBAUMONT.

A BALLAD.

THE incident, on which the following ballad is founded, I met with in Froissart. The words spoken by Edward the Third, on giving the chaplet of pearls off his own head to Eustace de Ribaumont, after supper, on the day when the French knight was made prisoner, are almost a translation of those with which the historian records him to have accompanied the present: "Monseigneur Eustace, je vous donne ce chappelet, pour le mieux combattant de la journeé de ceux de dedans et de dehors; et vous prie que vous le portez cette année pour l'amour de moi. Je sai bien que vous estes gay et amoureux, et que voulentiers vous vous trouvez entres dames et damoiselles. Si dites par tout là ou vous irez que je le vous ai donné. Si vous quitte votre prison; et vous en pouvez partir demain, s' il vous plaist."—Edit. fol. 1559, vol. i. ch. 152.

I have departed from history in making Edward present at the battle of Poitiers, in which Eustace was afterwards slain.

On Poitiers field the hosts are met,
Sharp were the spears that day;
And every one his sword has whet,
As for a bloody fray.

Brightly each targe and burgonet
Was glancing in the sun;
And every knight thereto has set
His lady's favour on.

But who is he that foremost hurls
His javelin 'mid the foe?
Upon whose head that cap of pearls
Doth make a gallant show?

Yet fitter for the dance, I ween,
Or lover's serenade,
Than in the ranks of battle seen,
A cap with pearly braid.

That meed at English Edward's hand
The youthful warrior won,
The bravest he of Gallia's band,
Eustace de Ribaumont.

'Twas at a banquet after fight,
Where he was England's thrall,
That Eustace won those pearls so bright
In good King Edward's hall.

Twice, said the monarch, on my knee
Thou hadst me down to-day;
So good a knight I did not see
Amid your fair array.

Then, Eustace, take my cap of pearls,
Wear it for love of me;
Thou 'rt gay, and toy'st with dames and girls;
Tell them I gave it thee.

I quit thee of thy prison straight,
So henceforth thou art free.
Sir Eustace rose; and at the gate,
Right willing forth went he.

And now on Poitiers field again
He meets the English line,
And foremost on the battle plain
His ashen spear did shine.

When out there rush'd a sturdy knight,
And ran a-tilt at him;
In sable armour he was dight,
That clothed every limb.

Long time they strove with lance in hand;
And many a thrust did try:
The lances split; and then his brand
Each loosen'd from his thigh.

So close they join, those pearls so bright
That gleam'd on Eustace' brow,
In the black mail their balls of white,
As in a mirror, show.

But soon was changed that white to red;
For with a furious blow,
The sable warrior smote his head,
That fast the blood did flow.

King Edward from a neighb'ring height
Was looking on the fray:
And save, he cried, oh save the knight,
And bring him here straightway.

They brought him where King Edward stood,
Upon the hillock nigh;
They staunch awhile the streaming blood;
And scant he oped his eye.

Edward, said he, behold the braid
  Thou gavest erewhile to me:
For me it won the loveliest maid
  That lived in Burgundy.

That maid for many a year I woo'd,
  And she my love return'd;
But still her sire the suit withstood,
  Till praise in war was earn'd.

That praise, O King, thy hand bestow'd,
  To her the gift I bore;
And when our wedding torches glow'd,
  This wreath I proudly wore.

That thou another boon wouldst give,
  I came to ask this day—
That thou, who gavest me then to live,
  Wouldst take that life away.

Amid the fight I saw thee not,
  But saw thy princely son;
I knew him by his sable coat;
  From him I had the boon.

The words thou badest me say, I said,
  Of all to her alone;
She heard; and how she smiled, sweet maid,
  And kiss'd the pearls each one!

I 've worn them since for love of thee,
  Now love I nought beside:
For she is in her grave, quoth he;
  Then grasp'd his hand, and died.

On the 9th of July, 1821, my father set out with his family for France, purposing to spend the summer with his wife's sister, Mrs. Corneille, at Versailles.

At this place he found easy access to the Royal Library, which contained, among other things, a fine collection of early French poets. The language of those writers is so different from that of the modern school founded by Malherbe and established by Boileau, that very few Frenchmen were able to read their own elder poets with facility. Mr. Cary, however, had not the same difficulties to contend with that would have deterred many another student. His attention had been many years since drawn to the writings of the Provençal poets; he had, as before mentioned, at a very early age, contributed several papers on this subject to the "Gentleman's Magazine;" and from the Provençal to the early French, and thence to the school of Ronsard, the transition is easy.

Most of his time, therefore, from the month of July to the end of September, was occupied in gathering gems from these long-neglected mines. It was happily his practice to pass over what appeared to him of little worth. He had no pleasure in criticism for the purposes of dispraise; what was undeserving of notice was disregarded, and beauties, or at least those parts which were characteristic in a writer, were alone brought into notice.

From these sources he compiled a series of papers, which to a lover of such studies forms one of the most agreeable little volumes of the kind in our language. So faithful and true to the life are his translations of the passages he has selected, that it

would seem as if, like the condemned spirits which by gazing on the serpent were transformed into the thing they looked on, he, by contemplation of his author, had been transformed into his image:—

> "Each melted into other, mingling hues,
> That which was either now was seen no more."
> *Inferno*, Canto xxv. 55, 56.

During his stay at Versailles, my father wrote the following letter to his sister, Mrs. Price, the only one that I have met with of this period:—

TO HIS SISTER.

Versailles, September 23, 1821.

My dear Georgina,

I was very glad to get a letter from you, as I began to be a little uneasy at not hearing. Like a true Englishwoman, I find that the only question you have given me to answer is, what sort of weather we have. Now I think from what you say, and from what I collect in the newspapers, that though it is nothing to boast of, yet it is rather better than yours. We have had ten or twelve days intensely hot, the rest of moderate temperature, with a good deal of wet, but not quite so capricious, not so δακρυόεν γελάσασαι, as in England. In short, I do not recollect that any one has been so thoroughly bad as to prevent me from walking out.

But as I believe you did not intend to confine me to this topic, I go on to tell you, that I like almost

everything here exceedingly. My nose is the only part of me that will be very glad to get home again. It purposes setting out from Paris next Wednesday, reaching Rouen that evening, passing a day or two there, and then proceeding to snuff up the sea breezes for a month at Dieppe, and next for "merry England."

Whilst I am writing this (half-past two, P.M., Sunday, September 23rd), there is falling one of the heaviest showers I ever witnessed, the *cumulo-stratus* having changed to a complete *nimbus*. If you have kept a diary of the weather, pray compare this. Do not be scandalised at my being so irreverently employed on this day. I assure you, it is innocence in comparison of what is going on around me; plays acted, and *fêtes* danced every Sunday afternoon, in neither of which I have taken a part (except as a spectator at the latter) since I have been here. But indeed I do not know that I need be ashamed of it, if I had, as plays and dances are the only things at which the good people of the land appear to be very serious.

Never did I see a preacher listened to with more anxious attention than Talma was the other evening, in the character of Nero, in Britannicus. It was the first time I had been in a theatre for about fifteen years, but would not be the last if I continued at Paris. The quietness and order that prevailed the size of the house, and the sombre light, all suited me exactly, and I slept as well after it as if I had spent

the evening in a private room. Arthur's acting would be quite too strong for the French stage; and I doubt I shall now think him rather too vehement in Hotspur.

Mrs. Corneile and her family set out for England next Wednesday. She talks of seeing my father on her way, and says she would certainly have called on you if she had found you at Worcester. I hope to have intelligence of you on my return to Chiswick, unless you write to me "Poste Restante, Dieppe," in the meantime. Am I right in ascribing a paper signed Thurma, to Thomas P.? It is a very good one, and I hope his. Affectionate remembrances to him, George, Edward, &c.

Yours very truly,

H. F. CARY.

After spending two days at Rouen, and visiting its fine old churches, Mr. Cary reached Dieppe on the 28th of September, where he stayed for one month.

The account he has left us of his walks round Dieppe, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

WALKS ROUND DIEPPE.

Tuesday, October 2. To the villages Etang and Martin l'Eglise, by the side of the river Arques, up a valley of pasture land, with a good deal of cattle.

Both villages among trees. At the former, which I write as it is pronounced, I did not see any church: at the latter, a church and orchards.

Wednesday, October 3. Out of Dieppe by the Grande Rue, through the Barrier-gate, leading from Rouen, along the carriage or cart-road to Arques. The road is all the way shaded with orchards and forest trees. On the right side a range of rather steep hills, green and cultivated; on the left, the same rich grassy valley that I passed yesterday. The distance to Arques is about a league and a half. It is a scattered village, with a quick stream running through it, and a mill. There is a very large church, built, as it seems, at many different times. A tower in the west seemed to me an elegant specimen of the architecture of Edward the Third's time. Great part of the rest, I should take to be about the time of the Regent, Duke of Bedford. There is much painted glass, of which the colours appear very rich. This fine building is falling into decay.

There are two unfinished houses to be let at Arques. The larger for seven hundred francs; the smaller (which has two gardens, and would be about large enough for my family), for four hundred francs.

At the further end of the village, on the brow of the hill, are the remains of a castle, which is said, in a History of Normandy by M. Goube, to have been built in the eighth century, to oppose the invasion of the Normans, (vol. iii. p. 189). In 1050, the

Count of Arques, son of Duke Richard and brother of Mauger, Archbishop of Rouen, assumed the title of Duke of Normandy. Henry the First of France, in despite of the oaths he had taken, seconded his projects: the Count of Arques was conquered, and pardoned by William.

Returned from Arques, for the greater part of the way, by the side of the road we had come, higher up, along the fields.

Thursday, October 4. The same way as yesterday, out of Dieppe; then turned to the right and kept up a shady lane, that soon conducted us to a few farm-houses, called *côtes-côtes*. We came out on the top of a cliff, here called a *falaise*, commanding a view of the sea and other *falaises* to the right and left for a considerable extent. About half a league over this high country, well-grassed, brought us to the brow, at the foot of which lies the pretty village (consisting of a few cottages) called Pourville, at the mouth of the brook Seie. There are the walls of a church here. The roof is gone—nothing remarkable in the architecture.

On the other side of Pourville the ground again rises to a *falaise*. There are a few poor orchard-trees here and there, and on one house we observed two vines, but with few grapes.

The little river comes quickly down a green valley with cattle, horses and sheep spread over it, about three quarters of a mile broad. We walked up it, keeping the Seie on our right, and about half a

league brought us to the mill and village of Petite Abbeville (as a girl there called it, but I have since found that it is called Petite Agville), embowered in forest trees and orchards, with little inclosures. The great road runs through it to Havre. Till we entered, we saw only the spire of the church. On coming up to this we found it deserted and going to ruins. We looked in at one of the broken windows, and saw an altar-piece in relievo, which appeared to be the Last Supper. At the south side of the church was an image. A house by the churchyard, which I took to be the pastor's, was also left desolate. We struck up a bridle road which led us over the hill to Dieppe by a nearer way.

Saturday, October 6. In the morning walked up by the side of the river Arques, as far as the village Etang or Etrang (as on Tuesday). We inquired of a woman on the road, who had a larger golden cross than usual hanging at her bosom, if there was a church there? She replied in the affirmative, and directed us up the hill. In a short time we reached it. It had been hidden among the orchards and forest trees. We found it in ruins, not as if from time, but the effects of violence. An image in the wall was still remaining, and a few of the gravestones with inscriptions, on the floor of the church. We shall go again to copy them. The churchyard and church have now nothing to defend them from cattle.

In the evening walked a shorter way up the same

valley, and crossed the hill to Neuville, a village chiefly of mud cottages, with rather a large church, and situated amongst orchards and shady lanes. It is scarcely a mile from Dieppe, from whence its low spire among trees forms a pretty object.

Tuesday, October 9. Walked again to the ruins of the church at Etrang; and thence on to Martin l'Eglise, a church that is also deserted and without a curé. The inhabitants resort to a church at Encour (so pronounced), higher up in the same valley, on the road (I believe) to Neufchatel.

Wednesday, October 10. Walked to Arques. Went into the church with the *clerc* (the clerk), who was teaching the village children to read and write, in a small cottage near it. He tells us that many chapels adjoining the church were destroyed at the Revolution, before which time there were four or five priests to officiate; that there is now but one, a M. Lucie (or some such name) who was educated at a college in England. Amongst the pictures in the church is a St. Denys, carrying his head in his hand. The perspective of the side aisle very pretty.

Walked round the ruins of the castle. It has been very strong. (The views round it very fine.) Mem. To inquire if it was not fortified in the wars of the League with Henri IV.—It was: the battle of Arques was the first gained by Henri in the war.—Several parts have been repaired with brick, perhaps about that time. There is a manufacture near it; I did not think of inquiring of what kind. We stopped

at a public-house, called the Café de Milan, for refreshment, and had bread and butter and five eggs (six of us), for which we paid eighteen *sous*.

Tuesday, October 16. Walked again to Pourville and back.

JOURNAL, 1821, CONTINUED.

Oct. 26. Left Dieppe.

28. Returned to Chiswick.

To *Nov.* 22. Prepared Sir William Jones's Life for the press. Made extracts from Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, &c.

From Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, vol. i. p. 152.

"Lady Arabella Polworth has opened the Licenser's Office, which has been so long shut up, with four *sonetti* from Petrarch. That poet is hardly more imitable than Pindar;—for in keeping to his ease, and his nature, the poetry is in danger of escaping, and there are frequent strokes, not *concetti*, as they remain with him, which the English translator cannot redeem from something like the appearance of affectation to an English reader.

"Lady A. has managed him wonderfully. She has generally kept herself close to the original, has preserved its colour, and where she deviates a little, gives better poetry."

From the Letters of Daniel Wray, Esq.

Speaking of Voltaire's "passionate homage to the age of Louis XIV.," Mr. Wray adds:—"But he is

absolutely in the right; nor will I ever give up the epoch of Queen Anne and George the First: or allow Swift and Addison to be shoved off the stage by Sam. Johnson and Goldsmith." *Ibid.* This was written in 1776. Remember Burke.

Nov. 25. Speaking of Cudworth in a letter to Dr. Birch, Warburton says:—"All his translations from the Greek are wonderfully exact, and a vast judgment and penetration in explaining their sense." —"You know the clamour against him was for bringing up all the strength of atheism."—"His Treatise censuring eternal and immutable morality is one of those works where a system is pushed to an extravagance, which I took notice of in the first book of the 'Divine Legation,' where I speak of the true foundation of morality; and this author I had principally in my mind, when I speak of those who place it in the 'eternal relations' exclusively, though out of regard for him I would not mention his name, nor mark him out as I did the other two—Shaftesbury and Mandevile—for the 'moral sense' and 'will' exclusively. For the rest this treatise has all the marks and *moles* of the author, and is full of the profound learning of the intellectual system."—"His 'Discourse on the Sacrament' is certainly a masterpiece in its kind. He has undoubtedly given the true nature and idea of it, and supported it with all his learning."

Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, vol. ii. p. 127, 8, 9.

"Dr. Secker's chief merit (and surely it was a very great one) lay in explaining clearly and popularly, in his sermons, the principles delivered by his friend Bishop Butler in his famous book of the Analogy, and in shewing the important use of them to religion."—*Ibid.* p. 170, in Warburton's letter to Balguy.

"You see, I suppose, the Sabbath to be entirely a Mosaical rite. I do so as *a day of rest*, not as a day of devotion."—*Ibid.* p. 816, in a letter from Warburton to Doddridge.

Jan. Read Copleston's "Enquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination." This appears to me in general ably argued and well written: yet I suspect something either false or fallacious in the author's reasoning in a long note to Discourse iii., where he attempts to shew that when we speak of the *wisdom* and *knowledge* of God, his *justice, mercy, love, long-suffering*, the expression is as purely analogical as when we either speak of the *eye* of God, his *arm* or his *hand*. (The term *nature*, so often applied in this note to the Being of God, appears to me inaccurate.) On this question I should be apt to retort on him his own quotation of a speech of Ridley's: "The words of that blessed martyr before quoted cannot be too firmly engraven in the bosom of every Christian,—'In these matters I am so fearful that I dare

not speak further, yea, almost none otherwise, than the text doth, as it were, lead me by the hand.' "—p. 141.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Chiswick, January 3, 1822.

MY DEAR PRICE,

I have two letters to thank you for; both of them have gratified me by an account of my sister's amendment, which I trust you will be able to continue. As the rainy weather has disagreed with her, it is to be hoped that the change to a drier atmosphere will be favourable to her complaint.

What you say about the old Theban is all very titillating, and if he could give me a draft payable at sight on Hiero, Psaumis, or Theron, that would be duly honoured for my son's battles at Magdalen Hall and Worcester College, I should be his humble servant to command.

In the meantime, Hessey and Taylor are good pay; and Pindar himself was too well aware of the advantage of ready money, which I think he somewhere calls χρυσὸς ἐν χερσὶ φανεὶς,* to be angry with me for this temporary desertion. I am sorry that you have not this inducement held out to you by your new parishioners, and that they are slow to communicate to you in temporals, while you are so prompt to impart to them in spirituals.

* When in the hands appeared the glistening gold.—*Cary's Translation.—Pyth.* iii. 76.

January 7, 1822.

I left off, hoping the few days that elapsed before my sending you this, in the packet to Beveré, would supply me with something more. I have nothing more curious to tell you, than that I called yesterday on a man who was formerly a carpenter, and is now the Professor of Arabic at Cambridge.

I found him reading the part of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which the Abyssinians have in their language (the Amharic). He is a plain man, with much intelligence in his countenance, and nothing more awkward in his manner than in that of many of our clerical brethren, perhaps not even so much. My wife intends writing to yours. If there is any news I doubt not but she will discover and communicate it.

Believe me, dear Price, with love to all your family,

Yours most sincerely,

H. F. Cary.

CHAPTER X.

1822—1826.

Literary acquaintance.—Clare, the poet.—Letters to his wife.—To his son Henry and Mr. Price.—From Allan Cunningham, and Charles Lamb.—Literary Journal for 1823.—The Birds of Aristophanes.—Letter to Mr. Digby.—From Charles Lamb.—To Mr. Price.—Literary Journal for 1824.—Letters to Mr. Price and Mr. Rossetti.—To his son Francis.—To his Father.—Literary Journal for 1825 and 1826.

My father's connection with the "London Magazine" made him acquainted with several of our ablest popular writers; such as Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincy, Proctor, Allan Cunningham, Carlyle, Hood, Darley, and John Clare, the poet. With two of these, Lamb and Darley, he contracted a cordial intimacy and friendship, which was terminated only by death. Most of these he met at the table of Mr. Taylor, the publisher, and when once brought together, they not unfrequently met at the house of one or other of the number.

At the first of these Magazine dinners, as they were called, held at Mr. Cary's own house, I remember that, among others, Lamb, Kelley the farce-writer, and Clare were present. The conversation, which never flagged, consisted of a strange mixture of learning,

wit, and puns, bad and good. The graver talk of the more serious guests was constantly interrupted by the sportive and light jests of Kelley, or a palpable, and to all appearance, school-boy pun of Lamb's; which, however, was frequently pregnant with a deep meaning not at first observable. At times the light artillery of the punsters got the better of the heavier ordnance, and all gave in to the joyousness of the moment. Among the rest, I remember that a quotation from one of our elder dramatists provoked a round of puns on the names of various herbs; the last two introduced had been "mint and anise," when Lamb sputtered out, "Now, Cary, it 's your turn." "It 's *coming*," was the prompt rejoinder. "Then I won't make another pun to-day," stammered Lamb.

To a looker-on, as I was, the most interesting of the party was the peasant Clare. He was dressed in a labourer's holiday suit. The punsters evidently alarmed him; but he listened with the deepest attention to his host. With the cheese had been placed on the table a jug of prime ale, imported for the especial use of Clare. As the servant was removing the glasses, Clare followed him with his eye, let his own glass go without a sign of displeasure; but when the jug was about to follow, it was more than he could bear, and he stretched out both his hands to stop it: the tankard was enough for him, he could dispense with the refinement of a glass.

In the month of June of this year, 1822, Mr. Cary paid a visit to his father at Beveré, whence he wrote the following letters

TO HIS WIFE.

Beveré, July 2, 1822.

MY DEAR JANE,

Your letter of Sunday has given me much pleasure, except in the instance of an apparent want of hospitality to my respected friend, Mr. Crowe. I have written a few lines to him on the other side, which I wish to be sent by Finch under cover of a parcel "carriage paid," the day after you receive this, and to be brought back in case he should have left London.

I am sorry to say my sister does not appear to me near so well since I last wrote. She now keeps her room. To add to her sufferings, her old servant is dangerously ill, and her son Rowland, on Friday last, fell out of a window and broke his thigh, but the child is doing as well as could be hoped after so dreadful an accident. The rest of the family are well. I am going to-morrow to Wilkes for one or two nights. He has been in a deplorable state, I understand, and is still very unwell.

You are very gay, and I shall come most inopportunely to put an end to it. Pray take care of Richard. I have often thought of the open window in the drawing-room since Rowland's fall. It would probably be a much worse one than that, and is far

more dangerous than the boat. You do not say whether you went to London in Henry's. If so I congratulate you, and hope we shall have pleasant excursions in it together before the summer is ended.

Mr. Champagné left us for Malvern yesterday, and Price was here for the first time on Sunday, having been absent in Staffordshire. I hope to hear again from you on Saturday, and will write to you, if anything occurs, the beginning of next week. My visit here has been, as you may suppose, rather a melancholy one, nor can I expect to be much exhilarated by seeing our friend at Enville. Love to all the boys, from your very affectionate,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Beveré, July 8, 1822.

My dear Jane,

I did not intend to have given you so great an alarm by telling you of the accident which befel little Rowland. He is doing very well, but must still be confined to his bed for three or four weeks more. My sister is something better than when I last wrote. She soon got the better of the shock, and was thankful that it was no worse. Her servant Susan has been able to leave her bed. Wilkes was in better spirits than I expected to find him, but has almost lost his sight. I returned from his house on Friday, and brought Caroline here with me. Mary was forced to stay at home in consequence of the

illness of one of their servants. They talk of accompanying me to Chiswick, but I scarcely expect that their scheme will be brought to bear, as you know my father's unwillingness that they should move from home. He is as well as ever I knew him, and enjoys himself as much. I am very much pleased to be here at the present time on account of the state in which my sister is, but look forward with some little impatience to the day of my return. It is likely that I shall travel by a coach that comes late into town on Saturday evening, if my father takes me, as he talks of doing, as far as Cheltenham.

It is possible I may leave this on Thursday morning. I mention this that if you should have occasion to write to me about anything you may not put it off.

My sister and Caroline desire me to give their best love to you. Mine to all the boys, from your

Faithful and affectionate

H. F. Cary.

In returning to his residence at Oxford, the writer of this Memoir had rushed out of the house without wishing his parents farewell. The beginning of the following letter is in answer to his excuses written on his arrival at his destination.

TO HIS SON HENRY.

Chiswick, February 9, 1823.

My dear Henry,

I was much better pleased that you should hasten to secure your place in the coach than wait for the ceremony of bidding me farewell, which I knew you wished me.

I am sorry that you have not fared better since you left us. Your mother mentions having been subject to that giddiness of head of which you complain, when she was a young woman, so that, in getting out of bed, she was sometimes unable to stand. A physician, who was consulted, recommended rhubarb at night, and chamomile tea the first thing in the morning, by which medicine she was relieved. I am inclined to think, however, that no medicines will do you any lasting good unless regular exercise is added to them. You will soon be able to feather the oar again, and in the meantime I should suppose you might occasionally on a fine day afford yourself a hack. As for honours, I would not, if I were in your place, make myself anxious about them. If they are not to be had without the sacrifice of health, they must be resigned contentedly. You ask me what books I can recommend you to order for the Book Club. I have to-day had two new ones sent me, one a considerable part of Cicero de Republicâ lately discovered in the Vatican. You probably observed Mr. Brougham's quotation from

it on the first night of Parliament meeting. It is reprinted for Mawman, price 12*s*. The other is Ugo Foscolo on Petrarch, a book that has been some time privately handed about, and has excited a good deal of attention, and is now first published, price 12*s*. There are some pretty translations in it by a Lady Dacres. I heard also in town that Ballads from the Spanish by Mr. Lockhart are worth reading. I sent for them but was told they are not yet arrived in London (from Edinburgh I suppose.) The Review of that Commentary on Dante you speak of will be printed (or at least the first part of it) next month, without any defalcation, in the Magazine.

Believe me, dear Henry, with love to James and kind remembrances to Dawson,

Ever your affectionate father,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

My dear Price,

I am appalled by your letter. To be received after a rustic fashion, and to bring one or more sermons in my pocket? Hard fare and hard work I could have had at home. I hoped to have been received as a gentleman, and have had nothing to do. Seriously speaking, I do want a little rest, having a troublesome cough which has stuck by me for some months, and which at first I fancied to be the hooping cough. I will, however, bring a sermon for

Whit-Sunday in my pocket, and if I am a little hoarse and inaudible, the Shrawley folks will perhaps let it pass for the newest London fashion. And you may then *appear* at Worcester cathedral, which I suppose after your long services, is all they expect from you there. Be prepared to answer for this at Enville. We intend being with you on the 17th (Saturday), and stay till the Friday following, when we proceed to Beveré. But if by rustic reception you mean that we are not to have warm beds, and walls that are weather-proof, I shall hesitate before I leave Wilkes's comfortable rectory. I hope that you and my sister, and Georgy and Edward or Arthur will meet us a few days after our arrival at that same rectory, and that we shall discuss these matters, if possible, *amicably* together.

I am, dear Price, yours as you use me,

H. F. CARY.

At this period, Allan Cunningham was added to the list of his literary acquaintances; and sent the following answer to an invitation to a Magazine dinner:—

FROM ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Eccleston-street, June 30, 1823.

DEAR SIR,

I accept your kind invitation with much pleasure, and shall be faithful to tryste.

I wished long ago to have told you how deep a hold your Dante had taken of my heart and mind,

and what a bold and original picture you had placed before me. It is true I know nothing of the Italian Dante, but men tell me and, what is as good, I feel that the loss cannot be great; I can hardly conceive how a poem can be more touching and more terrible. When I descended to the Shades with the Greek and the Roman, I hardly felt that I was in a place of punishment; but when I went down with Dante, I beheld the words, "Depart from me, ye cursed," written on every brow. But he is too awful to be ever very popular—for the multitude will turn away from his severe and brief majesty. Yet he is too great ever to be forgotten, and a man must have an unreasonable wish for the endurance of fame to desire to live longer than Dante.

I know that I had no right to inflict my opinion on you, but I was too much moved to be able to suppress it.

I remain, dear sir,
Your very respectful, faithful friend,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The mingled melancholy and drollery of Lamb's character was very congenial to my father's taste, but above all, he admired his simple and unswerving truth; for even under his most extravagant fictions (*lies* he used himself to call them), conversational or written, was ever concealed, or rather veiled only, a meaning and purpose of active reality and truth. His acquaintance with my father was yet but recent:

he had spent a night or two at Chiswick, and had met him occasionally at other houses. The following invitation of himself to my father's house is worth preserving, (indeed, what scrap of Lamb's is not worth it?) as showing the early traces of an acquaintance which ripened into firm friendship :—

FROM CHARLES LAMB.

India-House, October 14, 1823.

DEAR SIR,

If convenient, will you give us house room on Sunday next? I can sleep any where. If another Sunday suit you better, pray let me know. We were talking of roast *shoulder* of mutton, with onion sauce. But I scorn to prescribe to the hospitalities of mine host.

With respects to Mrs. C.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Mr. Cary's constant employment in preparing articles for the "London Magazine," and in translating the Birds of Aristophanes, of which latter further mention will presently be made, prevented him from pursuing his usual varied studies with his accustomed ardour: his Journal for this year is accordingly brief.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1823.

February 3. Read the Narcisse of Malfilatre in four *Chants*. There is in this poem delicacy, voluptuousness, *finesse*, in short, the very character of a well-turned and neatly-coloured French painting, without the strength of the English or the beauty of the Italian schools.

4. Read his other poems. The translations from the Eclogues and Georgics are extremely good.

25. Read the *De Legibus* of Cicero. The first book on Justice, as being founded on universal reason, very grand. The other two (the second of them, only a fragment) on the particular laws of a State, most of them the Roman, are, from the nature of the subject, often to be understood only after an acquaintance with the legal language of the Romans. What is said in the third about a *provocatio ad populum* in the judgments given by the magistrates, appears not quite consistent with what Montesquieu has said about the ancients being ignorant of the distribution of the three sorts of power, the executive, legislative, and judicial.

March 14. The book of Enoch the Prophet, translated by Richard Lawrence, LL.D., 1821. In a preliminary dissertation, the translator endeavours to show, that this apocryphal book (referred to by St. Jude) was written about thirty years before Christ (p. 36), by one who belonged perhaps to the

tribes carried away by Shalmanezer, and placed in Halah and in Habor, by the river Goshan, and in the cities of the Medes, 2 Kings xvii. 6, and 1 Chron. xiv. 26; and that it contains the doctrine of the Trinity. It is from an Ethiopian manuscript, brought by Bruce, and deposited by him in the Bodleian. Another copy, which he brought also from Abyssinia, was consigned by him to the library at Paris. A third was "amongst the Scripture," says Bruce, "which I brought home, standing immediately before the Book of Job, which is its proper place in the Abyssinian canon."—(*Page* 6 *of Lawrence's preface.*) There are some fine things in it; but it would have been better if the translator had used plainer English words. "I went to where all of flesh migrate; and I beheld the mountains of the gloom which constitutes winter."—Ch. xvii. v. 5. In this sublime passage, he should have said, "which maketh winter." Ch. xviii. v. 10: "one of which (mountains) was of margarite:" this, no doubt, should be "pearl." At page xxxiv. of the preface, Lawrence observes, "different parts of the Book itself might have been composed at different 'periods.'" This seems likely enough, and that the verse quoted by St. Jude was written before most of the rest.

March 22. Looked over the Photii Λέξεις, published at Cambridge last year, from Porson's papers;—page 326, ὀκτώπουν,—two lines from the Bacchæ of Æschylus spoken by Λύσσα are given. *Quaere,*

Here only?—page 344, two lines from the Μύσοι of Æschylus, under the word Ὀργεῶνες.

April 23. Finished "Le Spose Riacquastate, poema giocoso di Carlo Gozzi, Danielle Farsetti e Sebastiano Crotta con gli argomenti di Gasparo Gozzi Accademici Granelleschi, Venezia, 1819, 8vo," lent me by Mr. Rogers. This poem consists of six cantos, the first two written by Carlo Gozzi, and published some years ago; the second two by D. Farsetti, and the third two by S. Crotta, both now first published.

S. Crotta, born of a noble Venetian family, was born in 1732, and died in 1817. His modesty would not suffer him to allow the publication of this poem. He appears to have been highly regarded in his own country. The academy of Granelleschi, founded for the cultivation of burlesque poetry, began at Venice in 1747, and continued till 1761. They met in the house of D. Farsetti, the author and patron of the institution. This poem, to which it gave birth, is founded on an event that happened some time between the years 920 and 944. It was the custom then at Venice for the girls promised in marriage to go annually on a certain day to the Church of St. Peter in Castello, with their paraphernalia, in order to celebrate their nuptials. They were one year lain in wait for by corsairs of Trieste, and carried off; but, after a sharp conflict, were recovered by their friends and lovers. The festival in commemoration of this

event was called "delle Marie," and was kept till the year 1379, when the Venetians were closely besieged by the fleet of the Genoese.

By the introduction of several ludicrous incidents and characters, this is worked up into a poem that is lively and laughable enough; but there are so many phrases and words in it which an Italian only can understand, and which a foreigner, even with the help of a dictionary, cannot make out, that the full pleasure it may give must be peculiar to the former.—The editor, D. Pietro Bettio, Vice-Librarian of the Marciana (*Quaere*, Library of St. Mark), inscribes it to Francesco Calbo Crotta (Podestà of Venice, and nephew of S. Crotta), whom he praises for having been instrumental in carrying into effect "la malagevole e laboriosa impresa di sbandire l'oziosa mendicità, pur troppo diffusa in questa contrade." The poem, he says, has remained for more than fifty years, for the most part unknown. Some of the characters in it were persons of notoriety at the time it was written. This gave it an ephemeral value.

Mr. Cary, as I have already mentioned, was now engaged in a translation of the Birds of Aristophanes, which was published in 1824. The author is one whom few read, and of those few a still smaller number appreciate or understand. It is not a subject of wonder, therefore, that the translation did not meet with the attention that its merits deserve;

though in it are to be met with some exquisite lyrics.

The following address of the Chorus to the Nightingale, at the end of the first Act, may be taken as a specimen :—

> O gentle bird of auburn wing,
> Gentlest and dearest, that dost sing
> Consorting still with mine thy lay,
> Loved partner of my wild-wood way,
> Thou 'rt come, thou 'rt come ; all hail ! all hail !
> I see thee now, sweet nightingale,
> Low twittering lead thy pipe along ;
> Then sudden in a spring-tide song
> Burst out the descant bold and free
> Of anapæstic minstrelsy.

The fact of Chrysostom's admiration of this play, alluded to in the following letter, will probably be new to most readers :—

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

Chiswick, April 29, 1824.

My dear Digby,

In consequence of your kind offer to be at the Savoy for me on the 16th of May, I wrote yesterday to my father to say that I intend to be with him either at Beveré or at Cheltenham (for he has now a house at each place) on the 11th. He has invited me to come to him with all my children as soon and to stay with him as long as I can. I therefore wish to give him at least a parson's three weeks of our company.

Price mentioned to me in the letter which conveyed your friendly offer of assistance, that you could extend it to two or three Sundays. My assurance serves me so far as to take the latter number, and that I may not do things by halves, I will even presume to point out to you the subject on which it would be desirable that your audience should be addressed on one of the days. On the 19th of May the Bishop holds a confirmation at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. There will probably be a few children or rather young people from the Savoy to be confirmed (I have not yet had more than two or three on such occasions), and I should, if present, give them some advice, particularly on the duty of coming to the Communion on the Sunday following. Mr. Morgan, who is assistant Curate at St. Martin's, and who is always ready to take my occasional duty at the Savoy will, I doubt not, undertake the office of presenting them to the Bishop. Should anything occur to make it inconvenient, and should you not readily obtain another substitute to be at the Savoy on any one of the three Sundays, you will find him, if disengaged (as he generally is at that time of the day) willing to take your place. The verger of the Savoy knows where he is to be found. Excuse my troubling you with these particulars.

I parted with Price yesterday evening at about the same place and hour where I parted with you last summer; but not with the same regret, as I expect to see him again on Saturday or Sunday next. His

business with the Society is likely to bring him in contact only with its legal advisers, who, I fear, will not discover his archidiaconal or episcopal qualifications. I agree with you that he possesses both. But he has no mind to show that he does so out of his own country; and in it there is many a one who, as of old in Florence,

> " risponde
> Senza chiamare, e grida, i' mi sobbarco,"

on these ready-bent backs, the charges are more likely to be laid than on his. Enville will, however, I hope soon be lodged there safely in spite of the attempts that are making to prevent it. He is still uncertain how long this disagreeable business will detain him in London, but hopes to get off the beginning of next week.

This excursion of ours will lose us all chance, I fear, of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Birch (Birch, I should have said, and Mrs. B.) together with their young man of Thebes before their return home. Should they stay till we come back, I will beg hard of them to take us in their way. I saw his neighbour Crowe a few days ago in London; he had been struggling hard with the hardest bout, as he called it, that he had ever had in his life. When I saw him, ten days before, I had great apprehensions for his life, but have now good hopes of his recovery. I am glad my chirpers give you any amusement. You must excuse them if they do not *sing*, as they did in their own country. Those who do not know that St. Chrysostom used to

keep them at his bed's head, will perhaps blame me for having attempted to make them open their mouths at all. However this may be, you will at least think that I have myself *gabbled* long enough to you. So with my mate's best salutations, I remain your obliged and faithful,

H. F. Cary.

In the following note, Lamb excuses his delay in acknowledging a present of the version of The Birds of Aristophanes :—

FROM CHARLES LAMB.

East India-House, August 19, 1824.

Dear Sir,

I shall have much pleasure in dining with you on Wednesday next, with much shame that I have not noticed your kind present of the "Birds," which I found very chirping and whimsical. I believe at the time I was daily thinking of paying you a visit, and put it off—till I should come. Somehow it slipt, and must crave your pardon.

Yours truly,

C. Lamb.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Chiswick, November 10, 1824.

My dear Price,

I have promised Henry to ask you to send him the list of English Poets which you made out for your

Topographia Poetica, together with the dates of birth, flourishing, or death annexed to them. You will wonder, and well you may, what he, who is beginning his legal studies, can have to do with these gentlemen.

But so it is, that while he is only studying, and cannot practise the law, he is willing to turn his leisure hours to some account; and a bookseller having offered him fifty pounds for the first edition of a little Dictionary of English Poets, he employs his evening hours on this task, in which, as you may suppose, I can help him without much trouble to myself. From Warton, or rather from Sir Egerton Bridge's abridgment of Warton, he has got the names, &c. (in number about 180) to Elizabeth's time. After that, if I am not mistaken, you have collected many names which we might otherwise miss; and if you would get Edward or Arthur to transcribe it on a sheet of foolscap, and send it forthwith, it would be of great use. The work when completed may in turn be some guide to the completion of your greater undertaking.

Henry, with his usual rapidity, talks of finishing it in two months, which seems to me impossible. He has begun reading with a lawyer, with whom he is the whole of the morning. You will stare to hear that I am this day become a member of a new club in London. It professes to consist of the patrons of literature, and of scientific and literary men. But, as far as I understand, no invidious distinctions are

made as to one of these descriptions of men contributing more or less than another. Mr. Heber was so good as to write offering to propose me as a member without ballot; and as it was voted *nem. diss.* at the breakfast table that I ought not to decline the honour, I have accepted it. So I am a member of the Athenæum, and one of the Council of Five Hundred; for that it appears is our number. The regulations seem good enough, excepting two, which will be rather hard upon men like me: one, that we are not allowed to play more than half-guinea points; and the other, that one cannot go in after two o'clock A.M.

I am, dear Price,

Yours ever truly,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Chiswick, December 2, 1824.

MY DEAR PRICE,

I am truly obliged to you for intrusting to me your precious MS., which shall have due care taken of it. It is only this morning that I have been able to turn my mind to our poor friend's epitaph, so as to make anything of it at all tolerable. You will of course alter or remodel it, where you think that needed. I do not think I have said anything of him that he did not deserve, though those who were not friendly to him will think otherwise. As soon as you let me know what you have determined, I

will take measures for ordering the monument on the model of Dr. Horne's, with the alteration you wish. I will also take the journey on which you send me to pay your coachmaker, though you will perhaps find, on inquiring at the Stourbridge Bank, that they will employ their London correspondent to pay the banker of the coachmaker, without any expense to you. But mind, I am ready to go if my going will save you anything. When you have an opportunity, pray thank Digby for his very kind offer of giving James a title, of which I think it likely that he will be glad to avail himself. I cannot ask Mr. Teasdale (whom the bishop has recommended), to give up Kingsbury till Christmas, 1825, and James will be of age for ordination at Midsummer. I think it goodnatured of the bishop that he proposed ordaining Mr. T. (who wants a title, his lordship says,) with the expectation of his giving way to James in a year.

It seems that by 44 George 3rd, deacon's orders are null if granted before the age of twenty-three complete. I have been an unsuccessful competitor for the Lectureship of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. There were twelve of us candidates. It was given to a young man of the name of Harnage, a preacher at the Asylum, and probably better suited for it than myself. Yet William is determined on dragging my theological talent into light. He has been for some time employed in writing out my sermons in a fair hand, which I do not think I should ever have had

courage to do, and insists on my taking them to a publisher. Perhaps the publisher will not judge so favourably of them as William does. Have you read Mr. Irving's "Oracles, &c."? After these, I do not see how any common divinity is to go down.

I have just finished them; and am now in Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship translated from Goethe. It is exceedingly interesting, but not fit for family reading, nor could be easily expurgated. I can get Irving's Lives of the Scottish Poets from Colburn's, so need not trouble you for it. Do you know of what place Gammar Gurton *Still* was bishop? He is not in Warton. The Cambrian Bards will not come into the plan.

Believe me ever yours sincerely,

H. F. Cary.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1824.

January 21. Bentley's Dissertation upon Phalaris, edit. 1777. 8vo. Johannes Tzetzes, a man of much rambling learning.—p. 12. The great Scaliger published a few iambics, as a choice fragment of an old tragedian, given him by Muretus, who soon after confessed the jest that they were made by himself. Boxhornius wrote a commentary upon a small poem, *De Lite*, supposed by him to be some ancient author's; but it was soon discovered to be Michael Hospitalius's, a late chancellor of France.—p. 14. "That poor writer (Bentley is speaking of

Read the Ecclesiazusæ and Thesmophoriazusæ of Aristophanes.

Feb. 14 and 16. Inspected Fasti Hellenici, by Henry Fynes Clinton, Esq., late student of Christ Church, Oxford, 1824, fol. In the Appendix, p. 173, the writer endeavours to show, against Dodwell and Corsiai, that the Pythian games were celebrated in autumn, in the second or third month of every Olympic year.

Page 239, a fragment of Plato, the comic poet, differently read from Porson's emendation of it. In the introduction, p. xliv., is the following passage :— "The comic poets, whose names have been recited, to the number of more than a hundred, are only a part of those who flourished between Epicharmus and Posidippus. Besides these we possess the names of many whose time cannot be ascertained at all from remaining memorials. Nearly sixty poets, probably dramatic, may be collected of uncertain age and character. Of some of these, it cannot be discovered whether they were of the ancient, the middle, or the new comedy; of others, it is doubtful whether they belonged to this period at all, and whether they did not flourish after Posidippus, at Alexandria, or elsewhere; of others, it cannot be pronounced whether they were tragic or comic. Perhaps the diligence of some future inquirer may be able to lessen the number, and to assert for some of these poets, upon valid testimony, a place in the preceding list."

Nov. Sismondi (Roscoe's translation of his Histo-

rical Review of the Literature of the South, vol. i. p. 127 and elsewhere) refers to M. Fabre D' Olivet's Poésies Occitaniques for poems by the Troubadours.

Early in the year 1824, one of my father's earliest friends, Mr. Wilkes, rector of Enville in Staffordshire, had died, and bequeathed a large sum of money to charitable purposes, and the next presentation to the rectory of Enville to his friend and relative Mr. Price. His most prominent virtues are recorded in the epitaph contained in the following letter :—

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

MY DEAR PRICE, *Chiswick, January* 8, 1825.

I send you underneath an amendment of the inscription. If you should think it wants altering still, do not scruple to say so :—

In Memory of
RICHARD WILKES, A.M.,
Formerly of Christ Church, Oxford,
23 Years Rector of this Parish.

His generosity, uprightness, and unaffected piety, gained him the respect and esteem of those who best knew him. Though remarkable for the strict discharge of his professional duties, and especially for his bounty to the poor, yet not being able (as he declared on making his will) to satisfy himself with what he had done for the Church, he bequeathed the greater part of his property to the Society for promoting Christian knowledge.

He died 29 March, 1824,
Aged 51.

Have the goodness to write this out in your own legible hand, with any alterations that you may judge

requisite, and send it to me for the carver. I was not aware that this reason was given for the bequest, and think it certainly ought to be recorded in the words of Wilkes himself.

I have lately had an Italian staying with me, who thinks he has made great discoveries as to the political allusions in Dante, and wished for my opinion of them.

I am inclined to believe them not altogether visionary; but that like other framers of hypotheses, he pulls down too much of what has been raised by others to erect his own fabric.

His name is Gabriele Rossetti, a Neapolitan Constitutionalist, who, like Dante, has been forced to quit his country on account of his politics, which, however, you may suppose are not violent, as he is befriended by the Freres, in the house of one of whom he resides.

I have been this week wandering about the neighbourhood of Windsor, with my son Francis. We visited Gray's churchyard at Stoke Pogeis, where I called at Bold's (the vicar), but did not find him at home.

We surveyed the country about Eton, and explored part of the forest; and returned home by Hampton Court, when I had another glimpse of the cartoons, which appeared to me finer than before. We reckoned we had walked near fifty miles in all. Mr. Sumner is dispatched by his royal master to Nice, where Lord Mountcharles, the son of Lord Cunningham,

is dangerously ill, so that we are not likely to have Milton's Theology so soon as expected. I can wait. Do you submit to the added shilling in the London Magazine? I have agreed to send them some of the Pindar, but with a reserve of the copyright. I thank my loving and loved sister for the Flitch, which I really think we begin to deserve. May you both long continue to do so, and your children, and children's children after you, is the wish of yours ever truly,

H. F. CARY.

The expounder of Dante, of whom mention is made in the preceding letter, was Mr. Rossetti, whose Commentary is probably known to few in this country, except such as have made Dante their study. The following letter, which I am under the necessity of printing from my father's rough draught, gives us a further insight into his opinion of Mr. Rossetti's theory:—

TO MR. GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Chiswick, January, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

You refer me to the remainder of your Commentary for the full exposition of your theory respecting the Divina Commedia, and I will suspend my judgment of it accordingly. In the meantime, I have no hesitation in saying that from the interest excited in me by that part which I have already seen, I should

conclude the whole to be well worthy of publication. Your peculiar opinions concerning the Allegory will meet with some opposition from the prejudices of the older readers of Dante like myself; they will in their very novelty carry with them a recommendation to others. But whatever reception they may ultimately obtain, I think there can be little doubt that an edition of the Divina Commedia, such as you can easily give, will be successful. The sale of it may be slow, but it will be sure. Allow me to suggest, first, that the convenience of your readers will be best consulted, if you place the interpretation either by the side of the text, in the manner of the Delphin Classics, or in the middle of the page, between the text and the commentary; next, that the whole of the Divina Commedia should be published at once; thirdly, that it should be comprised in not more than three volumes; and lastly, that your new explanation of the Allegory is most likely to gain a favourable hearing, if it is proposed in as brief, plain, and dispassionate a manner as possible. Lest you should think I am arrogating anything to myself in offering you this advice, I beg you will consider that I speak only with reference to the taste and habits of my own countrymen. Should an experienced and discerning bookseller advise you otherwise in any of these particulars, except the last, I would readily yield to him.

I remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

H. F. Cary.

How considerate he was in communicating tidings of grief, and how tenderly attentive to the feelings and health of his aged father, is, though simply, yet forcibly, shown in the directions given in the subjoined letter :—

TO HIS SON FRANCIS.

Chiswick, August 9, 1825.

My dear Francis,

Read this letter with caution to yourself, and afterwards, when you have a favourable opportunity, communicate its contents to my father. I have this morning received a letter telling me of the decease of your cousin Henry Vigo on his passage home from Calcutta on the 22nd of March, and fifteen days after he left that place. He burst a blood-vessel on the 1st of January. His lungs were quite worn out. The letter is from his widow, who is just arrived in London.

When you have told this to my father (which you had better do, if you can, after dinner, or just after his having taken some food), give him the other side of this sheet.

All are well here, and unite in love to you with, dear Francis, your affectionate father,

H. F. Cary.

TO HIS FATHER.

Chiswick, August 9, 1825.

MY DEAR FATHER,

You must have been aware, from the account you had of poor Henry Vigo's health in the last letter from my brother, that his life was very precarious. The event, therefore, which I have desired Francis to communicate to you, is one that you will be in some measure prepared for. The information is given me in a very proper and feeling manner by his widow. She says he died, as he lived, quiet, contented, and happy. I am going in this morning to see her at Mrs. Howel's, 21, Essex Street, Strand, where she is boarding, and intend asking her to come and stay with us for the present. I will add a few lines in London. In her letter she requests me to write to you. I am, my dear father, ever

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Chiswick, November 12, 1825.

MY DEAR PRICE,

The hare and pheasant arrived at the Bull and Mouth, and having arrived there, you may form a shrewd guess what their fate will be next; for here is John Bull ready with half-a-dozen mouths (for if I was a painter so I would limn him) ready to devour

them, but not without first returning thanks to his disinterested brother at Enville.

I am glad you have heard at last from yours in India. What misery will he be in, if he should come to you, and see these same hares and pheasants on every side of him without being allowed a shot at them! I am impatient to hear how my sister is after her return to the land of game. She and my father had a bad day for that purpose. Your daughter states a case in law so well, that I think she would act Portia admirably. I should like to see her come out in her gown and wig.

Henry went yesterday to lay out part of his fee in a bookseller's shop in Piccadilly, and I must indulge a translator's vanity so far as to relate what there befel him. "I have some old College books that I should like to exchange," said Henry. "They would be of no use to me," said the man, "but if you have any standard works I should like to take them." "What do you mean by standard works?" says H—, when the man beginning "Cary's Dante, Sir!" he burst into one of his laughs, at which the man was so confused that H— found it necessary to explain the cause of his mirth.

But to return to the Bull and Mouth—from whence I have made so long and impertinent a digression—my sister's tea set out from thence yesterday in a hamper directed to you, "Care of Mr. Rollason, Printer, Stourbridge," "which shall hope to hear arrives safe, and shall be obliged by further orders."

May the Enville bells ring happiness into the Bower; though there is one Grove in the neighbourhood that will lose his toast. Mr. Thomas, I suppose, will be the next that will set them a-going.

I thank you for sounding the Camp-bell for me; I hope it will ring some of the Church Militant to my aid. I admire the discretion and deliberation that you join with Davison.

You affect the letter, I see. Fye, fye, correct thyself of that habit, Thomas. It is worse than punning. I should like to have met the "*Vecchio Sartor.*"

Affectionate remembrances to him (when opportunity offers) and to all your crew, from, dear Price,

Yours ever, &c.,

H. F. CARY.

Mr. Price, as has been already seen, had lost one daughter, one only survived; on occasion of her illness, which in a few months proved fatal, my father wrote as follows to his afflicted sister:—

TO MRS. PRICE.

Chiswick, December 3, 1825.

MY DEAR SISTER,

You may suppose how much and truly we are grieved to hear of poor George's illness. I can well imagine the state of anxiety you must have been in. Do write to us as soon as possible how she is going on, and take care of yourself as well as her. For

remember you have other children, to whom your life and health are precious.

Jane is just putting up some marmalade and other sweetmeats which Francis will take in to the Birmingham coach-office immediately; so that they should be at Rollason's in time for you to get them on Monday morning.

I am, dear Georgina, ever your affectionate brother, H. F. CARY.

While Francis nails the box, I must add a line, my dear Georgina. How deeply I feel for you no words can express; after my own children I have no one so dear to me as your sweet girl. God preserve her to you and us. Write soon, if but a line, to say she goes on well.

Ever your most affectionate

JANE CARY.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

MY DEAR PRICE,

I hope you will, if possible, come and stay a night with us.

Henry's lodgings in town will, I doubt not, be at your service. As he sleeps there one night (Friday) in every week, you may depend on the bed being aired. He is there in the day from about 10 till 4. I have just written a long letter to my father, telling him of my being a candidate for a place at the British Museum, that of keeper of the old statues.

We shall be anxious to hear from your own lips how your daughter, whom we all tenderly love, is going on. Believe me, my dear Price,

Ever most sincerely yours,

H. F. Cary.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1825.

To *May*. Read the Caccia of Erasmo di Valvasone, a pleasing didactic poem on the chase.—The Arcadia of Sannazaro: the language is softness itself; there is no story; it is a tissue of the woes and griefs of shepherds, coming one after another like their figures on a piece of porcelain. Of the twelve books, each begins with prose and ends with verse. There is very little in it that a female might not read.—The other Egloghe Boscherecce del secolo XV. XVI. in the same volume, being the sixteenth of Zatta's Classici Italiani, are all worth reading, particularly Castiglione's.—The Podere of Tansillo, a lively and instructive poem in terza rima on the choice of a farm and house.—"Bacchus in Tuscany, translated by Leigh Hunt from Redi." Redi's Italian Letters at the end of his Works. *Londra* (false title page), 1781. In the fourteenth letter, Redi, who was a physician, writes to have a curious mistake, which had got into the additions to the Vocabulary della Crusca, corrected. It related to the word *Ana*, which had been explained to mean a sort of medical herb; "bensì (says Redi) *ana* è un termine proprio delle ricette medicinali,

col qual termine o particola i Medici voglion dire, che delle cose, ovver ingrediente mentovati se ne deve prendere uguale quantità o peso."—The Filli di Sciro, by Guidubaldo de' Bonarelli, a pastoral drama with the usual Italian sweetness and some few conceits. The double love of Celia is a little ludicrous.—Some of the works of Garcilasso de la Vega in English verse, by J. H. Wiffen: in the second Eclogue "Silva," the description of the bird-hunting (which shocks by its cruelty), is, I think, nearly the same as that in the Caccia of Erasmo di Valvasone. There is sometimes a fine mellow tone in Mr. Wiffen's verse, but the expression is not select enough.

July 23. Finished Ben Jonson's Works in Gifford's edition, 9 vols., except the two tragedies; part of "Every Man in his Humour," and some of the translations from Horace.

July 28. In the second volume of Viesseux's Italy, in a treatise on modern Italian Literature, the following names occur:—Ugoni, writer of Letterat. Ital., an excellent work. Carlo, younger brother of Gasparo, Gozzi, whose plays are a mixture of allegory, parody, and of the marvellous, in which some analogy has been found between him and Aristophanes. His Memorie Inutili della Vita di Carlo Gozzi, &c. His first play, l'Amore delle tre melarance. De Rossi and Giraud, Romans, and Alberto Nota, of Genoa, revivers of elegant comedy. De Rossi is author of Il Cortigiano Onesto, a comedy. Giraud's, Ajo nell'

Imbarazzo e Priere di Cerretto, his two best plays. A. Nota, wanting in *vis Comica*, Il Progettista, Il Filosofo Celibe, and La Donna Ambiziosa, his best plays. Silvio Pellico, a Piedmontese, author of two tragedies, Francesca da Rimini and Eufemio da Messina. Pellico imprisoned for these some years by the Austrian Government, at Venice, on account of his opinions. Pelligrino Rossi, a translator of Lord Byron. Tommaso Grossi, author of Ildegonda, a poetical romance in Ottava Rima.—In lyric and didactic poetry, Passeroni, Parini, Fantoni, Pindemonte, author, among other works, of Sermoni in blank verse (published in 1818), of Il Colpo di Martello (published in 1820), a tragedy called Arminio, travelled in England, averse to poetical strife, of moderate principles. Pignotti, Roberti, Passeroni, Bertola, Clasio (Fiacchi), Decoureil, de Rossi, authors of fables and apologues in verse, L'Abate Meli, a writer of songs, odes, pastorals, in the Sicilian dialect. Salfi, author of a continuation of Ginguené's Literary History of Italy. Foscarini, literary historian for Venice; Napione for Piedmont, Signorelli for Naples. Sacchi, author of Oriele, or Letters of Two Lovers (in 1822), Bertolotti, author of l' Isoletta de' Cipressi—these two are novels. Bishop Tarchi, author of sermons, died in 1803, aged eighty. Pietro Giordani of Piacenza, author of Panegyrics, one of the first contributors to the Bibloteca Italiana; Antonio Benci, the same to the Antologia. In science, Delfico, Montrone, Talia, and others. In political economy, Pietro Verri,

Carli, and Galiano Gioja of Piacenza, one of the principal modern economists; his great work Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze economiche.

Speaking of the roads about Genoa, Viesseux says, "A new road has been constructed at a great expense along the mountainous coast of the Riviera di Levante, by which a direct communication is opened from Genoa to Leghorn and the south of Italy, and will prove a great advantage to the inland commerce of the Genoese. Many travellers going to Rome and Naples will pass by Genoa, instead of going round by Milan and Bologna. Until now, Genoa has only been accessible on one side by land, over the difficult road of the Bochetta; but in future it will be open in two directions by two fine carriage roads, the one to Turin and Milan by Serravalle, and the other to Leghorn by Lerici. Another road is also being constructed along the western Riviera to Nice and France."—Vol. ii. p. 112.

August. Read the ninth and tenth volumes of Mitford's History of Greece.

29 and 30. Read the Asinaria of Plautus, so called from the Pellæan Ass-merchant. The trick that is played upon him is what the plot turns upon. There is much comic drollery in the scenes between the two slaves and him, in their dialogues with each other, and in their treatment of their young master Argyrippus, which shows the sort of free-footing that slaves lived in with the families that maintained them. There is also an exquisite little love-scene between Argyrippus and Philenium. This play is

said in the Prologue to be from Demophilus, which is supposed to be a mistake in the manuscripts for Diphilus, a Greek writer of the lower comedy. Are there not here and there verses extant of the Greek comedians, by which the several plays of Plautus might be assigned to their respective owners ?

August 31. Read the Aulularia of Plautus, so called from the Aula, or Olla, in which the miser conceals his treasure. His avarice is yet more comical than that of L'Avare, which is an imitation of it. Indeed, Molière's plot, too, is evidently founded on this. The play is altogether inferior to the Asinaria in fulness and richness; though the miser is admirable.

Sept. 2. Read the Curculio. There is little in this play to excite mirth, except the gluttony of Curculio the Parasite.

8. Finished Fox's History.

16. Read the Casina of Plautus. An old man, who wants to marry Casina, a female slave, to his bailiff, in order to have an opportunity of satisfying his own passion for her, is cheated by having a groom dressed up as the bride. In an epilogue, the spectators are told rather inartificially that Casina will be discovered not to be a slave, and will be married to her lover, the old man's son.—Read the Cistellara, an interesting little piece. The love of Silenium and Aleximarchus is very pretty. Indeed, Plautus excels in describing this passion. There is again an epilogue, telling in a few lines how the story terminates. And soon after the play is begun, Auxilium is introduced to explain part of the plot.

Oct. Read Davison on Prophecy, the most satisfactory work I have met with on the subject.

Nov. 1. Finished the Epidicus of Plautus.

Dec. Read Porson's Letters to Travis. Finished the eight books of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.

27 and 28. Read the Bacchides of Plautus, so called from two sister *meretrices*. This play, though without much of drollery, and with no tincture of tenderness such as Plautus sometimes has in his love-scenes, is lively and bustling.

29. Finished the Mostellaria, the Ghost. There is more business in this play than usual. I am told by my son Francis that it is imitated in one of Fielding's. The slave Tranio's device of persuading his master—who returns, after three years' absence, from Ephesus to Athens—that his house is haunted, and thus concealing the debaucheries that are going on in it from his knowledge, is comical enough. Something less comical is his device for making the old man believe that the money borrowed by his son was for the purchase of a house.

30. Began the Menœchmi.

31. Finished the Menœchmi; a laughable play, this "Comedy of Errors," though the improbability of one brother being mistaken for the other, is perpetually occurring.

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Jan. 2. Finished the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus. There is more character in this play than is usual

with Plautus. The swaggering soldier is something new. The jolly old bachelor, Periplectomenes, of fifty-four, is well described, act iii. sc. 1. The dress of the pretended shipmaster, the Nauclerus, act. iv. sc. 4, is very curious.

Began the Mercator. In the prologue, it is told that this play was translated by Plautus from Philemon.

Act ii. sc. 3. v. 62-4. The occupations of an *ancilla*, a female slave, are enumerated. A little further on, the inconveniences of a handsome female slave.—v. 70, &c. This comedy is read with keener interest from the knowledge that it is Philemon's. The passion of Charinus for Pasicompsa, and his mad despair when he supposes her to be lost, are the best part of it.

January 6 and 7. Looked into the first volume of Rossetti's edition of Dante, just published, which I have read before in MS.—Errata, page 341. *Peccatum cum consummatum fuerit*, &c., is in St. Paul.

Page 349. Hesiod could not correct *Plato*, as it is in the passage from Montaigne.

Page 357. *Quaere:* Where is the citation to be found in Strabo?—It is remarked by Rossetti at p. 365, that "Dante ha nascosto sotto i suoi versi più sensi, come altrove più chiaramente osserveremo." At page 396, he surprises the reader by telling him "confessero ingenuamente che ho cercato, in tutto questo esame, di tenere, secondo il vezzo Dantesco, nell' inganno il lettore; e l' ho fatto per determinargli il pensiero ad un solo oggetto, a quello cioè del senso

figurato sotto il litterale così nascosto? Inf. c. 9.st. 33. Is "nella fata" the reading in any other edition except Rossetti's? It probably is, as I have translated it so "at the fays." Yet Rossetti understands it "negli stabiliti fati."—N.B. Rossetti has since told me it is an error of press.

Jan. 9 and 10. Continued the Pseudolus of Plautus.

30. Finished the Pseudolus. The interruptions which have occurred in my reading of this play have taken away the interest of it. It is full of bustle, and was a favourite of the author's, as appears from a passage in Cicero. He intended Pseudolus for an ideal of his favourite character, a cheating slave.

Began the Poenulus. From v. 53 it appears that this play was called Carchedonius in the original Greek; but whose it was does not appear. The first act admirable. The conversation between the two sisters in the second scene, the by-play between the lover and the slave going on at the same time; the accosting of the favoured lady; the desiring the slave to woo for him; his anger at the slave for doing it too well; and his mad joy in the next scene because his mistress has looked back on him;—all this, exquisite. It would be a rich spoil for a modern imitator.

Feb. 1. Read the Persa, one of the most meagre of these plays.

2. Read the Stichus, so called from the name of one of the characters, who is a slave. There is very little in this piece. Yet the constancy of the two

sisters for their absent husbands is something unusual in these dramas, and therefore pleasing. The last act, which represents the two slaves as merry-making with their one mistress is in some parts difficult to understand.

Feb. 13. Read the Trinummus, from the Greek of Philemon, as appears in the prologue. In the Greek it was called Thesaurus. The prologue is spoken by Luxury, who introduces Want into the house of a prodigal young man. There is more approach to the sentimental in this comedy than I have observed in any other. It is full of γνῶμαι, "sententious sayings." There is less of the comic.

4. Began the Truculentus.

7. Finished it. Act. ii. sc. 1. In a note on the first line, Palmerius observes that there must be a wrong reading, for that females are never made to swear by Hercules, or males by Castor, since the former abstained from the Herculean sacrifice, and the latter from the Eleusinian initiation.—This play is far more corrupted in the text than any of the rest. Why Camerarius should say that it has the form of those that are called Μῖμοι, I do not understand.—The Truculentus is so called from the Rustic Lover, one of the characters.

9. Began Quintus Calaber, and read book i. In this continuation of the Iliad, after the death of Hector, Penthesilea, with her Amazons, comes to the assistance of the Trojans. She is slain by Achilles, who on seeing the beauty of the corpse regrets he had

not married her. Thersites reproaches him for his passion, and Achilles with one box on the ear knocks out his teeth and lays him dead. Diomede, who was his kinsman, is about to resent his death, but he and Achilles are reconciled by the other Grecians. Here is the beginning of the romantic fabling.

Feb. 10. Read the second book of Quintus Calaber. Memnon comes to the assistance of the Trojans, and brings his Æthiopians. He falls by the hand of Achilles, after having slain Antilochus. Aurora grieves for her son's death.

11. Read the third book of Quintus Calaber. Achilles is killed by a dart from Apollo. His dead body burnt by the Greeks.

14. Continued Quintus Calaber, book iv. The funeral games for Achilles: and book v. the contest of Ajax and Ulysses for his armour; and the madness and suicide of Ajax.

15. Continued Quintus Calaber, book vi. It is determined that Ulysses and Diomede shall go for Neoptolemus. Eurypylus comes to the help of the Trojans. His shield, on which the labours of Hercules were engraved, described. He slays Nireus, Machaon, and other Grecians. The battle grows hotter, and the Trojans are only prevented by the night from rushing on the ships and setting fire to them. This book is animated and has some fine similes.

16. Continued Quintus Calaber, book vii. Neoptolemus arrives. The scale is now turned in favour

of the Greeks, and, book viii., the battle continues to rage. Neoptolemus on one side, Eurypylus on the other, till the latter is slain. The descent of Mars to the aid of the Trojans is finely described, and that of Minerva to the Greeks. Both are sent off the field by Jove, and now the Greeks are near storming the city, when Ganymede entreats Jove in favour of the Trojans, and the Greeks are forced to retire. This is another animated book, but too crowded with similes.

Feb. 17. Continued Quintus Calaber, book ix. Deiphobus comes into the battle. Philoctetes is brought from Lemnos by Diomede and Ulysses, willingly, and not at all according to the manner described by Sophocles; and, book x., Paris is wounded by a poisoned arrow of Philoctetes; he flies to Oenone in Mount Ida to cure him. Juno exults over his calamity, he soon expires; and while the herdmen are burning his body, Oenone, struck with remorse and anguish, leaps on the fire, and is consumed; and, book xi., the war is carried under the walls of Troy: and, book xii., one of the best, in which the building of the wooden horse and its introduction into the city contrary to the advice of Laomedon and Cassandra are told with much spirit.

18. Continued Quintus Calaber, book xiii. The destruction of Troy.

19. Finished Quintus Calaber. The fourteenth and last book contains the departure of the Greeks and the dispersion of their fleet caused by the anger

of Minerva on account of the violation of Cassandra by Ajax Oiliades.

This Poet, who ought to be called Quintus Smyrnœus, (for Calaber was a name given to him for no other reason than because the MS. was discovered in Calabria, and he himself mentions in the poem his being a Smyrnœan) is less known than he deserves. He is indeed a very humble imitator of Homer, but his story (as continuing the Trojan war where Homer leaves it, to its end) is interesting. Though the text in this old edition of Lectius is sadly corrupt, yet the style is so easy that the right word may generally be supplied. The similes are thrown out of a full sack, but many of them are really fine. It is curious to compare the versification with Homer's. I have marked a few of the peculiarities on the margin. The chief is his making the vowel short before a mute and liquid, as in *Πατρŏκλοιο*, Homer always has it *Πᾱτρōκλος*.

Feb. 20. Read the Taking of Troy, by Tryphiodorus. In this poem there are not those deviations from the Homeric numbers that we find in Quintus Calaber; but it has less of freedom, and it has more the air of a laboured essay. It would afford instances of bad taste. The incidents, as far as the building the horse and taking Troy are concerned, are partly the same. Laocoon is omitted.—And read the Rape of Helen, by Coluthus, not so elaborate as the last poem, and therefore, though too pretty and conceited, yet more pleasing. I should say that Coluthus and Langhorne were much alike.

There is no such peculiarity in the numbers as I have observed in Quintus Calaber.

Feb. 21. In London.

22. Read the Hero and Leander of Musæus, a sweet little piece, with some instances of false taste indeed, but without the hardness of Tryphiodorus, or the namby-pamby of Coluthus.

23. Began "Nonni Libri sex, ab octavo ad decimum tertium," with the mythological notes of Georgius Henricus Moser, printed at Heidelberg, 1809.

24. Continued Nonnus. At page 178, Moser refers to Zoëga, Li bassirilievi antichi di Roma; 1 Distrib. p. 6. sqq. ad tab. II. where he says, *Zoëga præclare explicuit hanc fabulam, i. e.* the fable of Harmonia. *Mem.* to see this book. Page 181, &c. Moser has a long note on the distinction between Typhœus and Typhon. See what Elmsley says in a note on the Acharnians, ver. 1082. Page 186, Moser refers to Winkelman (Monum. Antichi ined. N. l. 2 et descr. des pierres gr. p. 54. n. 135) for an ancient gem of great beauty representing Jupiter coming to Semele with large wings expanded, and surrounded with lightnings. Boettigerus (qy. Boettiger) explains the figure to represent Θάνατος, and says the wings were added by a later hand.

25, and 27. Continued Nonnus. Moser mistakes, I think, in his interpretation of ver. 308. L. 9; which he translates "throwing away his love," whereas it means "tossing his child in a swing." Qy. Is this play mentioned elsewhere by the ancients? Moser again,

p. 201, refers to Zoëga (Bassirilievi 1, tab. iii. p. 20, sqq.) for a Bacchus carrying a Mercury in his arms; and again, p. 226, to Zoëga (Bassirilievi 1, tab. v. and vi. p. 24, for eight dancing Bacchants, with the θύρσῳ, ῥόπτρῳ and κυμβάλοις. The ῥόπτρον, Moser says, was a *uter inflatus cum annulo aureo, qui loris vertebatur et in aërem vibrabatur;* and again, p. 228, to Zoëga; and p. 232, he says: "*In numis, Cycicenis apud Eckhelium, Doct. num. vett.* ii. p. 451. *et in numis Lydiæ,* iii. p. 94. *Bacchus conspicitur a Centauris bigis vectus.* In the list of the names of Bacchus, Moser has omitted that of Κωλώτης, see Scapula, p. 281. Moser says on this passage of L. ii. 253, descriptive of the dead Ampelus.

Κεῖτο νέκυς γελόωντι παναίκελος οἷά περ αἰεί
Χείλεσιν ἀφθόγγοισι χέων μελιηδέα φωνήν.

Simili modo subridere, ait Zoëga, personam Bacchicum, quam Ampelum putat, juxta Bacchum barbatum. Bassirilievi iii., tab. xvii., Maschere Bacchiche, p. 70.: page 278, Moser refers to Zoëga, i. c. vii. tab. 45. (Villa Albani) for an "*egregium opus anaglyphum, Argus fabricationem. exprimens,*" and adds, "Cf. Eudoc. viol. p. 79. Page 269, Moser has a note on the winged Iris spoken of by Nonnus, b. xiii. v. 8, which may be referred to a passage of Aristophanes' Birds.

Feb. 28 to *March* 3. Finished these six books of Nonnus. There is a splendour and luxuriance amounting to prodigality in the diction of Nonnus.

He has, however, no conceits. The numbers are a mixture of the Homero-epic and Bucolic: but without any of those deviations from the correct standard which I have observed in Quintus Calaber. The subject is the birth, adventures, and deification of Bacchus, under which there are couched physiological truths.

March 9. Began Heraclides Ponticus in Gale's Opuscula, Myth., &c., Amstel. 1688. This treatise is called Ἀλληγοριάι Ὁμηρικαί. His definition of Allegory is—Σχεδὸν γὰρ αὐτὸ τοὔνομα, καὶ λίαν ἐτύμως εἰρημένον, ἐλέγχει τὴν δύναμιν αὐτῆς· ὁ γὰρ ἄλλα μὲν ἀγορεύων τρόπος, ἕτερα δὲ ὧν λέγει σημαίνων ἐπωνύμως ἀλληγορία καλεῖται, p. 412. He uses the word σύμβολος, in the same sense as "allegory,"—συμβολικοῖς ὀνόμασι τὴν φιλοσοφίαν ἀμαυροῖ, p. 442. Coleridge has attempted to make a distinction.—At p. 487, there is a remarkable coincidence in the manner of explaining the allegory at the beginning of the Odyssey with that used by Landino, and after him Rossetti, in explaining the allegory in Dante: for he makes Minerva a part of Telemachus himself, on which the annotator remarks "*Observandum Minervam pro ipsâ Telemachi prudentiâ atque ipso Telemacho capi, ut supra dixit author. Nam absque Allegoria hæc falsa essent, quandoquidem Minervæ sunt verba non Telemachi.*" And so in the next page, Heraclides considers Phronius and Noemon as parts of Telemachus, τὸν δ' ἀπόπλουν, &c.

14. Finished Heraclides Ponticus. That the my-

thology adopted by Homer was allegorical, there can be little doubt, if any; and as little, if any, that Homer knew it to be so. It is possible even that there might be sometimes a double allegory, which Heraclides does not hint at. For instance, Proteus might be at the same time the first matter (as Heraclides supposes), and also a prince or conjuror, of that time, as some others variously interpret it. He would have the whole character of Ulysses to be allegorical—Καθόλου δὲ τὴν Ὀδυσσέως πλάνην, εἴ τις ἀκριβῶς ἐθέλει σκοπεῖν, ἀλληγορημένην εὑρήσει· πάσης γὰρ ἀρετῆς καθάπερ ὄργανόν τι τὸν Ὀδυσσέα παραστησάμενος ἑαυτῷ, κ. τ. λ.

Heraclides has not allegorised the character of Achilles in the same manner. But as Con. Gesner suspects, according to what Gale says in the Preface, there was something wanting of this Treatise; and Eustathius has cited passages from it, which do not now appear.

March 15. Began the Life of Homer (which Gale ascribes to Dionysius Halicarnassensis), in this same volume. It is nearly all a criticism on Homer. A metaphor is defined—Ἀπὸ τοῦ κυρίως δηλουμένου πράγματος ἐφ' ἕτερον μετενενεγμένη, μετὰ τῆς ἀμφοῖν ἀναλόγου ὁμοιότητος, p. 294.

24. Finished the above. The writer would make Homer acquainted with all arts and sciences. Some of the criticism is, however, very just; and the whole is pleasantly written.

March 27. Began the Works of Joseph Mede, fol. 1672, third edit. My remarks are on a separate paper.

June 2. Finished Mede.

12. Began my attendance at the British Museum.

28. Finished Cudworth on the Lord's Supper, so much commended by Warburton. On comparing him with Mede on the same subject, they will be found to differ a little.

CHAPTER XI.

1826—1832.

Mr. Cary is appointed Assistant Librarian at the British Museum.—Letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of St. David's, Mr. Croker, Mr. Champagné, Lord Bexley, Mr. Cary's father, Mr. Digby and Mr. Price.—His employment and occupations at the British Museum.—Letters to Mr. Price and his father.—Literary Journal for 1827.—Letters to his father.—From Mr. Coleridge.—To Mr. Rossetti.—From Allan Cunningham, with answer.—To Mr. Birch, and from Mr. Coleridge.

THE distinction which Mr. Cary had attained as a scholar was now at last about to be of service to him in securing him the office for which he was by his habits and pursuits best qualified, that of one of the keepers of our national library. For this, his accurate scholarship, his knowledge of various languages, and his extensive acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, especially fitted him. And though he could never be induced to avail himself of the countenance which men in power had shown him, as a means of advancement in the church, yet when an opportunity offered of his being placed in a station where, while he benefited himself, he was conscious that he could at the same time do good service to his country, his wonted diffidence gave way, and no pains were spared to effect his object.

The following letters dwell on this subject sufficiently to dispense with the necessity of my entering into any detail :—

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Chiswick, November 15, 1825.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

In consequence of having heard that there are already many candidates for the office at the British Museum, which is likely to be vacated by the lamented illness of Mr. Coombe, I presume to offer myself among the number, most respectfully, to the notice of your Grace. As some proof of literary qualification may justly be expected from the competitors, I trust I shall not incur the imputation of vanity in referring to the attempts in this way, which I have laid before the public.

For my private character, I would venture to refer to the Bishop of this Diocese, the Bishop of Norwich, or the Bishop of St. David's, whose curate I have been for the last nine years.

I have the honour to be, your Grace's most obedient humble servant,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

Chiswick, November 15, 1825.

MY LORD,

An opportunity has offered itself for my becoming a candidate for the office of a librarian at the British

Museum. It is expected that a vacancy will soon be declared in consequence of the illness of Mr. Coombe which I am sorry to say is of such a nature as to leave little or no hope of his recovery. In this state of things, I should not have thought it right to stir myself, if I had not been assured that many applications have been already made, and that I ought not to lose a day in making mine. I have, therefore, addressed a short letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and another to the Bishop of London, in which I have requested the Bishop's recommendation of me to his Grace. I have mentioned my having been your Lordship's curate, and that I would venture to refer to your Lordship, among others, for my private character; and from the testimonials of your regard I have already received, I feel confident that I shall obtain this additional one also, if there should be any necessity for it.

I have not yet been able to obtain the Bishop of Salisbury's last charge. The answer from my bookseller is that it is out of print, which must, I think, be a mistake. On inquiring at Rivington's, I found they knew nothing of it. I own I have little hope of meeting with any argument in favour of the authenticity of the verse in St. John, that will be sufficient to outbalance the weight of argument against it.

I have the honour to be, your Lordship's very faithful and obliged servant,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Chiswick, November 18, 1825.

My Lord,

The Bishop of London, in a note I received yesterday, advises me in justice to myself to be provided with documents of my bibliographical knowledge and peculiar fitness for the charge of Librarian to the British Museum, for the satisfaction of the Archbishop whenever the vacancy takes place. My habits of life have been so retired that I scarcely know to what individuals, who are better known than myself, to apply for these documents. Yet I feel confident, that if I am fit for anything, I am fit for such an office.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

H. F. Cary.

TO JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQ.

Chiswick, December 2, 1825.

Dear Sir,

The experience I once had of your sympathy and friendly assistance on a very trying occasion, in consequence of an introduction from my brother-in-law, the late Sir Charles Ormsby, encourages me once more to apply to you for aid in a matter of a different kind. It is likely that the place at present occupied by Mr. Coombe of the British Museum, will soon be declared vacant. From my conception of the duties

attached to his office, I am inclined to believe that it would be in my power to fulfil them, and more particularly with reference to the completion of a work in which he was employed relating to the monuments of ancient art. Should any person better adapted to this place be appointed to it, and should the additions lately made to the library by the munificence of his Majesty, occasion any change in that department, I might perhaps still hope for some employment in the British Museum. Your distinction in literature would render your testimony of my fitness for such employment of great importance to me; and if any means should occur to you of furthering my views, I could almost venture to assure myself of your willingness to use them.

Believe me, Sir, sincerely your obliged and humble servant,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE REV. GEORGE CHAMPAGNÉ.

Chiswick, December 6, 1825.

MY DEAR MR. CHAMPAGNÉ,

The appointment to the several offices at the British Museum is left at the sole disposal of the Archbishop of Canterbury by the other trustees; and it is generally believed that his Grace's choice is decided by his opinion of the fitness of the competitors. But as this opinion must be formed in a great degree on the testimony received as to the character

and abilities of the candidates, it is of course very desirable that they should obtain such testimony from as many quarters (supposing them of course to be worthy of attention), as possible. On consulting the Bishop of London, who is one of the trustees, on a passage of a letter I had received from the Bishop of St. David's (a copy of which I will add to this letter), he suggested that I should ask the Bishop of St. David's to address the necessary document in the shape of a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or (if the Bishop of St. David's should have any objection to that, as it appeared to me he might possibly have from motives of delicacy towards the Archbishop), in a letter to the trustees at large.

If anything like an artist-like knowledge of sculpture is required for the office which I have more particularly in view, it is certainly more than I can make any pretensions to. But if the habit I have been in from early life of reading the ancient writers, with an attention directed to their connection with ancient art, and if the pleasure I have always taken in observing the remains of that art, whenever they have come in my way, should be thought a sufficient pledge for my estimating duly, and taking a proper care, of what would be committed to my charge, these are claims which I could venture to urge with some confidence.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Champagné, very truly yours,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

Chiswick, December 16, 1825.

My Lord,

I have deferred thanking you for your last very kind letter, till further inquiry respecting the British Museum should enable me to acquaint you what sort of document of my fitness for the office I have solicited in that institution would be requisite. The Bishop of London, on whom I waited in order to obtain this information, suggested that the best manner of proceeding would be for your Lordship to address a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and on my observing that I thought it possible you might feel some delicacy in writing to his Grace on the subject, replied that if that should prove to be the case, the recommendation might be addressed generally to the trustees. Your Lordship will perceive from the inclosed letter, which I have since received from Lord Bexley, how desirable he also thinks an application from your Lordship to the Archbishop. By another letter, which one of my friends has forwarded to me from a chaplain at Lambeth, I hear that his Grace is "always anxious to hear of all the candidates, and all that can be said about them." Still, I am far from wishing you to do anything on my behalf that is not in entire accordance with your own feelings, being persuaded that you will do all

for me that you think ought to be done on this occasion. No particular form of testimonial is necessary, as I had been led to suppose from what the Bishop of London before said.

Symmons is lately returned from Paris, and I am sorry to say that I have seen him but once, owing to our being both so much engaged in town. I have lent him the Bishop of Salisbury's late publication, and have borrowed from him the same copy of Porson's Letters to Travis, which you gave him so many years ago at Christ Church. I promise myself much pleasure and some instruction from talking the matter over with him when we next meet. We shall probably agree in thinking that all the force of the question is on Porson's side. The most ingenious thing in this book (which I had not seen since I was a boy) appears to me his manner of accounting for Cyprian's seeming allusion to the disputed text, the only strong argument in its favour. He would, perhaps, have explained the reference to it in the Symbolum Antiochenum in a similar way. Surely the Bishop could not have read these letters lately, or he would not have spoken of the direct evidence afforded by Dr. T. of a Greek MS.

All that I admire in the Bishop is the good temper and moderation with which he writes. His Greek Symbolum is either incorrect in the original or very villanously printed.

Symmons is well disposed to avail himself of your

Lordship's obliging invitation when an opportunity offers, and I should like much, by your permission, to make one of the party.

I have the honour to be,
Your Lordship's very faithful and obliged servant,
H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Chiswick, December 23, 1825.

MY LORD,

I feel very grateful for the letter which you have addressed to the Archbishop in my behalf, and the more so, as I am sensible that in this instance you have stepped a little beyond the line which you may justly wish to prescribe to yourself on such occasions. All I can do in return is to endeavour to deserve your Lordship's recommendation of me. Even in case of failure (and failure I ought to be prepared for with competitors perhaps all more worthy of success than myself), it will be a gratification to me to have discovered that I have so many and so zealous friends, and some of them in quarters where I had no reason to expect them.

On turning again to Porson's character of Gibbon, I am indeed surprised to find him "confessing that he sees nothing wrong in that writer's attack on Christianity," when he adds, almost in the same breath, that he blames him "for carrying on the attack in the most invidious manner," and charges him with "stooping to the most awkward perversion

of language for the pleasure of turning the Scriptures into ribaldry, or of calling Jesus an impostor."

I was yesterday much entertained by reading some memoranda which Mr. Rogers put into my hands of his conversations with Charles Fox and Horne Tooke, in which Fox allowed, that the chief merit of Gibbon consisted in having brought together so much information as could no where else be met with on the same subject in one book. The style of Gibbon, by its splendid novelty, at first dazzled almost all readers, and Porson among the rest; but even Sheridan, who threw the historian into ecstasies by talking of his "luminous pages," in the speech at Hastings's trial, afterwards I believe altered his tone, and spoke of Gibbon in very different terms.

I should like to hear the Bishop of Salisbury's reasons for denying the book *de Doctrinâ Christianâ* to have been written by Milton, though I own I have little expectation of being convinced, or even shaken by them. Yet I should be glad to see him vindicated from being the author of some of the opinions contained in that book.

I have at last met with Symmons, who desires me to say that his opinion remains unchanged by the Bishop of Salisbury's arguments on the verse in St. John. More it is unnecessary for me to say, as he intends to put down his observations in writing, and to send them to your Lordship. His father desires me to make his kind respects, and to say he was obliged to you for noticing him at all.

It has given me much pleasure to see the name of Davison, as the new Prebendary of Worcester. His book on Prophecy satisfied me better than anything I had ever read on that subject. There are few Chapters, I suppose, that can boast two such men on their rolls as Gaisford and Davison; the one probably the most industrious scholar, and the other one of the ablest divines we have.

I have the honour to be,
Your Lordship's very faithful and obliged servant,
H. F. Cary.

TO LORD BEXLEY.

Chiswick, January 9, 1826.

My Lord,

I return the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter, with many thanks. His Grace has been pleased to say as much as could be expected in the present circumstances. I beg leave to add a few words respecting the course of study alluded to by his Grace, as necessary in the department filled by Mr. Coombe.

I have understood that there is an intention of separating the care of the medals from that of the statues, both which have been in the charge of that gentleman; and it was on this understanding that I presumed to offer myself as his successor. As far as the medals are concerned, I do not pretend to any knowledge of them. But with reference to the statues, I trust that my line of study has been

such as would enable me not only to appreciate them duly, but to continue, if it should be required, the work begun by Mr. Coombe in explanation of them, which I have seen; and this I speak with the more confidence, as the subject is one to which, in the course of reading the ancient writers, I have been in the habit of attending, and which I should pursue with much pleasure. I did not think it right to enter into these particulars, when I took the liberty of applying to his Grace.

Your Lordship was very kind in mentioning me to the Bishop of London, of whose good intentions towards me I am well satisfied.

I remain, my Lord,
Your truly obliged and faithful servant,
H. F. Cary.

TO HIS FATHER.

Chiswick, December 3, 1825.

My dear Father,

Though I have not written to you for some time, yet it has not been for want of something to say; for I have been employed in building one of those castles, which both you and I take so much pleasure in rearing.

My present fabric is in an office in the British Museum, which is likely to be soon declared vacant. I have written to the Archbishop of Canterbury (in whose disposal it is), to offer myself a candidate, and to the Bishops of London, Norwich, and St. David's,

to recommend me if necessary. From the three bishops, and particularly the last, I have received kind answers. I saw the Bishop of London yesterday, and found him very kind in his manner to me.

Besides this, I am strongly advised to request the assistance of my friends, and all who know me, and whose good word would be likely to do me any service. I wrote yesterday to Mr. Robinson (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Croker, Mr. Champagné, and Digby; and intend doing so to many others.

Do you think there is any chance through which you could get the matter mentioned to the Bishop of Worcester?

His opinion, as a scholar, if expressed in my favour, would no doubt be of use.

The office at which I aim is that of keeper of the antiquities, about to be declared vacant in consequence of the incurable illness of a Mr. Coombe, who at present holds it.

The value of it (including all advantages of a residence, &c.,) is estimated at 500*l.* a year.

If I do not succeed in getting this, it is possible I may obtain some other of less value in the British Museum, where it is supposed that several changes will soon take place.

You know this is an object on which I have long been intent. It will not be incompatible with my taking Sunday duty in London.

The great number of competitors there will probably be, must render success very doubtful.

We are now all well here, and hope to hear as good a report of you at Beveré and Stourport, and that you do not find your winter solitariness quite so formidable as you expected. With love from all here to Mrs. Cary and my sisters, believe me, my dear father,

Ever your affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Chiswick, December 13, 1825.

My dear Father,

I will have a letter ready for Price, in case he should determine to go home by way of Worcester, and in case he should not, to put it in the post for you. I ought to be *ad fait* at letter writing, for I have had practice enough this last fortnight on the subject of the British Museum. Lord Bexley and Mr. Champagné have promised to apply to the Archbishop in my favour, as one of his Grace's domestic chaplains has also done. In addition to these, I must get as many recommendations as I can. I have thought of asking the Bishop of Oxford, but if you will have the goodness to do so, it may be still better. Perhaps it might not be amiss to remind his Lordship of my being at Rugby with him, which he himself remembered some years ago when we met him together in London. I will write to the Bishop of Lichfield, whose brother, Lord Harrowby, is one of the trustees, and, I hear, has some weight with the Archbishop.

I have the pleasure of finding my friends very zealous in my cause; but the number of candidates must make the event very doubtful.

I have had occasion to write to Mr. Champagné this morning, and told him I had a letter for him from you. The Bishop of St. David's has promised to do all in his power.

I had the comfort, yesterday, to hear that my niece Georgina is going on as well as could be wished.

Your next letter will, I hope, bring me equally good tidings of my sister Jane.

I am so fully occupied with my canvassing, that I do not expect to have a fortnight to spare for Beveré. But my best wishes are with you.

Ever your affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Chiswick, January 5, 1826.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The turkey and ham arrived safe the day before Christmas-day. The former feasted us all for three days, it was so large, the latter is still in the larder; and we thank you for both. My brother's letter, which you sent me, is very satisfactory. I had one of nearly the same date.

I have been, and still am, employed in my attempt on the British Museum, and do not yet know when the appointment will take place, or what is likely to be the result of my application.

In a letter of the 23rd ult., Mr. Champagné tells me that the Archbishop says to him,—

"Until the vacancy in the Museum, to which you allude, has taken place, I must decline entering into any engagement respecting the succession. When the resignation shall have been made, I will not forget that Mr. Cary is a candidate under your sanction."

Mr. Champagné at the same time desires me to tell you that "he will bear in mind your recommendation of Mr. Stafford." The Bishop of Saint David's has sent me the copy of a strong letter he has written in my favour to his Grace. The Bishop of Lichfield also very readily complied with my request of recommending me to his brother, Lord Harrowby.

From some others, I have had answers similar to that you received from the Bishop of Oxford, that for some reason or other they cannot interfere. But all the answers, like that, are gracious and kind. My old college friends, the two Digbys, Birch, and Bullock, could scarcely have been more zealous if their own brother had been the candidate.

The last of these, among others, applied to the Bishop of London's chaplain, whose answer, as repeated by Bullock's sister-in-law, Lady William Seymour, was this: "I can answer Mr. B. in a very few words. The Bishop of London is particularly intimate with Mr. Cary, and knows him to be so well qualified for the situation, that any thing he *can do* for Mr. Cary, of course he *will do*."

Still I am aware that I ought not to flatter myself with expectations of success.

I had a letter yesterday from Price, in which he mentions having written to you about a living, of which Mr. Grove has the disposal, near Bridgnorth. From his representation of it, it does not appear to me to be worth more than half what is asked for it; and indeed I should be sorry to give even half, that is 400*l.*, for it, or that you should give it, which would come to the same thing. It is not quite 200*l.* a year, has no house; and it is only the next presentation.

The incumbent, though 74, may live ten or twenty years longer; 140*l.* at least ought to be deducted for the duty and the rent of a house. Then the question is, what is the reversion of 60*l.* a year, and that for only one life, worth? It would be better to lay out 800*l.* in the purchase of an annuity at once, than to lay it out in this manner. I hope and trust you will not think of it. Charles does not go to reside, till next summer, at Oxford, from whence I am sure he will be very happy to pay you a visit. I am glad to hear that my niece, Georgina, is gaining ground after her severe illness. May you all get through the winter in health and happiness, and may we meet again in the summer, or rather the autumn, when your harvest is over.

In the meantime pray write to me as often as you can without inconvenience to yourself.

You had a narrow escape at the Cheltenham bank,

The many failures that have happened lately have occasioned some distress; but they will, I hope, be attended by some good effects, in destroying false credit and checking wild speculations. We are all well, and for the last year had no apothecary's bill.

This never happened before since I kept house, and I can scarcely expect it to happen again.

With our united love to all,

Your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Chiswick, January 21, 1826.

My dear Father,

I will lose no time in thanking you for this new instance of your kindness and generosity to me. What you are bestowing on me, is, I know, in great part, the hard-earned fruit of your own industry, and I trust that you will have the satisfaction to see both myself and my children make a right use of it.

It will be some time yet before the new appointment at the Museum is made. I learned yesterday from Mr. Tyndale that there is to be a meeting of the trustees, probably the second Saturday in next month, when the vacancy is likely to be declared. He has seen the Archbishop twice or thrice, and recommended me as strongly as he could.

The Archbishop said he had had many applications in my favour, and that he thought my attain-

ments were superior to the place I asked for, which requires a different kind of study. A letter from his Grace, which Lord Bexley has sent me, is nearly to the same effect. In it he says, "Mr. Cary has many friends, and none of more weight with me than your Lordship. The department which Mr. Coombe fills is of a peculiar kind, requiring information not in the ordinary course of study. If when the vacancy takes place, a candidate should offer himself specially qualified for the duties of the office, I should feel a previous engagement very embarrassing to me." Lord Bexley in his letter to me says, "I am glad to find you will have a very kind advocate in the Bishop of London, to whom I spoke, but who was already fully prepared to assist you."

I have just heard from Digby, who incloses a letter from Mr. Lyttleton, in which Mr. L. says, speaking of Lord Spencer, "He fully admitted Mr. C.'s incontestable qualification for the office he desires, and I have no doubt if Lord S—— should chance to have an opportunity, that appeared to him a proper one, of saying a word in C.'s favour, he would willingly avail himself of it." All this, it is to be hoped, will be of some use to me in the end, if not in the particular way that I have now in prospect.

I am very happy to hear that you have borne the late cold weather so well.

We all continue well. I hope your next will bring me a better account of Mary.

With love from all here to the houses of Beveré and Stourport, believe me,

My dear father,

Your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

Chiswick, January 21, 1826.

MY DEAR DIGBY,

Many many thanks for the trouble you are taking on my account. I could not have expected more from Lord Spencer than Mr. Lyttleton says for him, that he has no doubt if Lord S. should chance to have an opportunity that appeared to him a proper one of saying a word for me, he would willingly avail himself of it.

Lord Bexley has sent me a letter he received from the Archbishop, in which his Grace says that I have many friends, and none of more weight with him than Lord B., but that the department filled by Mr. Coombe is of a peculiar kind, requiring information not in the ordinary course of study; and that if, when the vacancy takes place, a candidate should offer himself specially qualified for the duties of the office, he should feel a previous engagement very embarrassing. I wrote to Lord B. explaining, that, as far as the ancient statues were concerned, I trusted my studies had been such as would enable me to appreciate them duly, and to continue the

work begun by Mr. Coombe respecting them, but that I did not pretend to any knowledge of the medals, which I understood were to be made a separate department. There is to be a meeting of the trustees, probably the second Saturday in next month, when it is expected the vacancy will be declared.

I expect soon to be employed in another edition of Dante. There is just published by Murray the first volume of a new one in the original, by an Italian of the name of Rossetti. It contains some very curious conjectures as to a secret allegory, not before discovered, pervading the poem. If you will look at the preface by Spenser to his Fairy Queen, to Sir Walter Raleigh, you will see the great probability of a secret particular allegory lying hid under the general one.

I had not heard of Mr. Benson's appointment. Lord Liverpool is resolved to make your Chapter as splendid as one of the blazing circles in the Paradiso. Dr. Wingfield, I trust, has his reward in a better place than Dante ever imagined.

Mrs. Cary desires her kind regards. With fingers half numbed by cold and letter-writing, I subscribe myself, yours ever affectionately,

H. F. Cary.

TO HIS FATHER.

Chiswick, June 6, 1826.

My dear Father,

When I last wrote to acquaint you with James's appointment at Southampton, I did not expect that I should so soon have to tell you of my own at the British Museum.

But I have this evening received a letter from Lord Bexley, saying that the Archbishop designs to appoint me to the office which I mentioned to you was vacant in that establishment.

It is that of Assistant-keeper of the Printed Books, and was held by a most respectable old clergyman, of the name of Bean; but I suppose the value not to be so great as that of the office which I before applied for, but which is not yet vacated. To make amends, however, it is, I think, better suited to me. Lord Bexley has communicated this intelligence to me in the most obliging manner.

I am going in to town to-morrow; and if anything occurs worth adding, will write there.

We are all well, and join in affectionate regards to Mrs. Cary and my sisters.

I am, my dear father,
Your most affectionate and dutiful son,
H. F. Cary.

P.S. *June* 7.—I have just been to the British Museum with Mr. Tyndale, who has been most

friendly to me through this whole affair. It will be necessary, on my appointment, that I should give a bond to my trustees, myself in 1000*l.*, and two sureties in 500*l.* each.

I have ventured to name yourself and Price, not doubting but that if it were double the sum, you would neither of you see me at a fault on this occasion.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Chiswick, June 8, 1826.

My dear Price,

I had yesterday the welcome intelligence that my appointment, as an Assistant-librarian at the British Museum, was signed by the Archbishop. On this occasion it is required of me to give a bond, myself in 1000*l.*, and two sureties in 500*l.* each.

I ventured to name my father and yourself, not fearing that either of you will refuse to give this voucher for my not being a rogue.

If I am wrong, speak; if not, the bond will be sent to my father, and from him to you, in a few days, to be executed. The vacancy I am to supply was made by the death of Mr. Bean. There were ten candidates. As these things seldom come alone, James was a few days ago chosen Chaplain of the Military Asylum at Southampton. His duties are very light: to go in two or three times in the week and see that the children (who are the orphan daughters of soldiers), are properly looked to, and to

read prayers twice, and preach once to them on the Sundays. This will leave him time enough for private pupils.

The salary is 100*l.* a year, to which, I hope, a house will in time be added. What mine is to be I have not yet inquired; but I fear there are no apartments for me at present.

I hope soon to hear that my sister and your household are well.

With most affectionate remembrances to them from all here,

Believe me, dear Price, ever truly yours,

H. F. Cary.

For several years after his appointment to an office in the British Museum, my father's time was so fully occupied with attention to his public duties, that a regular and continuous course of study was impracticable. During the few months that elapsed before he took up his residence within the walls of the Museum, he continued his translation of Pindar, contriving to get over a few lines daily in the coach that took him to and fro between Chiswick and London. His vacations were spent either on a visit to his father at Beveré, in Worcestershire; to his friend Price, at Enville; or in some short excursion. His Literary Journal was, for a brief space, resumed at the beginning of 1827; but even this was soon found inconsistent with more important calls on his time, and was accordingly laid aside.

At this period, a classed catalogue of printed books in the Museum was being formed, a work which, had it not been put a stop to by motives of mistaken economy, would have been a great accession to our bibliographical literature. Mr. Hartwell Horne had undertaken the subject of Theology; Dr. Bissett Hawkins that of Physic and Surgery; Mr. Tidd Pratt, Law; Mr. Lee, Mathematics and the kindred sciences; Sir Frederick Madden, Topography and History, which subjects were continued by the writer of this Memoir on that gentleman's appointment to the office of Assistant-keeper of the Manuscripts; Mr. Cary was engaged in classing the Poetry.

Though such a labour must have been wearisome to one whose life had been in a manner devoted to more diffusive studies, yet he applied himself to his task with unabating diligence, and in addition to the ordinary duties of a librarian, made great progress in the portion of the catalogue allotted to him, and that with the accuracy that pervaded all his literary undertakings.

For several following years I have nothing to add to the few subjoined letters.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

British Museum, November 5, 1826.

My dear Price,

We removed to this place, bag and baggage, (at least for the greater part of what usually is implied in that quaint phrase) on Tuesday last. My first

reception has been a sharp attack of rheumatic pains, which I took to proceed from the liver, till an apothecary, whom I sent for, set me right.

He has done so, I trust, in more senses than one; so that to-morrow I hope again to take my place in the library. Charles, who wrote to me soon after his arrival at Oxford, gave me a good account of you all; and it has since been confirmed by a letter from my father. I was glad to hear that Georgina had made her intended visit to Stourport, and that Caroline was to return with her.

Whenever she finds the winter evenings begin to lag heavily at Enville, I hope she will try what a change to this neighbourhood will do for her. A lodging is usually to be had very near to this place, and the days, till bedtime, may be past here, if she will put up with such accommodation as we have,—one sitting-room, and a bed-room only to retire to between dinner and tea.

I find the nearness to the library, and the convenience of getting books out of it, added to Francis's being so close to the scene of his labours, compensate for many inconveniences.

Henry has taken possession of his chambers in the Temple, and has taken out his certificate to act as special pleader. He passes three of his nights in town, and for the remainder of the week goes to Chiswick, where he still finds a bed, though he is not likely to do so long, as I intend to sell or let my house there whenever a favourable opportunity offers.

And so I thought I had ended my tale of our goings on, till I remembered there was Dicky, of whom Rowland, at least, will wish to hear something. His first feat, that we heard of, was his rolling his nephew James down a flight of stairs, but luckily without injury. He has not repeated the experiment, though it succeeded so well, and I do not think it was made intentionally, so that he has not much credit for it in any way.

Nor is Dicky all; for there is James, too, to be spoken of, whether any one cares to hear of him or no. Be that as it may, I am glad to say he is better in health, but sorry to say that the Military Commissioners, to whom he has applied for a house, say he has no need of one.

Next Saturday I shall see whether our trustees are so hard-hearted, when I tell them that one of our servants sleeps on a little landing-place, half way up the highest flight of stairs, and the other, who is a male, out of the walls. I hope things will be better ordered before Willy gets a librarian's place.

What progress does he make in modern languages, and how go on Edward and Arthur?

I desire a particular account of all, unless you are afraid of provoking such another letter as this, from dear Price,

Yours ever,

H. F. Cary.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1827.

January. Read in the British Museum Garrick's Collection, K. 5, containing Deserving Favering, a tragi-comedy, by Ludowick Cartell, Esq., 1659, (first printed 1625); a story improbable, but interesting; style neat, but meagre—sometimes very indelicate; Seneca's Medea, by E. S(herburn,) Esq., 1648, a fine translation, which Sherburn calls a paraphrase, so that it would seem as if Johnson were mistaken in what he says of Sherburn in the Life of Dryden, as he certainly is, in the estimate he there forms of his poetical merit;—and Sherburn's versification of Seneca on Providence, 1648, which equally contradicts Johnson's opinion of this writer.

To 27. Read from the British Museum Petrarch's Triumphs of Love, Chastitie, Death; translated by Mrs. Anna Hume, Edinb., 1644—a remarkably easy translation, and not without spirit. It is in the couplet measure. She promises the rest if these are approved. *Quære*, did they appear?—some of the Poems by Thomas Prujean, London, 1644, which show they could write moderately in those days as well as the present; Part i. of Francis Quarles's Midnight Meditations on Death, 1646, quaint and diffuse, yet often very fine and striking; and books i. and ii., and part of iii. of Tasso's Mondo Creato.

February 2. Finished Quarles's Meditations. Read the Woman of Pleasure, a comedy, by Shirley; a

poor comedy, with some fine flashes of poetry in it; The Witch of Edmonton, a tragi-comedy, by Rowley, Dekker, Ford, and others—the former half of this play, as far as the death of Susan, equal to Shakspeare in language and character, the latter very inferior. Susan is admirably painted: Mother Sawyer the best and truest portrait of a witch that can be imagined. Read some more of Sherburn's translations from Girolamo Preti and St. Amand. The former, the story of Salmacis, is curiously happy; the other (Lyrian,) fails, probably from the weakness of the original. Began Bussy d'Ambois, a tragedy, by Chapman.

March 24. Garrick's Collection, H. 19. Jack Drum's Entertainment, or the comedy of Pasquil and Katherine, a droll but indecent comedy. The Returne from Parnassus; a play, with some passages in it on the contemporary poets. Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, as he first wrote it, when the scene is laid in Italy. Cowley's Guardian, a comedy; and Shirley's Arcadia, a play, founded on Sidney's Arcadia.

August 31. Set out for Beveré on a visit to my father.

October 1. Returned from Beveré—read there Terence's Plays; and the latter books of the Odyssey, and two or three books of Horace's Odes, with Charles.

12. Read the Pastorals of Longus, a licentious tale, but too well told. There is some resemblance to the story of the Winter's Tale.

TO HIS FATHER.

British Museum, April 10, 1827.

My dear Father,

I was happy to get such good tidings of you all by your and Charles's joint letter of the 31st ultimo. His mother and brother Francis intend writing to him in the box. We three set out on Thursday the 12th for Southampton, and intend returning on Monday the 23rd. Col. Evatt, who commands the Asylum at Southampton, called on me yesterday, and told me that James's reading and preaching are much admired, and that many people come to the chapel on purpose to hear him. A young man sent to ask him through a friend, whether he would give him lessons in elocution. I hope this accomplishment, which James certainly possesses in no common degree, may be of use to him. Good reading puts me in mind of our friend Mr. Champagné. He was, I am sorry to say, not able to partake of the good things you sent me, being confined by a severe cold to his room for ten days; but the last time I saw him he was quite recovered.

He does not think he can avail himself of your invitation to Beveré, as his excursions are now limited to visits to his nephews.

Since I last wrote I have been elected an Honorary Associate of the Royal Society of Literature. This is, at present, only an honour, except that it gives me a free *entrée* to their meetings; but it makes me

eligible for an Associate, in case of a vacancy; and I should, if elected, then have a pension of 100*l.* a year, in addition to the honour.

Our two new rooms are built, and will be ready to inhabit in another month.

On the 1st of August, or September next, I trust we shall be setting out on our annual excursion to Beveré.

With best remembrances to Mrs. Cary and Jane,

I am, my dear father,

Ever your affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. CARY.

Of Coleridge we have lost sight for several years; he had, however, on several occasions, exchanged visits with my father, having, at intervals, spent a few days at Chiswick, and received him in turn at Highgate. On my father's removal to the British Museum, Coleridge's visits were more frequent, but of shorter duration. It is much to be regretted that my father's letters to him have been, all, either lost or destroyed; the contrast between the glowing dreams of the metaphysician and the simple, unadorned plain-speaking of the scholar, when commenting on, or answering, the high flights of Coleridge, could not have failed to give an interesting picture of the mind of each. What reliance Coleridge placed on the calm judgment of his friend, may be estimated from the following letters.

FROM MR. COLERIDGE.

Friday Night or Saturday Morning,
Grove, Highgate, May, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been just looking, *rectius* staring at the Theologian Croly's Revelations of the Revelations of John the Theologian—both poets, both seers—the one saw visions, and the other dreams dreams; but John was no Tory, and Croly is no conjuror. Therefore, though his views extend to the last conflagration, he is not, in my humble judgment, likely to bear a part in it by setting the Thames on fire.

The divine, Croly, sets John the Divine's trumpets and vials side by side. Methinks trumpets and *viols* would make the better accompaniment—the more so as there is a particular kind of fiddle, though not strung with *cat*-gut, for which Mr. Croly's book would make an appropriate bow.

Verily, verily, my dear friend! I feel it impossible to think of this shallow, fiddle-faddle trumpery, and how it has been trumpeted and patronised by our bishops and dignitaries, and not enact either Heraclitus or Democritus. I laugh that I may not weep. You know me too well to suppose me capable of treating even an error of faith with levity. But these are not errors of faith; but blunders from the utter want of faith, a vertigo from spiritual inanition, from the lack of all internal strength; even as a man giddy-drunk throws his arms about, and clasps hold

of a barber's block for support, and mistakes seeing double for "additional evidences."

I believe Luke, I believe Paul, I believe John the beloved of his Lord, I believe Moses, I believe the Prophets, and I mourn and rejoice, and pray and complain, and hope and trust, and give thanks to the Lord, with David.

But I should study Daniel with more satisfaction, if it stood (*complete*, as in the Septuagint version), between Maccabees and the title-page of the Apocrypha; and I should read the Apocalypse with unqualified delight and admiration if it took the lead of the "Shepherd," St. Barnabas, and St. Clement, and (for I will confess to the whole extent of my offending) the three Pastoral Epistles, at all events the *first* Epistle to Timothy, in a volume by itself, under the modest name of *Antilegomena*. It is true, that I hold the Pseudo-Athanasian creed to be pretty equally divided into four parts, under the corresponding heads of—1. Presumption, and that brimstone-coloured. 2. Tautology, or verbiage. 3. Nonsense. 4. Heresy. But I can conscientiously repeat every syllable of the Nicene Creed, and likewise of that which I am modest enough to think no bad supplement for individual catechumens, the Confessio Fidei, in p. 189—191 of "the Aids to Reflections;" and, as a man who has lost a leg or arm is still an *integral* man, so I trust that I, notwithstanding the above-mentioned decrements, may still pass for a Christian. Now the object of this

letter was to entreat you, with Francis's assistance, to glance your eye over the theological part of the catalogue, to see whether you have any number of commentators on the Apocalypse.

I do not know whether it would be worth the time and trouble it would cost, but a fancy has struck me, that if one could select some one interpreter and prognosticator from each *century*, from the tenth to the sixteenth century, from A.D. 1000 to 1600; and one for every half-century from 1600 to 1827; and give the various *fulfilments*, asserted or expected, of any two or three famous passages in the Apocalypse, trumpets, or vials, in a sort of tabular form or synoptic map, it would be *one* way of opening men's eyes.

Another way would be to give a very abridged interpretation of the Poem, chapter by chapter, according to the true meaning of the symbols; and then to abridge some one of the most learned and rational of the interpreters on the prognosticating plan,—Mede, perhaps, or Fleming—and to print the two on parallel columns, so as to place the coherence, and sequency of the one, with the backward and forward, in and out, jack-a-lanthorn, *right-about-to-the-left*-and-advance-*backward* march of the other in full contrast.

Finally, my dear friend, the word prophecy may be taken in three senses. Organization is either simultaneous, as an individual, animal, or successive, as in one of Handel's or Mozart's Overtures. Now,

in every scheme of organization, successive, (and the great scheme of Revelation is eminently such) every integral part is of necessity both prophecy and history, save the last, or consummating fact, which will be only history, and the initial, which can only be prophecy; but of all the intervening components of the scheme, every part is both at once, *i.e.*, prophecy in relation to what follows, and history in relation to that which had preceded. Now, in this sense of the word, I believe the whole Bible to be prophetic. Secondly, in every perfect scheme, there is an idea of the whole; and in every *real* (*i.e.*, not merely *formal* or abstract) science there are laws, and this is equally true, in moral as in physical science. But wherever laws are, prophecy may be; the difference between moral and physical laws in this respect being only, that in the physical the *prophecy* is absolute, in the moral it is more or less conditional, according to the character of the moral subject in whom it is to be fulfilled. In certain cases it will be *virtually* absolute, (*ex. gr.*, if that inveterate sot and dram-drinker does not conquer his habit, and it is next to certainty he never will, he will die of a rotten liver).

Now would any man hesitate to abbreviate this into "That man will die of a rotten liver!" Yet it *is possible* that the man might reform, and there are several instances of *verbally* unconditional prophecies in Scripture, both of promise and of threat, that were not fulfilled, and yet "the Scripture not broken."

Why? because the condition, which in all moral prophecies is *understood*, did not take place. Now, of prophecies in this sense of the word, there are many and glorious ones, and such as bear witness to the divinity of the inspiring Spirit, the Santa SOPHIA, proceeding ἐκ τοῦ Ἀγαθοῦ, καὶ ἐκ τοῦ Ἀληθοῦς. Third, prophecy is used for *prognostication*, with the precise time, individual person and name, and this two or three hundred years before either the person was in existence or the name known.

Now, of prophecies in *this* third sense, I utterly deny that there is any one instance delivered by one of the illustrious Diadoche, whom the Jewish Church comprised in the name *prophets*,—and I shall regard *Cyrus* as an exception, when I believe the 137th Psalm to have been composed by David, only because the collection in which it stands has "Psalms of David" for its general title. Nay, I will go further, and assert that the contrary belief, or the hypothesis of prognostication, is in direct and irreconcileable oppugnancy to our Lord's repeated declaration, that the *times* hath the Father reserved to himself; a declaration drawn from the very depth of the profoundest theology and philosophy, aye, and morality to boot. And now I must say God bless you, and yours—good night—I will remember you in my prayers, and pray that if I am in error, you, or some other good man, will be commissioned to enlighten and recal me.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

FROM THE SAME.

Grove, Highgate, Saturday Night, June, 1827.

My dear Friend,

Haunted all day with that nervous necessity of repeating every two or three minutes the precious couplet,—

> And there I saw beside of yonder thicket,
> The pretty, pleasing, playful——proley, prowley pricket.

ascending in acutes ′ ″ ‴ (*descending* in graves ‵ ‶ ‷, and then in the pe- and ante-penultimate words, there is a definite indefiniteness, an accommodating *ad libitum* receptivity, such a promising, wooing meaningness *in general,* that you can't find in your heart to supersede its own natural *proley-prowliness* by attaching to it any meaning in particular; and further, in aid of this nervous stammering of the mind, there happens to be a family of Prickets in Highgate—the one a fine, tall, swimmy, glidy lass, whose smiles curtsey to you as she bends and floats by; another, a sullen, black, surly, burly, bum-baily lawyer, that is in league with the Spirit of *Irony,* to recal the same distich; and one or the other I am sure to meet in my walk; while a third is a patient of Mr. Gilman's, whose impatient messages,—"Mrs. Pricket would be very glad, sir, if you would call as soon as possible: she is so very low, and all over pain," are sure to start, and make outleap again—

> "The pretty, pleasing, playful, proley, prowley, Pricket."

It is a perfect plague, a jack-o'-lanthorn persecution, and I write this to you, to try if I can get it *out* of my head, just as they send the vaccine virus in a twopenny-post letter! I forward it, to wit, with the charitable hope of getting rid of the morbid matter, by transferring it to another, according to a not yet wholly obsolete fancy, and more than once acted upon by the devil's vulgar, when inoculated with a worse venom than cow ever gave name or birth to.

Monday Night.

I had thrown this sorry excretion, wherewith I had essayed to exonerate my nerves, aside, on a matter of doubt whether obtruding nonsense on a friend and making him pay 0*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.* for the same was either quite respectful or strictly honest. But this evening came your kind letter, and as I can only write a few lines in reply, the above may serve to give my letter a letter-like *primam faciem*, without additional cost. (By the bye, it would be but civil in the Government to let all communications to the librarians of the Imperial British Museum come free as presumably concerning the artistical, bell-lettristical* (not belly) or bibliographical interests of the nation).

My dear friend! I made myself misunderstood about the 137th Psalm. I meant to say, that, as no one thought that a Psalm of the imagery of Babylon was written by David, because the compilers of the

* Belly-tristic, no bad epithet for an author's banyan day!

Canon had entitled the whole "Psalms of David," as little did I hold myself obliged to attribute the Oracle respecting Cyrus to Isaiah, because it stood in a collection, or florilegium of Isaianic Oracles. The main obstacle, however, is not the word Cyrus, though Eichhorn, a great Oriental linguist, whatever else he may be, asserts that neither the language nor history affords the least sanction for the conjecture. It is the *unique* fact of the camel and ass cavalry, and this originating in accident, and the thought of the moment; it is this, and one or two similar minutiæ, so wholly alien from the purpose and character of the Hebrew prophecies respecting distant events, which gravel me. It is no new notion. Aben Ezra, the Coryphœus of the uninspired sages of Israel, and undoubtedly a man of vast intellect and almost portentous variety and depth of learning, states it as an opinion common among the learned of his countrymen, and which he commends as removing many "troublesome difficulties," that the Oracles from the 40th chapter are by later Prophets, who delivered their Oracles according to the Isaianic type. Mr. Hurwitz assures me, that the structure of the sentences, and even the grammatical inflections, are strikingly distinguished. But I attach no importance to this point. Sufficient that I agree with you, in respect of the prophetic character of the Bible, in the two first senses of the word prophecy; and I believe with you, that the whole chain of predictions, from Adam to St. Paul, given

to man in the five forms necessary to the full manifestation of the manhood—1. the Individual; 2. the *kind*, or Universal; 3. the Races; 4. Family. 5. Nation,* to be such as could only proceed from a *special extraordinary* influence of the Holy Spirit, and that you agree with me in the remaining sense. It is scarcely possible that any one should estimate either the prophetic spirit or the particular prophecies of the Bible at a higher value than I do, as feeding, strengthening, deepening, and enlarging the faith of a believer. The mistake is in the using them, as the foundation-stones of the edifice, instead of its pillars, in beginning from them with infidels, as PROOFS of an argument the very data of which suppose the belief that is to be produced by it. The right use of the prophecies is to regard them as a magnificent scheme of *History à priori*, containing the class, the orders of the class, and the genera of the orders, with the corresponding classic, ordinal, and generic characters, and then to collate with these

* Christ promised—1 and 2. to Adam, at once the Individual and the kind, *the* Man and *Man*—promised in his highest character, as first, the Destroyer of spiritual evil, the Crusher of the Serpent's head; and secondly, as the Healer of the corrupted humanity, the envenomed wound in the Heel.—1 and 3. to Noah; 4. Shem, Ham, Japhet, the individual and the three Races (see the epistle of Peter). The preaching of the Μετάνοια—the type of Baptism—the Rainbow. N.B. Baptism, φὼς δι' ὕδατος. 4. to the Patriarchs, the Family. Christ promised as Shiloh, the Blesser of the Families of the whole earth, and the Remover of the wall of separation between them and the chosen family. 5. through Moses and the Prophets, as the restorer of the kingdom, in which the Elect from the four corners of the earth shall be indenizened as children of Abraham.

the series of actual events, as so many individuals which, with a wonderful accordance arrange themselves into species, that occur in the very sequency of the distinguishing characters which are found realised in them. Imagine, for instance, that the first chapter of Genesis had been revealed to the angels, the future ministering spirits of our earth, where yet the indistinction (chaos) was polarised by the omnific word into the dyad of light and the power of the mass. Now, with the same convictions, and with the same feelings of delight, with which one of these angels would peruse this chapter, on the fourth or fifth day of the week of the epochs of the heaven and the earth, do I in this fourth or fifth day of the yet diviner week of the New Creation, read the Prophecies. I see all past history provided for in the scheme: and I do not, say rather I cannot, doubt, that the future will be found equally correspondent as soon as the number of particular events shall be sufficient to form and fill up the next epoch; for no prophecy is of *private, i.e.*, individual interpretation. And for this very reason is every prophecy instinctive of the true meaning, the essential character and import, of the events in which they are fulfilled. The Prophetic Word is the light of the present, and for the prepared organ, the source of *Insight*, without which sight is but the hollow image of a coloured shadow of a surface, *i.e.*, *facies super rem ipsam jacens vel fluitans*. My dear friend! we are so near each

of man in the five forms necessary to the full manifestation of the manhood—1. the Individual; 2. the *Gens*, or Universal; 3. the Races; 4. Family. 5. Nation,* to be such as could only proceed from a *special extraordinary* influence of the Holy Spirit, and that you agree with me in the remaining sense. It is scarcely possible that any one should estimate either the prophetic spirit or the particular prophecies of the Bible at a higher value than I do, as feeding, strengthening, deepening, and enlarging the faith of a believer. The mistake is in the using them as the foundation-stones of the edifice, instead of its pillars, in beginning from them with infidels, as reasons of an argument the very data of which suppose the belief that is to be produced by it. The right use of the prophecies is to regard them as a magnificent scheme of *History à priori*, containing the class, the orders of the class, and the genera of the orders, with the corresponding classic, ordinal, and generic characters, and then to collate with these

* Christ promised—1 and 2. to Adam, at once the Individual and the *Gens*, in Man and Woman—promised in his highest character, as first, the Destroyer of spiritual evil, the Crusher of the Serpent's head; and secondly, as the Healer of the corrupted humanity, the [illegible] wound in the Heel.—1 and 3. to Noah; 4. Shem, Ham, Japhet, the individual and the three Races (see the epistle of Peter, The preaching of the Nereidons—the type of Baptism—the Rainbow. N.B. Baptism, *vide* St Barnabas. 4. to the Patriarchs, the Family promised as Shiloh, the Blesser of the Family, and the Remover of the wall of [illegible] chosen family. 5. through [illegible] seed of the kingdom, in which [illegible] the earth shall be [illegible]

the series of actual events, as so many individuals, which, with a wonderful accordance arrange themselves into species, that occur in the very sentences of the distinguishing characters which are to be realised in them. Imagine, for instance, that first chapter of Genesis had been revealed to angels, the future ministering spirits of our race, where yet the indistinction (chaos) was potential to the omnific word into the dyad of light and power of the mass. Now, with the same conviction and with the same feelings of [illegible] one of these angels would peruse this chapter on the fourth or fifth day of the week of the creation of heaven and the earth, as I in this fourth or fifth of the yet diviner week of the New Creation, the Prophecies. I see all past history proving [illegible] scheme: and I do not, say rather I [illegible] that the future will be found equally [illegible] as soon as the number of particulars [illegible] sufficient to form and fill up the [illegible] prophecy is of *private*, i.e., individual [illegible], And for this very reason is [illegible] your tive of the true meaning, the [illegible] to aid import, of the events in [illegible] you are not The Prophetic Word is [illegible] from that in for the pre[illegible], which [illegible] prosperity and happi-

[illegible] faithfully yours,

H. F. CARY.

other in our convictions on this point, that with a little modification on both sides, we should soon accomplish a total coincidence.

My daughter is with me, and I am very anxious to pay you a visit with her and Mrs. Gillman, who is no less desirous of it than myself. But I am afraid that I cannot make it Saturday. I will, however, try to make some arrangement with Mrs. G., who sends her kindest love to you and Mrs. Cary, and will let you know.

God bless you and yours,
In which last include
S. T. COLERIDGE.

TO MR. ROSSETTI.

MY DEAR SIR,

I regret sincerely that you do not meet with more encouragement in the prosecution of your arduous task.

You may recollect that I warned you before you engaged in it, that nothing less than a sufficient number of subscribers would secure you from certain loss; and now most earnestly advise you not to proceed any further unless that number is much increased. I have seen with admiration your thorough knowledge of the poets of your own country, and, above all, of Dante, with every line and expression of whose great poem I know you to be perfectly familiar. Long and studious reflection has led you

to the adoption of an hypothesis, which, if it shall stand the test of strict examination, must be accounted one of the most remarkable discoveries ever made in the history of past ages. That a secret system, so deeply laid, so curiously organised, and so widely extended, of adherence to the Imperial power, and of opposition to the papal dominion, should hitherto have escaped detection, is truly surprising. All the advantages that a new theory can derive from liveliness and perspicuity of diction, you have given to yours; and those who take any interest in such speculations, if they should not be convinced by your argument, can scarcely fail of being gratified by the dexterity with which you urge them.

I have not yet been able to do more than run over hastily some parts of your second volume; but as almost my whole time is occupied by my engagements in this place, so that I know not when leisure will be allowed me to examine it more attentively, I am unwilling to delay giving you this testimony of my respect for your ingenuity, labour, and eloquence, and at the same time exhorting you to direct your efforts to some object that shall be more likely to aid you in the support of a rising family, if you are not assured of obtaining such a reward from that in which you are at present engaged.

With best wishes for your prosperity and happiness, believe me, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

H. F. Cary.

Albums and Annuals were now becoming the rage: at first the editorship of the latter was intrusted to those who were only aspirants to literary fame; none who had already achieved a name would condescend to such a task; at length the publishers of these miscellanies prevailed on men of a higher grade to become the editors, and contributions were diligently sought from the great lights of literature. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Walter Scott, all yielded to the importunities of these annual collectors of literary gems. "Of all the poets," says Lamb,* "Cary has had the good sense to keep quite clear of them, with gentle, manly, right notions." His motive will be best seen from his answer to the following application—

FROM ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

27, *Lower Belgrave-place, March* 21, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

I am come to you, and I say it with shame, begging. I am not, however, a common mendicant; or rather, I ask not for ordinary gifts, nor of ordinary persons.

I am begging poetry or prose for a little embellished Annual, of which I have become the editor; and feeling, as many have felt, the beauty of your compositions, and being besides an old comrade in arms, I am desirous of having a few verses from your hand.

* Letter to Bernard Barton.

You will be in good company, for I shall have aid from many able pens, and I shall put you into a good situation. I beg you will aid me in my attempt, for I have great need of assistance, as my rivals are numerous, and have been in the field before me. But I do not despair. The book will be post octavo in size, and embellished with many very fine engravings from popular paintings. Could you dress me up a romantic French ballad in your own strong old English way? I ought to tell you that I have other reverend friends who will figure in my book.

Do, I entreat you, help me a little. I assure you I should have given you my help in a moment, had you required it.

Be it as it may, I can never be aught but your sincere friend and hearty admirer,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

March 21, 1828.

MY GOOD COMRADE IN ARMS,

It is with much pain that I refuse a request so earnestly urged, to enlist under your banners. You will remember that when we formerly went into the field together, it was always with our vizors down.

My courage has not increased with my years. If my arm was stronger, or my weapon keener, I should have still greater reluctance in not obeying your summons. As it is, I feel that my absence will be

little prejudice to your cause, and will conduce much to my own ease and security.

Ask me, then, something that I can better grant, and believe me not the less,

Yours very sincerely,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE REV. WALTER BIRCH.

British Museum, September 5, 1829.

MY DEAR BIRCH,

It gave me great pleasure to find a letter from you on my return from Worcester the beginning of this week, with a good account of yourself and Mrs. Birch after her confinement. I sincerely wish you both much happiness in this, and all your other children.

I fear you overrate my critical ability, as you certainly do my command of time and energy to execute much more work than my duties here necessarily demand of me. During the last month indeed I have found more relief in returning to my old business of mangling poor Pindar in an English translation. I fancied the Severn to be Alpheus, King John (who lies in the cathedral at full length) Pelops, and the races, which happened to be going on while we were there, the Olympic games; and probably the resemblance was about as great, as is my version to the original. In my father, who is

still as well as ever I knew him, I discovered a better likeness of the old man in the eighth Olympic,—

Αἶδα τοι λάθεται
Ἄρμενα πράξαις ἀνήρ.*

Digby was so kind as to come over from Evesham for two or three days, and at his house I met Price and Dr. Faussett (do I spell the name right?), who, as Digby tells me, in some measure owes his fortunes to you, as you were the means of his being elected to Magdalen. Digby spoke with praise of your brother's two little poems, which I had before read with pleasure. I do not think it likely I shall hear from Murray. I had before had some overtures from that quarter which my other engagements made me decline.

Is it not strange that Crowe is suffered to go to his grave with so little, or rather, with no notice at all taken of his memory? His sons, who were in town last summer, told me they had some sermons of his, on which he had written that they might be published. I fear the apprehension of loss will prevent them from availing themselves of this sanction. I wish much you would write a paper for the Quarterly Review, or some other periodical publication, where it could have a chance of being seen, with an account of the last edition of his poems, his

* In sunshine of prosperity,
Contented man forgets to die.
Cary's Translation.

Essay on Versification, and the edition of Collins, all printed not long before his death. The Greek epigrams, particularly with such a version as you could give of them, would make a good figure.

And now it is time to tell you that we are all well; though I have had much uneasiness this summer about my son, who is in the law, who has had a severe illness. Would you and Mrs. Birch accept of us for a few days at our next Christmas or Easter holidays? We should bring our son with us, the limner; and should bring home your phiz, if he can take it; so pray improve it as much as you can by the sea-side, and for that purpose go out ἐν ὄρφνᾳ, and make your prayer to Neptune.

Mrs. C. is at Chiswick, or I am sure she would join with me in desiring best compliments and wishes to Mrs. Birch.

Believe me, dear Birch, affectionately yours,

H. F. Cary.

FROM MR. COLERIDGE.

November, 1830.

My dear and, in the very centre of my being, respected Friend, though I am so unwell as not without plausible grounds to suspect that your remarks may come too late for me to make any practical use of them; yet, should it please God to grant me a respite, such a sufficiency of bodily *negation* as (his grace assisting) would enable me to redeem the residue of my time, it would be so

great a help to my chances of being useful to receive from a man like you, some *data* on which I might commence a sincere attempt to ascertain the causes of the obscurity felt generally in my prose writings, whether in the way of expressing my thoughts, or in the injudicious selection of the thoughts themselves, that I must press on you your kind promise to run your eye once more through my work on the Constitution. All I ask is, merely that you would mention the pages in the second edition, which you did not fully comprehend; for I am quite certain, that, on such a subject, what you found a difficulty in understanding, ought not, without an adequate preparative, to have been in the book at all. One cause of this defect, I suppose to be the contrast between the continuous and systematic character of my principles, and the occasional and fragmentary way in which they have hitherto been brought before the public.

Yet, when I look at my *second* Lay-Sermon, of which Mr. Green was saying yesterday, that any reader who had not looked at the date in the title-pages would have taken for granted that it had been written within the last fortnight, and in which I cannot believe it possible that any educated man would complain of any want of common-sense thoughts in plain mother-English—I cannot sincerely and conscientiously attribute the *whole* of my failure to attract the attention of my fellow-men to faults or defects of my own. You will believe me

when I say, that to win their attention for their own most momentous interests is the wish that so entirely predominates over any literary ambition, as to render the existence of the latter *latent* in my own consciousness.

My kindest love and regards to Mrs. Cary; and, with every prayer of the heart for you and yours,

I remain, yours truly,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Monday Afternoon.

FROM THE SAME.

Grove, Highgate, April 22, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

For I am sure by my love for you that you love me too well to have suffered my very rude and uncourteous vehemence of contradiction and reclamation respecting your advocacy of the Catilinarian Reform Bill, when we were last together, to have cooled, much less alienated, your kindness, even though the interim had not been a weary, weary time of groaning and life-loathing for me.

But I hope that the fearful night-storm is subsiding—as you will have heard from Mr. Green or dear Charles Lamb. I write now to say, that if God, who in his fatherly compassion, and through the love wherewith he hath beheld and loved me in Christ, in whom alone he can love the world, hath worked almost a miracle of grace in and for me by a sudden emancipation from a thirty-three years' fearful slavery, if God's goodness should come home and so far per-

fect my convalescence, as that I should be capable of resuming my literary labours, I have a thought, by way of a light *prelude*—a sort of brush-softening of my long-dormant joints and muscles—to give a reprint, as nearly as possible, except in quality of the *paper*, a fac-simile of John Asgill's tracts, with a Life and copious notes, to which I would affix Postilla et marginalia, *i.e.*, my MSS. notes, blank leaf and marginals on Southey's Life of Wesley, and sundry other works. Now can you direct me to any sources of information respecting John Asgill?

The most honest of all Whigs whom, at the close of Queen Anne's reign, the scoundrelly Jacobite Tories twice expelled from Parliament under the pretext of his incomparable—or only with Rabelais to be compared—argument against the base and cowardly custom of ever *dying*. Oh, that tract is a very treasure! and never more usable as a medicine for our clergy, and all such as the B. of L., Archbishop of Canterbury and Dublin, &c., the Paleyans and Mageeites—any one or all of whom I would defy to answer a single paragraph of Asgill's tracts, or unloose a single link from his chain of logic. I have no Biographical Dictionary, and never saw one but in a little sort of one-volume thing. If you can help me in this, do. And give my kindest love to dear Mrs. Cary. Your, with unalterable, as ever unaltered love and regard, and in all (but as to the accursed

Reform Bill, that *mendacium ingens* on its own preamble—to which no human being can be more friendly than I am—that huge tape-worm *lie,* of some threescore and ten joints) entire sympathy of heart and soul, your affectionate

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER XII.

1832—1833.

Death of Mrs. Cary.—Mr. Cary's Mental Sufferings in consequence.—Letters to his Father.—Leaves England for Recovery of his Health.—Letters to his Father, Mr. Price, and his Son Henry.—Journal of his Tour.

THE translation of Pindar, commenced about the year 1824, had been continued from time to time during my father's summer holidays. He had long fixed on the completion of his sixtieth year as the latest period at which this work should be finished. It was accordingly put to press in the autumn of 1832, and was just printed when he was visited by the severest affliction that could befal him.

I cannot trust myself to speak of my mother's many excellent qualities; but on such a subject must observe a reverent silence. The frequent mention of her in his letters sufficiently shows how deep and enduring my father's affection for her had been. But it pleased Divine Providence to put this last and severest trial upon him, and take her from him. She died, after a few days' illness, on the 22nd of November, 1832

The first effect of this dreadful blow was apparently

a stunning of all sensation. There was but little outward show of grief, an awful stillness without composure, as it were an amazement of all the faculties of mind and body. In a few days a look of mere childishness, almost approaching to a suspension of vitality, marked the countenance which had but now been beaming with intellect. Then followed constantly recurring attacks of delirium, with an occasional and fitful recovery of self. At such moments there seemed to be going on a fearful struggle between the heart and the mind, or reason. My father was fully and painfully conscious of his own unhappy condition. He exerted all the powers of his mind and will to resist and overcome the dreadful malady that seemed about to overwhelm him. At intervals, when he was able to throw himself out of himself, and to think of the feelings of others who were dear to him, he for the time got the better of his own sufferings, and could speak and write with a considerable degree of composure. To any who were acquainted with the depth of his feelings, nothing could be more touching than the following brief letter to his father, wherein he endeavours to put on an appearance of composure, for fear of giving pain to him, at the same time that he cannot trust himself to dwell on or do more than allude to his own affliction.

TO HIS FATHER.

British Museum, December 1, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I write a few lines to tell you that I am as well as could be expected after what has happened. It is only this morning I have heard from Price that you had been made acquainted with it.

The good account he gives of your health affords me as much comfort as I am capable of receiving at present.

I have written to Caroline, and have had a very kind answer.

Your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. CARY.

In a few weeks his removal from London to Highgate for change of air and scene, and shortly afterwards a tour on the Continent, was recommended by his medical advisers. Of the latter plan he gives an intimation in the following letter :—

TO THE SAME.

Highgate, January 18, 1833.

MY DEAR FATHER,

It has been recommended that I should try change of place and objects for the restoring of my health and spirits; and the Trustees of the Museum have accordingly given me six months' leave of absence.

This time I purpose spending on the Continent, and am to embark on Sunday next with Francis and my man-servant (who will not fail to take good care of me on the journey) for Calais.

As soon as we come to a resting-place I will write either to you, or else to Price, and request him to give you intelligence of us.

Henry was here last Sunday, and gave me a very good account of you.

I hope to find you equally well on my return. I was sorry to hear that Mrs. Cary had suffered so much from her tedious illness.

Love to her and my sisters.

Pray send this letter to Caroline and Mary.

I am, my dear father, ever your affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. CARY.

On the 20th of January my father left England, accompanied by his son Francis and a man-servant. The letters written and the Journal kept by him during this tour require no addition or comments from me.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, January 25, 1833.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We arrived here yesterday, after a good journey, and have taken places for next Sunday in the Diligence for Chalons.

From that place we are to proceed in the steam-boat to Lyons and Avignon. Thence we shall go by land to Marseilles, Nice, and (probably) Genoa. On our arrival there I hope to write to you again.

I forgot to mention to you in my last letter that I could not receive the half-year's interest on the 600*l.* in our joint names, not having an opportunity of going to the Bank of England. Perhaps they would pay it to Puget's, as they did the previous half-year (though not very correctly), otherwise it must remain till my return to England in the summer.

Then, or soon after, I trust to see you again at Beveré.

With love to Mrs. Cary and my sisters,

I am, my dear father,

Your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Genoa, February 10, 1833.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We arrived here yesterday, nearly by the same route as I mentioned in the last letter I wrote to you from Paris.

The river Rhone was too low to allow of the steam-boat going from Lyons, and we, therefore, came from that place to Aix in the Diligence. At Nice we met with three French gentlemen, who joined us in hiring a carriage and horses to this place, as no Diligence yet travels the road. It has been only

about seven years made, and lies all the way along a more beautiful sea-coast than I had ever before seen, by the side of rocks and mountains, among orange, lemon, olive, and fig-trees, vines, palms, myrtles, &c.

This city abounds in splendid churches and fine palaces, several of which we have been in this morning. We have not determined when we shall proceed. We expected to have found a steam-boat going on the 15th instant to Leghorn, and from thence to Rome, but it would seem as if some accident had befallen it in coming from Marseilles. Two of our French fellow-travellers want us to join them in having a carriage to Rome; but as it is rather a slow mode of travelling, we hesitate about accepting their offer. You will perceive from all this that I bear my journey very well.

Francis and my servant take all trouble off my hands, and the fatigue seems rather of use to me than otherwise.

As soon as you have read this letter, pray direct it to my son Henry, to whom we have not yet written. Get Jane, I beg of you, to add a line acquainting him how you all are, and if he will then write to me at Rome, directed to the *Posta Restante*, I shall hear both of you and him at the same time.

With our love to all, I am,

My dear father,

Your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Florence, February 24, 1833.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Francis is gone to the Opera; (this being Lent, they are so rigid as not to allow the Opera on any day except Sunday) and I, being left alone, know not how to employ my time better than beginning a letter to you. We arrived here on the 18th from Genoa. Our road from that city to Pisa, through Sestri, Spezia, Sarzana, and Pietra Santa, lay through a country in many parts resembling the wildest mountains of North Wales, if you can suppose those mountains to be sometimes fringed, and at others covered with olives and vines trained round chesnuts, willows, &c. Pisa at first reminded me of Oxford in a vacation, as we passed along solitary streets from our inn to the Cathedral, with the Hanging tower near it, and the cemetery of the Campo Santo; but in the street by the side of the Arno the scene was shifted. It was the last Sunday of the Carnival, and a vast concourse of people, some in masques, with numerous equipages, were parading up and down. On Tuesday, the last day before Lent, we found the same sort of performance repeated here, only with more merriment. In the evening Francis went to a masqued ball, where was a motley assemblage, from the grand duke to the waiters of the hotel we lodge at. The affability of the reigning prince to all classes of people, I hear, makes him much liked.

On Wednesday came something like gravity, and none of the public sights were shown.

Since then, we have made tolerable use of our time. It was only yesterday that Francis began making a sketch of a picture in the Ducal Palace, (so called, though the duke does not live in it, but in the Palazzo Pitti). It would be in vain to attempt mentioning particulars of what we have seen here to please us. Altogether it is the most delightful city I know; but as nothing is perfect, so a chilly air and a glaring sun, at this season at least, detract from our enjoyment of Florence. Yesterday I passed the gates of the city, and strolled along a lane leading up one of the hills that crowd round it in many various forms, on each side of the river. At this time some wild-flowers would begin to be making their appearance by the sides of an English lane, but here was scarcely anything of the sort to be seen, and on whatever side I looked, the only trees I could discover were olives.

February 27.

Here I broke off, and have had little to say since. The next day Florence revenged herself on my accusations in torrents of rain. Yesterday was to my mind,—light grey clouds. I availed myself of it to walk to Fesole, about three miles off.

At the top of the hill, a little boy who had volunteered to be my guide, showed me a building, the Tempio di Bacco, as he called it, now a church. Close by is a convent of Franciscan friars. Two of

them, young men of jolly aspect, in their dark gowns, whom I met returning home, accorded well with the rest. Round us on every side were hills, dotted over with white or grey villas, and for the most part clothed with olives. Over one, appeared in the distance Vallombrosa, with its accompaniments. On my way up, I paid a visit to Inghirami, a very ingenious antiquarian, who has a printing-press at the old Abbey of Fesole, where he has executed some splendid works. He appeared to be pleased with this mark of attention; and we had some chat about *patere* and *specchj*, and Pindar, that to me was agreeable enough.

I am now going out to explore the country at another gate, to the great surprise of a young Frenchman, who has been our companion since we left Nice, and who is equally shocked at my taking two cups of coffee instead of one every morning and evening; and at my spending my time anywhere out of the picture galleries.

February 28.

The post sets out for England to-day, and I must conclude. We intend leaving this soon for Rome, and thence to Naples; but our absence will not perhaps much exceed a month. Soon after our return to this place I hope to find a letter from you, directed to me at *Poste Restante, Florence*, where we think of staying, with as particular an account of my father, and all the rest of our family as you can collect. I wrote to him from Paris and from Genoa.

Pray ask one of your sons to inform Henry of your having heard from me. I find myself, on the whole, better than I expected. The disposition to vertigo, which I have been for some years subject to, seems to have almost left me; and I can bear a good deal of fatigue when in a carriage, though my limbs are rather feeble when I walk. I know not how I shall bear confinement to Museum duties, but must make the experiment if I return in tolerable health.

Francis joins me in love to all under your roof.

Your affectionate,

H. F. Cary.

TO HIS SON HENRY.

Naples, March 13, 1833.

My dear Henry,

As we are now at the farthest place from home we intend to visit, it is high time I should write to you, though I hope you have already received a letter I wrote to my father from Genoa, and requested him to forward to you. We arrived here yesterday from Rome, and have hitherto had a prosperous journey. Italy, on the whole, has pretty well answered the expectations I had formed of it. For the climate, however, I cannot say much, the weather having seldom been so good as we had at Finchley and Highgate.

A great part of the pleasure felt in travelling here, is due, I believe, to what is called association. So, yesterday, when we crossed the river Garigliano,

formerly the Liris, I thought of Horace's description of its propensity to nibble its banks in silence, and was satisfied.

Soon after we had some refreshment at a little inn, and at the conclusion they brought us a bottle of wine, real Falernian, made in the neighbourhood. It was white and sweet, not the least like port, as the orthodox falsely deem; but friend Flaccus had vouched for its excellence. At Rome we met with at least one more association than we had reckoned on, and that a very agreeable one. As Francis and I stood near the Colosseum, a man, with a book under his arm, passed between us at a quick pace. It struck us both that it was very like Darley, and on our saying so to each other, Francis bawled out his name; so he came back, and we passed the rest of the day together, and shall, I hope, frequently meet when we return to Rome. The journey from that place to this being more expensive in proportion than any other we have made, we left Rowlett there. Indeed, I have been so well since we quitted England, that I might perhaps have been able to dispense with his attendance altogether.

While I was writing the last words, Mr. Hare, the translator of Niebuhr, to whom I brought a letter from Darley, came in. He has kindly offered to show me what is most worth seeing in this neighbourhood. But if the present weather lasts, there is not much chance of my profiting by his offer. Such violent wind and rain I scarcely ever saw, as there has been nearly the

whole of the day. So much for this region of eternal spring! When we are again in Rome, I hope to find a letter from you, as in mine to my father I sent a request to you to write to that place, and if you will do so, again directing to me at *Poste Restante*, Florence, immediately on receiving this, I may perhaps hear from you once more before we leave that place. Afterwards our route is so uncertain, that I should not know where to tell you to direct. Give me all the family news you can.

Tell me if you have heard from James and Charles. Let me know how Richard goes on. Give my love to them all; not forgetting Isabella and your two boys. When you see any of my brother librarians in the Museum, remember me kindly to them, and tell me anything you know of matters there.

Say, also, how you are yourself getting on this term. Should you be too busy to answer all these questions, get Isabella to do so, and to add any intelligence she has to give of her own family, who are, I hope, all going on well.

I am, dear Henry, your affectionate father,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Via Bebbaina, near Rome, April 9, 1833.

MY DEAR PRICE,

My last letter to you was written from Florence. We left that place on the 2nd of last month; and

travelling with a vetturino through Siena, Bolsena, Viterbo, and Ronciglione, reached this on the 8th.

From hence we set out again on the 11th (in what is called a Diligence, but is in fact a carriage that goes with post-horses whenever it can get a sufficient number of passengers, and stops only for meals and the less agreeable operation of having one's luggage searched) for Naples; and arrived there the next day.

On our route the most remarkable occurrences were,—that we had a bottle of Falernian wine at St. Agata, in which neighbourhood it is made; and that we crossed the Garigliano, the Liris of Horace, by a small suspension-bridge—considered a great wonder in this country.

At Naples, after passing two nights at inns, we took lodgings for a fortnight, passing most of our mornings in the *studj*, that is to say, a spacious and handsome museum, built by Murat, which contains the public library, a fine collection of pictures and statues, and a vast number of curiosities brought from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

These places we also visited, to our great amusement, as well as some others on the beautiful shores of Parthenope. Here, also, I had the pleasure of making an acquaintance with Mr. Mathias, to whom I brought an introduction from Mr. Rogers. He left England many years ago an invalid, and is now a cheerful and hale old man. He told me that he had tried Genoa, Florence, and Rome, and found Naples the only climate that suited him. I left it,

however, without much regret. The beggars, calculated at 40,000—as many troops whom the king delights in marching from one end of the city to the other—coachmen continually bawling out to you to employ them, and intercepting your passage if you refuse, and a bustle in the great street only to be exceeded by Cheapside, take off greatly from the charms of Parthenope. We were therefore not sorry to find ourselves again in Rome; and on our arrival here on the 29th took lodgings for a month.

Here the quiet is most delightful, interrupted only by the sound of bells, less frequent, and I think as musical as those at Oxford.

Last week being Settimana Santa, is that which is reckoned the most favourable time for a sight of the Eternal City. The ceremonies were indeed such as I am well contented to have once been a witness to; but the numerous galleries of paintings, the palaces and churches, the ruins, and above all the many green nooks and lanes amongst them, it seems as if one could never be weary of. This morning is not the only time I have wished to have you with me; but I remember that I am still less able to keep up with you than ever, and am consoled. Francis had begun making a sketch of a Paul Veronese, the splendid colours of which have captivated him, in the Palazzo Borghese; and I set out solitary from this point near the entrance of the city, where almost all the English are assembled, and took my way along the Corso, by the Foro Trajano, and the

Campo Vaccino, and then by the banks of the Tiber, till I turned off to the gate that leads out to the road to Ostia, not quite a mile beyond which I reached the Basilica of S. Paolo, and so home by the Aventine Mount (I suppose you to have a map of Rome). In some part of my walk, even within the walls, I seemed to be almost in a deserted land. The lizards running backwards and forwards along the roads,—the birds, lineally descended, I suppose, from those which charmed the ears of Ovid so many centuries ago,—the flowering weeds and shrubs that invested the old walls, and a peasant sleeping in the sun, all this was enough to make me turn romantic in my old age. Your sons will laugh at me, as well they may; but you, my dear Price, would not have been much wiser. At my return I was well tired and fell asleep; but this evening, after having made a good dinner at a neighbouring Trattoria, you see I am awake enough to record the adventures of the morning.

April 12th.

I have kept this open in the hopes of being able to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from England.

It is now near three months, and I have received none. They are very careless here in such matters; and I am willing to account for it so. At Florence I hope to be more fortunate. We intend setting out for that place on or about the 28th, to stay there three or four days, and proceed to Bologna, Parma, and Venice. Pray write to me at *Poste*

Restante, Venice, and tell me all you know of my father, &c., &c., and of your family and my own.

From thence we think of returning by Inspruck and Munich, and down the Rhine.

I wish you to write a few lines to my father as soon as convenient, and to tell him that I find myself on the whole better than I could have expected. Soon after our arrival here we met with our friend Darley, whom we see most days, and who often joins us at the Trattoria, for there is no such thing as dining at home. We see, besides, other acquaintances that have been made in our travels. I know not how I shall bear a still life after my return: but I must look forward to a visit to Worcestershire and Enville, where, if there are fewer curiosities for me, there will be more friends.

With affectionate remembrances to them all, believe me, dear Price, ever truly yours,

H. F. Cary.

Do not forget the first opportunity to let my brother, and Car. and Mary know that you have heard from me.

TO HIS FATHER.

Venice, May 22, 1833.

My dear Father,

We arrived here the day before yesterday, after a pleasant journey from Rome, which place we left on the 29th of last month. On the 4th inst., we

reached Florence, and halted there till the 10th, then pursued our route through Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Parma, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, and Padua.

It was not our direct road, but at each of those cities there was something that well deserved to be seen, and we stayed to look at many pictures, libraries, and fine buildings on our way. The country we passed was in general beautiful and highly cultivated, and the people appeared to be industrious, and in a state of prosperity which we had not met with in the Neapolitan or Roman States. The city we are now in comes up to all the descriptions that have been given of its magnificence, and its situation in the sea renders it very unlike anything I have before seen.

We have got excellent lodgings, with a narrow canal of the sea, instead of a street, under our windows. In about a fortnight we intend setting out homewards, and going through Inspruck, Munich, Frankfort, then down the Rhine to Rotterdam (if we hear that the English can travel safely in Holland), Antwerp, and Brussels. We had the pleasure of finding two letters here from England, one from Willian Lucius, and the other from Price, dated the 2nd instant.

When you have an opportunity, pray tell Price that I do not promise to write to him from the mountains of Tyrol, as he desires, because our journey may not allow me time, but that I will

write as soon after as I can. Henry's first letter,* directed to me at Rome, never reached me; so that we were a long time without hearing from England. His next we found at Florence on our return; and that, together with one from Price received at the same place, freed me from my anxiety. I seem, on the whole, to have improved in health from my journey.

I am much indebted to Francis and to Rowlett, my servant, for their attention to me.

Francis has managed the troublesome affair of passports and of the change of money in so many different states with much adroitness. Indeed, he has conducted everything relating to my journey much better than I could ever have done for myself. The next tour I make will, I hope, be to Worcester and Staffordshire; and that as soon as I can obtain another leave of absence. In the meantime, I wish to be remembered affectionately to all my friends in both places. My brother, I trust, is long ago recovered from his illness; and my sisters all well. I will beg of Jane to let Caroline and Mary know you have heard from me, when the next packet goes to Stourport.

I am, my dear father,

Ever your affectionate and dutiful son,

H. F. Cary.

* This letter was supposed to have been opened in Italy, being full of *lies*, political inventions, for the purpose of testing the honesty of the Post-office authorities at Rome.

TO HIS SON HENRY.

Venice, June 1, 1833.

My dear Henry,

After our disappointment at Rome, your letter of April 9th, as well as one from Mr. Price, was very welcome.

The only drawbacks from my pleasure were your report of Isabella's having the influenza, (which I trust however was, as you expected, of short continuance) and Richard's complaint, which I much fear must be a more serious one.

I quite agree with Francis in the preference he gives to this place. If I had to choose my residence in Italy, it should be here. I was much delighted with Florence, Rome, and Naples, for the first few days; but my love soon cooled. At Venice, it has not only lasted, but rather been on the increase for near a fortnight. Is this owing in part to the fine weather? Perhaps so; but the cleanness of the town and people, the industry seen everywhere, and the consequent freedom from mendicity and pauperism, the delightful quietness produced by the absence of carriages, horses, donkies, (even the few dogs there are seeming to respect the general stillness); all this has nothing to do with the weather, and is quite enough to gain my affections. I might hint one little frailty in the good folks themselves; but without it they would not be of this world. Suffice it to say, that our banker here tells us that

the further hence we go on our way home, the more honesty we shall meet with. As far as this virtue is concerned the prospect is an encouraging one, to be sure; but I doubt whether it is enough to compensate for all we shall leave behind us here. Let me remember, however, that there is still left me at home much I ought to be thankful for,—you, my dear boys, and your families, and some others in whose affections I still wish to preserve a place. May I be spared at least from being a burden to any of you on my return! I have not written to James or Charles, trusting to your communicating with them, as you have done. With love to Isabella, Dick, and your boys, I am, my dear Henry,

Your affectionate father,

H. F. C.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Munich, June 12, 1833.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Yours of the 2nd ultimo found me at Venice. By a letter from William L., of the 28th, I learnt that the event expected in my father's house had happened. He adds, that in a fortnight my father had recovered his usual serenity. On my arrival here, I had intended to give you an account of our journey through the Tyrol, but the tidings that met me, though no other than I had anticipated, did not leave me spirits to execute my purpose as I could have wished.

I had besides to write rather a long reply to William. From Venice we traveled great part of the way by a new and excellent road, that has been made within these few years. At Ceneda (where we slept the first night, June 3rd) we bade adieu to the fertile plains of Lombardy. There the country swells all at once into green and mountainous knolls. The valleys that wind among them still retain features of Italy, till at Longaron the last vine appears. Then all becomes wild; the mountains are capped or sprinkled down their rocky and scarred sides with snow; scarcely any tree except the fir is seen, but of this there are sometimes large forests, and we were seldom without a rapid and clear river, brook, or little lake by our side.

At Ampezzo, a small house at the post where we passed the second night, it deserves to be recorded that we met with civil and *honest* people. Still the materials of the landscape continued the same, though as you may suppose, with continual variety as to the manner in which they are compounded.

The post-boys told us of wolves, bears, and eagles, but we saw none; and when Francis asked one if they had hobgoblins too, he said the *Demonj* were all in Italy, and that they had not any in the Tyrol (the country being too cold for them), except, indeed, the travelers, who ran like devils through the country. When we reached Niederdorff, the mountains took a gentler aspect: houses, which we had seen only in the villages, were scattered singly about the

sides of them. Then we came on one of the most beautiful viens of country I ever traversed.

It was a valley of perhaps half a mile to a mile broad, with a fine stream rolling through it, rich and highly cultivated, with a high and level rampart of green mountains chequered with forests of fir on each side.

About Untervintl, I think it was that we again saw vineyards for a short way, but they were low, as in France. The third night we slept at Sterzing. The next morning being Holy Thursday, we found large green branches stuck up before all the houses in that and the other villages we passed through. All the country people were in their best attire; and at Steinach, while we were changing horses, there entered, with a band of music playing before them, a group of peasants in order, more fantastically dressed than I had ever seen on the stage. Francis imagined they were representing a sort of drama; and when he began to make a sketch of one or two of the girls, a crowd gathered round him, and there was much laughter. At Schonberg, a grand view of the mountains, extending in a long range on the other side of Inspruck, with much snow on them, presented itself.

We wound down a very steep declivity to that city, and proceeded that night to Schwatz, along a very wide valley, with the river Inn sometimes near us, and the mountains always in the distance. Next morning we crossed one of them by a picturesque

road through pleasant little fields by a brook side, and through woods chiefly of fir, which here, as everywhere else, give plenty of employment to the inhabitants in cutting them up or sawing them. At the top was a wild and lonely lake, by the margin of which we traveled to Ackenthal, a small village, and then again by brooks and fir woods to the lake of Tegernsee, blue and bright, with a fine village and royal residence on its side. Soon after, we were among wide fields and forest trees, the largest I had seen since leaving England; and at eleven at night reached this place. Here and at the royal palace of Schleisheim, about three leagues off, we have seen not less than 2600 pictures. To-morrow we set out again for Augsburg, Nuremberg, and Frankfort; and thence by water to Rotterdam.

Rowlett has been so ill here that we were afraid we should be detained.

From Rotterdam we intend sending him home by the steam vessel, and ourselves passing through Belgium if there is time. So ends my sketch, made very imperfectly, and, as you will see, with a bad pen. There is little room left me to sympathise with you on the apprehended reduction of your living, or to rejoice with you on Waters' deliverance from so large a portion of his toil.

I hope the Bishop's kindness may not end there, or that the Government, while they are sending the rich empty away, may not forget to feed the hungry with good things.

I wrote to my father from Venice, and will depend on your telling him you have heard from me again, when you have opportunity. Remember me affectionately to your boys. The Germans here sometimes remind me of one of them; I leave you to guess which. If Charles comes across you, give my love to him too. James, I hear, has another son. I am just going again to the Librarian here, who could not speak a word of French, and told me to speak Latin, which between the words and the pronunciation puzzled me not a little.

I am ever yours,

H. F. Cary.

JOURNAL, 1833.

January 22. Slept at Amiens, saw the Cathedral there, left it next evening, and reached Paris, 24th.

Left Paris on the morning of the 27th, dined at Melun, breakfasted 28th at Auxerre,—a fine town, well situated on the Yonne—dined at Avalon; breakfasted 29th at Autun,—romantic country on leaving it; dined and slept at Chalons-sur-Saöne. Thus far by the Diligence. Left Chalons early on the 30th, and came down the river to Lyons by the steam-boat. The Rhosne too shallow to allow of a steam-boat proceeding, as was expected, to Marseilles. Arrived at Lyons on the evening of the 30th; next day saw the Bibliothéque Publique, the Musée (where were some pictures, specimens of natural history, and antiquities), and the Cathedral.

Left Lyons February 1st by the Diligence; breakfasted at Vienne, and supped at Valence. Breakfasted February 2nd at Orange, and dined at Avignon. Breakfasted February 3rd at Aix, saw there the old church of St. Jean, with which I was much pleased, and the cathedral. Left Aix in the morning, February 4th, by the *depêches*; breakfasted at Antibes February 5th; and dined and slept at Nice. Proceeded with a *vetturino*, February 6th, and slept at Mentone.

February 7. Dined at San Remo, and slept at Oneglia.

8. Dined at Pietra, and slept at Savona.

9. Dined at Veltri, and arrived at Genoa; went to the Hotel Aigle d'Or.

10. At Genoa—saw the churches and palaces which I have marked in Richard's Guide.

11. The same.

12. The same, and visited the Biblioteca Pubblica. The librarian very civil—showed me some MSS., among others Tibullus, Catullus, and Horace (the latter of which, he said, had been lately collated by a German editor), a mass-book finely illuminated; an early printed book at Genoa, of which the date being prior to the invention of printing, must have been given, as he said, by mistake; another early printed book at Genoa, but without the walls of the city, as the Council (he said, laughing heartily), had forbidden printing within the city, on account of the transcribers; the library open from 9 to 1, and

from half-past 5 to 8,—few English books,—a MS. catalogue: without being questioned who I was, went in, and got the book I asked for, in an instant. No shops for old books *now* in Genoa, he tells me; found more readers in the evening than morning. *Mem.* Saw two books probably not in British Museum, *Alcune Prose Inedite di Gabr. Chiabrera,* 8*o*. *Genoa,* (*senz. anno*) lately printed; and *Sermoni di G. Chiabrera* (corrected) 8*o*. *Genoa,* 1830.

Left Genoa, February 14th, in a *vettura,* breakfasted at a single house, on the top of a hill, in a wild country,—excellent muscatel wine,—slept at Sestri, 14th.

Feb. 15. Country most romantic of all we have seen, with mountains, vines, olives, &c.; dined at Borghetto, supped and slept at Spezia.

16. Country becomes less romantic, but beautiful from colour of earth and olive-covered hills; crossed the Magra in a ferry-boat, dined at Sarzana, soon after entered the Parma territories, slept at Pietra Santa.

17. Breakfasted at a place, of which I forget the name, where was curious old sculpture in a church opposite the inn; reached Pisa about 2 P.M.; saw the cathedral, &c., and a concourse of people (some masked) and equipages in the street by the Arno.

18. Dined at Empoli, and reached Florence by good time in the evening. At the Hotel di Londra.

19. Last day of the Carnival. Masquing.

20. Continued at Florence.

Feb. 21. Saw the gallery of pictures, &c., at the ducal palace.

22. The same at the Palazzo Pitti, richer in paintings, poorer much in sculpture. The library of the Grand Duke, at the same place, well managed; each class of books in a small room by itself, each shelf reached without ladders; scarce any MSS., except of early Italian writers; many letters of Macchiavelli and others, and eighty of Lorenzo de' Medici, inedited, which Molini, the librarian, tells me he intends to publish. A large collection of early Italian plays, *Novelle*, &c. Library not open to the public. Hours of attendance from 9 to 2.

23. Saw the Laurentian library, open only from 9 to 12. It consists entirely of MSS., which are chained; the most precious shown in glass cases. Then the library (named from Magliabecchi), at the ducal palace, open to the public from 9 to 2, (but not in the evenings), every day but Sunday. Books I asked for brought me instantly without question. Walked out at the Porta Nicolo, a little way into the country, among olive-covered hills, with lanes, but no wild flowers nor birds.

24. Sunday. Visited again the churches, and walked in the Boboli Gardens.

25. Went over the *Academia delle belle Arti*. Many little pictures by Giotto brought from the Santa Croce, not engraved: others by old masters now engraving.

26. Walked to Fiesole.

Feb. 27. On the road towards Prato.

28. Saw the monuments of Michel Angelo in the Sacrestia of San Lorenzo, &c., and the Pitti Gallery again.

March 1. Saw the gallery of pictures at the ducal palace again. *Mem.* A pretty little picture by Ventura Salimbeni (like Stothard), of an angel preventing a knight from mounting his horse, with other figures: *quære* engraved?

2. Left Florence; breakfasted at Poggibonzi; dined and slept at Siena; fine town, streets better flagged than Florence: saw outside of the cathedral.

3. Dined at Buonconvento; supped and slept at La Scala, a single house, in a country as bare as some of the poorest parts of North Wales. Montepulciano is near: but they gave us a sweet wine made at Mont' Alcino.

4. Dined at Ponte-Centino, a single house. Shattered rocks with vineyards among them; and valley with river beneath, near Acqua-pendente, next stage. Supped and slept at Bolsena, close upon the lake. At the same table, a large party of Italian travelers and among them a young Franciscan friar (who said he was twenty-four years old), of engaging appearance and manners. He had served his noviciate from nineteen to twenty. Below stairs a company of strolling players, whom I did not see.

5. Next morning, picturesque views of the lake, as we ascended the hill towards Montefiascone; dined at Viterbo; and went to the cathedral, where

the bishop was preaching, very animated, passing backwards and forwards along the pulpit, which was some length, and using much action. Much appearance of industry in the streets, but they were dirty. Proceeding, we had a fine view of the lake Vico, Virgil's *Lacus*, which lay low, with mountains about it, near Ronciglione, where we supped and slept. Two priests at the same table, one very lively. People squalid, streets very dirty and decayed. We were told that fire had been set to the town in the French revolution. In the chief church was lying, exposed, the body of a priest, who had dropped down dead the day before, while attending a funeral.

March 6. The road now quitted the mountain-track over which we had been passing. We dined at La Storta, and reached Rome.

7. At Rome, at the Hotel Damon, *Via della Croce.* Went over part of the Vatican.

8. To some of the ruins, Colosseum, arches, &c. Met Darley.

9. Were to have set out for Naples, but disappointed by the *vetturino.* Went to the Monte Cavallo, &c.

10. Over St. Peter's church, and into the Capella Sistina, where were pope and cardinals.

11. Set out in Angrisani's carriage from Rome. *Campagna* to near Albano; then ground high and finely broken. Dined at Velletri, left it in the dark. Moonlight when we reached Terracina.

At day-break, *March* 12, reached Fondi: break-

fasted at Sant' Agata, and had a bottle of Falernian. Reached Naples at nightfall; went to the Hotel de Grande Bretagne.

March 13. Violent storms. Moved to the Hotel La Vittoria.

14. Moved to Santi Combi's lodgings (No. 28), in Santa Lucia. Went over two of the rooms in the Museo Borbonico, or, as it is called, the *Studj*.

15. Saw the library in the same; open from eight to half-past one. Very few readers; catalogues not in the reading room; nor does there appear the same facility as in Genoa and Florence. Few booksellers or print-shops in Naples. Went over another room.

16. At the *Studj*.

17. About the town.

18. At the *Studj*; and to the Camaldoli convent, whence a fine view.

19 and 20. At the *Studj*.

21. To Virgil's tomb, and about four miles along the coast, on foot. At the end a fine view of Cape of Miseno, &c.

22. To the *Studj*.

23. Called and sat the morning with Mr. Mathias.

24. To Ercolano and Pompeii.

25. Through the grot of Pausilipo and to Pozzuolo.

26. In Naples.

27. To the *Studj*.

28. Set out in Angrisani's carriage for Rome, at half-past three, A.M.; not out of Naples till about five. Breakfasted at Capoa; supped at Terracina.

March 29. Breakfasted at Velletri; and got to Rome at one P.M. Took a lodging at No. 60, *Via Babbuino.*

30. Into the church S. Maria Maggiore, and home by the Monte Cavallo.

31. Palm Sunday. At the Vatican, where the pope and cardinals attended service; and in St. Peter's, looking at the monuments, &c.

April 1. To the picture gallery of the Borghese palace. Titian, Three Graces, and sacred and profane Love. Correggio, Danae: Paul Veronese, St. John preaching and St. Anthony to the fishes: Albano, Four Seasons: Garofalo, many small pictures: Domenichino, Diana hunting, Sybil. To the gallery of statues at the Vatican.

2. To the Ponte Rotto (near which saw remains of the temple of Vesta and that of Fortuna Major), and home by the next bridge and the Ponte Sisto or Giancinlense, the Ponte S. Angelo, and the Piazza Navona. Saw the exhibition of young artists for this year.

3. To the picture gallery of the Doria Panfili palace; to Mr. Severn's, the painter, with Darley; and with them to hear the *Miserere* at St. Peter's in the evening; part of the true cross and S. Veronica's handkerchief exhibited to the kneeling multitude.

4. Holy Thursday. To the Capella Sistina, morning and evening. Pope washing pilgrim's feet and waiting at table; but I could not see him for the crowd: Pauline chapel lighted up by Michel Angelo's arrangement (it is said).

April 5. Good Friday. To S. Maria sopra Minerva. A statue of Christ holding the Cross, by Michel Angelo: cloisters painted. To S. John Lateran. Cloisters with Constantine's pillars: frame of the Samaritan woman's well: stone on which the soldiers cast lots: pillars showing Christ's height, about six feet. To S. Marco's church.

6. Over the Ponte Cestio to the Porta Portese, and out of the walls to a walk between an avenue of trees by the side of the Tyber: thence back to the Porta, and the direct way to the Ponte S. Angelo home.

7. Easter Sunday. To St. Peter's, where the Pope performed service and blessed the crowd from the window. In the evening, saw the illumination there.

8. To the Farnese palace, architects Antonio da S. Gallo and Michel Angelo: the finest I have seen. Ceiling painted by Annibal Carracci (his *capo d'opera*), Domenichino, Lanfranco, and Guido. A bust of Paul III., by Michel Angelo. To the Farnesian palace: ceiling, by Raphael, of Cupid and Psyche, retouched by C. Maratti. In another room, his Galatea and a head (called of a fawn) on the ceiling, by Michel Angelo.

9. To the Barberini palace. Ceiling by Pietro da Cartona. Raphael's Fornarina: a portrait by Titian: Cenci by Guido, &c. Home by Diocletian's baths. In the evening at Mr. Severn's.

10. To the Basilica of S. Paolo by the gate S. Paolo, and home over the Monte Aventino.

April 11. In the gardens of Villa Borghese, and to the Museo of the Vatican.

12. Prevented from going further than the Corso by indisposition and cold weather.

13. To the baths of Caracalla (called Antoniani) near the Porta S. Sebastiano.

14. Saw the Moses of Michel Angelo in the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli.

15. Called on Mr. Severn; prevented from walking out by the rain.

16. Called on Dr. Wiseman with Mr. Severn; and went with the latter to the Vatican library. The library open only from nine to twelve every day for readers. Other public libraries in Rome much more convenient in this respect.

17. To the Vatican library with Darley and Mr. Severn, and saw there the MS. Dante illuminated (in the Paradiso) by Clovio Giulio, the Fatti del Duca d' Urbino by the same artist (his *chef d'œuvre*), MS. Terence and Virgil, and the palimpsest of the *De Republica*. Then to Mr. Gibson's *studio*.

18. To the Rospigliosi palace: ceiling Guido's Aurora; a few other pictures: picturesque entrance into the garden. To the Campidoglio: statues, among them the Dying Gladiator: pictures, among them S. Petronilla (a large picture and Guercino's *capo d' opera*), Poussin's Triumph of Flora, &c.

19. To the gallery of Cardinal Fesch: many fine Flemish pictures besides the Italian. To the Corsini palace in the Via Lungara. The suite of rooms full

of pictures; Titian's Woman in Adultery. Situation of the palace most beautiful I have seen. To the church of S. Pietro in Montorio; whence a fine view down on the city.

April 20. To the Porta Maggiore: thence into the church of S. Croce and home by the Strada Felice, &c.

21. In a carriage with Francis and Darley to the Villa di Adriano: walked round the ruins, a beautiful landscape presenting itself at every few steps: thence drove to Tivoli; walked over the bridge at the town, thence a road leading to a bridge a little distance from it to see the other waterfalls, &c.: and drove home from Tivoli after dinner.

22. With Francis to see again the Moses of Michel Angelo. Then to Raphael's Stanze and Loggie in the Vatican.

23. To Thorwaldsen's *studio*.

24. Into the church of S. Stefano Rotondo: and to the Sciarra palace to see the pictures, Lionardo da Vinci's Modesty and Vanity, &c.

25. To Raphael's Stanze and Loggie in the Vatican again; and to the rooms containing the oil pictures; they are about forty in number; the Transfiguration the finest.

26. Prevented from going abroad by continued rain and indisposition.

27. Walked out at the Porta Pia, and home by the Porta Salara.

28. Into the Pincian gardens, and some churches.

29. Left Rome; dined at Baccano; road, for the

most part, dull, but improves in turning off to Nepi, where it quits the Siena route. The town of Nepi is picturesque, with an aqueduct; then the country becomes thickly scattered with oaks. Supped at Cività-Castellana. Here is more appearance of neatness than usual. We saw many women and children working at looms. The Piazza, where the market and inn were, has a Latin inscription, purporting it to have been made or improved by order of Leo X. At a basin, where had been a fountain, in a little lane, at the back of the town, are these lines:—

Et fons et via Veientium est tibi reddita cura.
Siste, bibe et felix carpe viator iter.

A little further is a deep dell, green, and neatly laid out in inclosures.

April 30. Left Cività-Castellana at half-past six, A.M. Passed a ruin of a castle on a hill, with beautiful valley beneath, the Tyber winding through it from a distance, and gentle hills, with underwood, on the other side. One spot reminded me of Lick-hill, near Stourport. Romantic country to Terni, (*quaere* Narni?) where we were at half-past two. There took a carriage and drove to see the waterfall; country in full verdure of Spring, and ornamented with the *fiore di San Marco* (as they called it, something like mezereon, but larger) with large purple flowers. Walked from the height to the lower part, and drove back to supper. The town, where we slept, neat and clean.

May 1. To Spoleto, over the *Somma* of the Apennine: country romantic, and often beautiful. At Strettura, a little place in a narrow pass (on the road), they were keeping the *festa* with booth and bower. At Spoleto, where we dined, saw some columns, and a façade of the Tempio di Concordia, now made a monastery; the cathedral, with a large *fresco* over the altar by Filippo Lippi, whose epitaph they showed us; and a building, called the Palace of Theodoric. From Spoleto, we entered the valley, wide and cultivated with artificial grasses, &c.; mountains rather bare, trending off close to the left, as we went along. The Clitumnus rapid and white. Supped and slept at Foligno, which we entered by a fine old shattered gateway. The cathedral has some old remains in the outside walls, and a round Gothic window, but is modern within.

2. Valley richer with corn and vineyards. At Madonna degli Angeli di Assisi we alighted, and went into the grand church, containing within it a very curious little old chapel, where St. Francis is represented to have been inspired to found the order of Frati Minori; they were repairing the destruction, caused by an earthquake, in the church, much of which had been thrown down. In approaching Perugia, where we dined, the country rose to a steep ascent. It is a singularly fine old town; the view about the cathedral, with a large fountain, surrounded by bas-relief, is not injured by any modern addition. In the cathedral (as at Ronciglione), lay in state a

dead priest, with his face exposed. A picture by Barrocci was shown us, and frescos, said to be Pietro Perrugino's and Luca Signorelli's. From Perugia, over cultivated hills, to the Lake, which comes to view suddenly, as one turns round a declivity hung with trees. We went four miles near the banks, among olives and vineyards, hills rising gently all round, to Passignano, a very poor place, where we supped, and slept at a small inn close to the borders of the lake. Entered Tuscany near Ossaja, and passed along the beautiful and highly cultivated Val di Chiana; dined at Castiglione, and passed outside the walls of Arezzo; then a chain of pleasant little hills, with wood and good cultivation, to Remaggio, as the *vetturino* called it, a solitary inn; the first place on our journey where was neither meat nor fowl; but we had plenty of fish, &c., for supper, and there slept.

May 4. Dined at Incisa, a town in a lovely situation; a narrow defile, with the Arno hurrying through it. Hence is a new road by the river (but on the other side of it) to Florence, which those who travel post are forced to take, though it is considerably longer. We came the old road, a very good one, leading over the hills;

> "A sight to chase
> All sadness but despair."

Arrived at Florence at five o'clock, P.M., and went to the Hotel d'Europe.

5. In the Boboli gardens.

6. In the cathedral; and to call on Signor Tonelli,

and on Molini, at the Pitti palace. In the evening with Francis, and Darley (whom we met at Florence) to see a game at *Pallone*, played by Romans, Venetians, and Florentines.

May 7. Kept in by the rain in the morning. In the evening at Mr. Landor's, at Fiesole.

8. Spent the day at Mr. Landor's.

9. With Mr. Landor to the *study* of Messrs. Wallis; with the younger of whom we saw a fine sketch for a picture of Correggio's, the Assumption. He gave a few pounds for it, and asks 8000*l*.

10. Left Florence by a *vettura*. The country at first has the Tuscan cheerfulness; but, by degrees, the vines and olives disappear, till there is little left but rocky and mountain barrenness, at Pietramala, where we slept.

11. As we proceed, the Apennines are thrown about with much grandeur in irregular forms; sometimes green to their top, sometimes scarred with greyish rocks, and frequently indented so as to make great variety of lights and shadows, cutting off finely against the blue sky. They are, moreover, scooped out into many combs, which have much diversity of grassy verdure and trees, cultivation and barrenness. Breakfasted at Pianoro, a small place, still full of *osterie* (as Scoto describes it), situated on a pretty declivity, with the wide pebbly bed of a torrent river, now shrunk into a blue vein, winding to a long distance beneath. At Pianoro we first met with good white bread, since leaving England. We

arrived (after passing one of the richest valleys I have ever seen) at the hotel S. Marco, at Bologna, at about three A.M., just in time to witness the annual visit of the picture of the Madonna to the cathedral, from a monastery near the city. She came in great pomp, dressed out in flowers, with a cardinal after her, amidst troops of soldiers, and music playing: the windows in the streets hung with red damask.

May 12. Into several churches; and to see the towers of Asinelli and Carisenda; then along a portico extending three miles from the gate Saragossa, to the church and monastery Della Guardia, from whence the picture came yesterday. On our right a noble view of the boundless plain teeming with plenty, the Reno winding through it near us; and close on our left a succession of hills scarcely less fertile. Bologna has all the best features of prosperity; clean streets, a people with the appearance of health and contentment, few beggars, and few equipages. The chief streets, and some of the lesser, are lined with porticos, a defence against the sun in summer, and the rain in winter.

13. To the Picture Gallery at the *Academia delle belle Arti*; and to the University, where we saw what is said to be the first preparation made for studying the *Ars obstetrica*; and the collection of antiquities, very small. I saw there the library, which is open to all, without exception, from nine to two every day. No printed catalogue. Signor Liberio

Veggetti, assistant Librarian (Mezzofanti having not yet been replaced) was very civil. He speaks English. He showed me two MSS. of Dante's Divina Commedia, and several of the books he thought most curious. A Signor Feruzzi, who was there, offered me a book for the British Museum, not seeing it in the king's catalogue, which they supposed to be the whole of our collection. As well as I collected, it was *Ravellio* (or some such name) Istoria d'Inghilterra. Left Bologna at four, P.M., by a *vettura*. The country quite flat, but exceedingly rich with vines, grain, &c., to Modena, where we arrived at eleven at night, and slept at the Locanda di San Marco. From the time of dusk, we had seen abundance of fire-flies.

May 14. We walked through the very pleasant gardens, with flower-beds and embowered walks, at the ducal palace, and went into the quaint grotesque cathedral. The town is handsome, clean, and often lined with porticos. Dined at Regio: resembling Modena. The country continues the same to Parma, which we reached at ten, P.M., and came to the Locanda del Pavone, a better inn than is usually met with in Italy.

15. To the ducal palace in Parma, where we saw the library, the gallery of pictures, the antiquities discovered at Velleii, and the Farnese theatre. The library is open every day from nine to two, and from five to seven, when it is light to that hour. No restriction in admittance. The librarian, Signor

Angelo Pezzana, to whom I had an introduction from Molini, was very civil, and shewed me Luther's Hebrew Psalter, with his MSS. notes, a large collection of De Rossi's MSS., three MSS. of the Divina Commedia, besides other curiosities. There I met an elderly clergyman, very deaf, named Taverna, of prepossessing manners, and very studious of Dante. He has published two letters on Dante in the Biblioteca Italiana, vol. liv., p. 105, and vol. lvi., p. 343. (*Quære*,—Whether there are in the British Museum the four following Tracts, by Pietro de Lama:—Tavola Alimentaria Velejata detta Trajana, 4to, Parma, 1819. Iscrizioni Antiche ne' muri della Scala Farnese, 4to, Parma, 1818. Tabula legislativa della Gallia Cisalpina, 4to, Parma, 1820. Tabula Alimentaria Vellejatis, 4to, 1818. This last without the author's name to it. Among the antiquities of Velleii, were many offerings in stone, representing parts of the human body that had been cured of diseases. Here, as at Bologna, the king's catalogue was supposed to contain all our books; and the librarian offered me Felsina Pittrice Vite de' Pittori Bolognesi, tomo 3zo, Roma, 1769, supposing we had it not. Afterwards we went into the cathedral and other churches in search of *frescos* by Correggio, but found little. The churches are grand and not over ornamented. Parma has the appearance of a good country town in England, only handsomer and less bustling; not with porticos, as the three last we have passed through.

May 16. We saw again the gallery of pictures; and the chamber of a suppressed convent near it, painted in *fresco* by Correggio, a work very admirable, and now well known; and the ducal gardens, more spacious, I think, but less pleasant than those at Modena. Left Parma (after dining), at three, P.M. Before dinner there had come a young man, named Pier Luigi Campanini, who had seen or heard of my translation of Dante. He asked me to read some English to him for the sake of the pronunciation, as he had learnt it from an Italian. I read a few verses in the Book of Job. Slept at Guastalla.

17. A little beyond Brescello, we came suddenly on the Po, wide, swift, and bright. We were strictly searched on entering the Austrian territories, at a place where the road, leaving the high causeway (which we had travelled along for some time, and which is raised to protect the country from the inundations of the Po), winds along a close sandy lane between small fields more shady than before, thick set with vines, and abounding in corn, with many cottages interspersed. We crossed the Po, very like the Thames in his broader parts, in a ferry boat, to Borgo Forte, where we breakfasted; and reached Mantua about one, P.M. Went to see the Palazzo del T., a few yards out of the town, where are the *frescos* of Julio Romano. The Battle of the Giants the finest. A bark goes twice a week from Mantua to Venice, but the next is not to set out till Monday. It takes two days and nights. We might

have hired one, but Francis doubts my finding it commodious.

May 18. Saw the cathedral at Mantua, built by Julio Romano, and bearing marks of his taste. Next we saw the ducal palace, large and magnificent, but most interesting for the old part now falling into decay, and which was also built by Julio. In one room of it are his splendid *frescos* on the Trojan War: it has also a gallery or saloon of singularly beautiful architecture. Then we went to the public library and gallery of antiquities, both shown to us with much courtesy by the librarian Signor Giovanni Battista Greggiati. The library is open to all from ten to half-past two every day. There are more than forty thousand volumes: few early books: no copy of the early edition of Dante printed here, nor of the Mantuanus. Among the MSS. are Seneca's tragedies, with some important *variantia*, particularly in the Medea, and some inedited Latin poems by Folengo. Next we saw a place called the *Teatro*, containing a good collection of casts for the students in design, and an extremely curious old theatre, of which I should wish to look for some account. Lastly, we saw the splendid church of S. Andrea. Left the Lione d'Oro, our inn, at Mantua, at three P.M. Now we first observed rice growing: afterwards, when the watery land was passed, we found mulberries, with a few vines. Reached Verona at nine P.M.

19. Saw the amphitheatre at Verona, and an open stone sepulchre, called the tomb of Juliet, in a little

place which was formerly a chapel (as appears from *frescos* on the walls) and now adjoining a small chapel of the Franceschini. It is in a retired lane. Next we saw the cathedral, several other churches, the Ponte Nuovo, over the rapid Adige, and much of the town; it is clean, cheerful, and such a place as the *Two Gentlemen* might have lived at. We looked in vain for a Lancelot Gobbo. Left Verona at two P.M. The road now becomes more open, with distant views of the mountains, some covered with snow. *Quære*, whether Montebello is Shakspeare's Belmont? On a height near the village so called, there is a castle. Near it we first met with the Santo wine, which grows on a hill near. Arrived at Vicenza at dusk. Went to a coffee-house, called the Caffé de' Nobili, where we first saw an assemblage of gentlemen and ladies in such a place.

May 20. Left Vicenza at seven A.M. It appears one of the pleasantest towns we have seen. The country again becomes close, and the trees are so thickly set there scarcely seems room left for the grapes to ripen. We reached Padua at eleven A.M., a town less splendid than the others we have passed in Lombardy; very old and mean porticos lining the narrow streets. Saw the university and the large and handsome church of S. Antonio, with domes and spires, and *frescos* attributed to Cimabue and Giotto, and Bembo's monument. From Padua to Fusina, through Dolo, where we stopped for coffee, the road is in great part by the Brenta, with many villas on each

side. At Fusina we embarked in a gondola, and reached Venice in about an hour, at 7 P.M., and went into lodgings with Adelaide Cattaneo, Calle Minelli Corte detto San Fantino, No. 3154.

May 21. After seeing the Piazza di San Marco, and leaving my letter of introduction at Conte Cicognara's, who was ill, we spent the rest of the morning at the Academia delle belle Arti, where are many fine pictures by the great Venetian masters, particularly an Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian, and that large picture of Tintoret's, of which Mr. Rogers has the sketch. There are also exhibited many drawings, a few by Michel Angelo, and several by Raphael, all glazed and framed, and hung up.

22. To the Palazzo Ducale, where we saw another large collection of Venetian pictures. There are in one small room four by Tintoret, that pleased me most. Afterwards we went to the Rialto.

23. About the town, and in a gondola to the Palazzo Manfrin, where we saw the paintings, among them, Ariosto's portrait, by Titian; the Virgin crowned with Angels leaning on clouds and playing on instruments, a poetical picture by Paul Veronese; a Magdalen standing, by Coreggio; and St. George, and other pictures, by Tintoret.

24. We saw a collection of pictures made by M. Sivry, a French gentleman, which is on sale; and also a collection of ancient marbles, for which he asks 1000*l.* Afterwards to the Scuola di S. Rocco, where Mr. Severn was making a sketch of a large

picture by Tintoret, the Crucifixion; then with him to the church of S. Giovanni e Paolo, whither he went to retouch his sketch of Titian's Peter Martyr, in that church; lastly to the church of S. Maria dell' Orto, where we saw several noble paintings by Tintoret.

May 25. Again to the Academia delle belle Arti; to the Palazzo Barbarigo, where, among other Titians, there is his extremely fine head of a Magdalen; in the room where it hangs, it is said he painted thirty pictures; then to the Palazzo Pisani, next door, which has only one picture of note, the Family of Darius supplicating Alexander, by Paul Veronese, the noblest in colouring I have seen of his.

26. To the Basilica di S. Marco, to the public gardens, planted chiefly with acacias; no flowers; the only fragrance such as one would expect in a Venetian garden, a strong smell of the sea; and to the Chiesa di S. Pietro. The churches are handsome, but without the splendour and gaiety of those at Genoa, or the elegance of some at Florence.

27. In a gondola to the island of S. Giorgio Maggiore, where we saw the church of that name, with a few pictures, chiefly Tintoret's.

28. To the Arsenal, too late; it being closed at 10 and not open till 3 P.M., again. To the Casa Craglietta, to see pictures, not open at all. To the Biblioteca Pubblica, too late, it being open only from 9 to 1. Again to the Palazzo Ducale of S. Marco, where we once more went over the pictures.

May 29. In a gondola, first to the Lido, then to the Isola Murano, where we saw the manufacture of glass and beads; and last to the Arsenal, over which we went.

30. To the Biblioteca Pubblica, open to all from 9 to 1, and containing about 83,000 volumes. Then in a gondola to the churches S. Maria della Salute, de' Frari, S. Rocco, and S. Maria de' Carmelitani, or Scalzi, and to the Scuola di S. Rocco again. In the evening up the Campanile, from whence we had a good view of Venice.

31. In a gondola, to the Lido again, and walked on the shore. Then to the convent of S. Lazaro, where is the settlement of Armenians and their press, and where we were politely received by their secretary, Dr. Paschal Aucher. Lastly to see the pictures in the Palazzo Reale; there are but few: one by Tintoret, of S. Marco saving a Saracen from shipwreck, seemed the best.

June 1. To the Basilica of S. Marco, the Rialto, and other parts of the city.

2. In the city.

3. Left Venice in the morning, and landed at Mestri. Proceeded by the new route to Inspruck, pointed out to us by Mr. Schieling. Passed through Treviso and Conigliano, to Ceneda, three good towns. At Ceneda we slept at La Rose, a comfortable inn. Here the mountainous tract begins with a green knoll, swelling up at the back of the town.

4. Through Capo di Ponte, Longaron, Torrarolo,

St. Vitto, to Ampezzo, where we slept at the Post, a small house, and were civilly and honestly treated. About Terrarolo, I think, wine ceases to be made. There the country is very wild, high mountains with snow; rapid streams and woods of fir.

June 5. To Ospitale. To Landro, a small house beautifully situated, with a large green meadow near, and high mountains all round, some of them snow-capt. To Niederdorff, where the country changes its appearance; houses are scattered about the hills, and the mountains are of gentler ascent. To Brunecken. A very high green rampart here, closely bounding the vale, with scattered firs climbing up its sides. A noble view. To Untervintl. Here are vines again, but low, as in France. To Mittewald. To Sterzing, where we slept.

6. To Brenner. Being Holy Thursday, there were boughs stuck up along the streets of the places we passed through. To Steinach. A company of peasants, in fanciful dresses, with music, entered as if acting a play. To Schonberg. Hence a steep descent with a grand prospect of mountains, to Inspruck, a very finely situated town, of handsome appearance, on the wide and rapid Inn, flowing through a well-cultivated plain, with a range of high rocks, sprinkled with snow on each side in the distance. To the village of Volders. To Schwatz, a larger place on the river Inn, where we slept.

7. Hence we proceeded by the cross-road pointed out in Miss Starke's tour. It soon left the valley,

and struck across the mountains, ascending through pleasant fields and woods of fir, by the side of a swift-hurrying brook that turns the mills used for sawing the timber. At the summit we came to a lake among bare mountains, and travelled some way on the edge of it. Near Ackenthal, a little village, it empties itself into a clear stream, or, rather, several small streams. I walked across them, while the horses were waiting, and admired the profusion of flowers, particularly pansies, that covered great part of the meadows. In other parts of the plain were patches of corn, &c. Around, mountains; some with fir-trees, others bare, and with bits of snow lying on the tops and sides. The next stage led us through large woods of fir, among mountains, and by the side of wider streams to Tegernsee, a scattered village with very handsome houses and a royal villa. The church was on the other side of a beautifully clear lake, in one part like a sheet of silver, in another a fine dark blue. Gentler mountains were round it. Soon after, we came on a level country with wide fields and the largest forest trees I have seen since leaving England. The same sort of country continued through the next stages, Hobi-kischers and Stralsach, and (as well as I could descry through the dusk) to Munich, where we arrived at the Aigle Noire, a good inn, at Munich.

June 8. The public galleries being shut, we have gone about the town, which, without having anything very beautiful, is a goodly city.

June 9. To the Glyptothèque, which is open only on Fridays. We were told to apply to the director for a *carte* of admittance. His house was at a considerable distance, and we had some difficulty in finding it, but at last obtained the *carte*, but too late for to-day. We then went to the picture gallery, where is a collection of about 1000 paintings, many indifferent enough, but there is a room full of glorious Rubenses. There are also some fine Murillos, and one very good Vatteau. Mr. Wilkie's picture was taken away for engraving, so that we did not see it. In the evening we walked in the gardens, very extensive, with large forest trees and rapid streams. Being Sunday, there were a great many people: the lower classes amusing themselves, eating and drinking, waltzing, swinging, and going round in a machine, on which were fixed wooden horses and little carriages; this was new to us, and well contrived for the entertainment of the children. The theatre, we heard, opened at half-past six and closed at nine o'clock.

10. To the Glyptothèque, containing the Ægina marbles, &c.; to the collection of pictures in the Prince of Leuchtenberg's gallery, and to the public gallery of pictures again.

11. To the royal palace at Schleisheim, about three leagues from Munich, where we saw the pictures, about 1500 in number, placed in forty-four rooms. Many of them are German, old and modern; some Italian (chiefly Venetian, I think): a very good collection.

June 12. To the exhibition of modern pictures, where were very few, they being renewed, as we were told, every few days: then to the public gallery again. From some mistake in the time, I did not succeed in my attempt to see the public library.

13. Left Munich by a *voiture*. At Augsbourg at 4 P.M. Wide fields, with little timber except fir. Augsbourg on an ascent near the river Lech: entrance by gardens and trees. Stately city, with fountains adorned with sculpture; and a large patched cathedral, of many different times.

14. Left Augsbourg by another *voiture* soon after 4 P.M. The road much the same to Donauworth: then rather more variety of surface, and more trees. Arrived at Ellingen about 6, P.M. The young landlady sat by our side, and chatted while we supped.

15. Left Ellingen by the same *voiture* at 4 A.M. The country still improving. Arrived at Nürnberg, 1 P.M. Saw the churches of S. Laurentius and St. S. Sebald: both fine gothic buildings, particularly the second: the royal gallery of St. Morizkapelle, containing 141 pictures, very curious, by old German masters; and a hill in the town, with the castle, &c., containing a fine view of the place, and of the adjacent country. Nürnberg is deservedly considered an excellent specimen of an old German town. The majority of inhabitants, we are told, are Protestants; but they agree so well with the Catholics, as to use the same church at different times of the day. Set out in another *voiture* at

6 P.M.; came to Langenzein at 10 P.M. Row of Lombardy poplars on each side the road. Little variety in the country. Left Langenzein about 5 A.M. More unevenness of surface; in other respects the country much the same, hop-grounds, corn-fields, woods, chiefly of fir, with rows of poplars, apples or cherries occasionally, on each side the road. Extensive views. After crossing the Mayne at Kittenheim, some vineyards. At a village where we stopped, about six miles from Wursburg, boors drinking and fighting. At Wursburg about 9 P.M.

June 17. Left the Swan Inn, which has a fine view of the river, about 11 A.M., by another *voiture*, after having gone into some of the churches. The country becomes very bold; wide corn-fields and fallows, intermixed with wood, and sometimes vineyards. Cross the Mayne in a ferry at Langfurt. Dined at a comfortable little inn at Essenheim. Thence great part of the way to Aschaffenburg, through a forest. Arrived there at 11 P.M.

18. Left Aschaffenburg at 6 A.M. Country at first pleasant, with large forest-trees, then more naked; but as it approaches Frankfort, covered with vineyards and gardens. Arrived there at half-past twelve. At the Roman Emperor Inn; very noisy. In the evening walked about the town; into a Lutheran church; and in the public gardens, planted with roses, acacias, &c., and commanding a fine view of the mountains. This walk is the moat filled up.

19. Again into the gardens. We found both the

picture gallery and public library shut, the former being open only three days in the week, the other from 2 to 4 o'clock. By a *voiture* from Frankfort to Mayence at 5 P.M. Two stages; the first rich in corn, the other in vineyards. The steam-boat has ceased to go from Frankfort to Mayence, but a daily boat still goes, which was concealed from us at the inn. We arrived about 9 P.M.

June 10. Left Mayence in the steam-boat at 6 A.M. To Coblentz, chiefly a succession of small mountains, generally clad with vines or underwood, many villages and castles. Thence to Cologne, the banks much tamer, sometimes not unlike those of the Wye between Hereford and Ross. We arrived at Cologne at five P.M. Our accommodations in the boat were good, but we paid unnecessarily more for a place in what is called the *pavillon*.

21. At Cologne; for a considerable town, the meanest as to the private houses of any we have seen on the Continent. The cathedral is an unfinished specimen of beautiful Gothic. In St. Peter's is the Crucifixion of that Saint, by Rubens, and in the same street, the house where that painter was born, with his portrait over the doorway. The Hotel de Ville is a quaint old building. The Museum, formed by Mr. Wallraff, contains Rubens's *Mahl Stick*, with other curiosities, and some German pictures.

22. Left Cologne in the steam-boat at 5 A.M. At Nimeguen at 7 P.M. The banks very flat, and seen but a very short distance.

June 23. Left Nimeguen in the steam-boat, at 6 A.M.; reached Rotterdam about 3, P.M., at the new Bath Hotel, a good house. Rather more trees and villages on the banks of the river between Nimeguen and Rotterdam. In the evening went to the cathedral.

24 and 25. At Rotterdam.

26. Left Rotterdam at 11 A.M., in the Diligence for the Hague. By canals, and rivers, and wide meadows with willows; and here and there pretty country-houses. At the Hague we saw the pictures in the Musée Royal; a large one, strangely natural, of cattle, by Paul Potter; several excellent, by Rembrandt; a flower piece, and another of game, by Van Os, remarkable as by a modern now living. Afterwards walked in the large wood of beech and elm. In the evening at eight, left the Hague in the Diligence, and arrived at Leyden by half-past nine. Our road lay through the wood and fields, with fine timber and hedges, lit up by a beautiful sunset.

27. Saw the Hotel de Ville, in which are a few pictures, and there walked about the town and to the University of Leyden. Thence by the canal to Haarlem and Amsterdam, chiefly through hay-fields with copses and thick hedges. Many country houses. Arrived at Amsterdam at 6 P.M. Went to the Grand Doelen Hotel.

28. Saw in the Hotel de Ville, now the Palais, a few pictures of Rembrandt, but placed so high and with so bad a light that we could not make much of them; but they did not appear as if they would have

answered the character of the painter, if we could have seen them better. In the Musée we saw a precious assemblage of the best Dutch masters; and in the collections of M. Gott and of Mr. de Voss, to be sold next Monday, some very good specimens of the same school.

June 29. Again to the Musée, to see the paintings; afterwards to the Exchange and about the town.

30. From Amsterdam in the Diligence to Nimeguen at 8 A.M.; arrived at 6 P.M. We passed through Utrecht on our way. I have never before seen such a succession of neat country-houses, with gardens, or rather pleasure-grounds, about them. The canals are less frequent, and the country becomes gradually less marshy, till at last corn-fields succeed to meadows, and near Nimeguen there is even some inequality in the surface, and the soil grows sandy. There is almost everywhere abundance of wood. At Nimeguen we took our places in a Diligence to Cleves, and from thence hoped to have got in another to Creveld; but at Cleves, after we had paid our fare, a man took up our trunks and observed they were overweight. They proved to weigh 136 lb., and only 100 lb. is allowed for two passengers. We had therefore only the alternative of leaving part behind, to be sent after us, or of proceeding by some other conveyance. We chose the latter, and our fare was returned. We were told by a gentleman at supper, that if we had said to the man our luggage was under weight, and had bribed him, we might have gone on; and that

he had himself done so on a former occasion. We had offered, of course, to pay for the overweight, but that was not allowable. It is a pleasant drive from Nimeguen to Cleves: on one side the wide meadows extending to the Rhine; on the other, little mountains near the road, with small houses (neatly ornamented) frequently appearing at their foot. In the gardens were parties amusing themselves on the Sunday evening.

July 1. Left Cleves in a *voiture* at twelve at noon; through Gueldre, and arrived at Crevelt at 8 P.M. The country rather flat, but agreeably varied with corn, wood, and two or three little rivers. The road a deep sand. Slept at Crevelt, a large and rather handsome town, apparently modern.

2. We left Crevelt at half-past 5 A.M. in another *voiture*. The features of the country nearly the same, till we reached Gladbach. There it rose, and we came on a meagre gravelly soil; but on approaching Linnich, there was again sand, and we found wood and corn as before. In Linnich the axletree broke. It was the first accident we met with since leaving home. After waiting some hours for a new axletree, we set out at 9 P.M., and reached Aix-la-Chapelle at 2 A.M.

3. Left Aix-la-Chapelle by the Diligence for Liege at 9 A.M., arrived there at 4 P.M., and set out in another Diligence for Brussels at 7 P.M.

4. Arrived at Brussels at 7 A.M. It was a fine moonlight, by which the country was seen, of varied

surface and rich in corn and wood. At Brussels we saw the gallery of pictures in the Musée; a beautiful sketch by Tintoret of the Martyrdom of St. Stephen; and some things of Paul Veronese and Rubens, worth notice. In the evening about the town and in the Parc Royal.

July 5. To the church of St. Gudule, a fine Gothic in brick. The inside too much lighted and too white, with no correspondent ornaments except some painted glass not of the best. To the palace of the Prince of Orange: a small but fine collection of pictures: a good Pietro Perugino, Albano, Both, Vandykes, &c. In the evening to the Parc Royal and Boulevards; and at eleven at night in the Diligence for Ghent.

6. Arrived at Ghent about 3 A.M. At the Hotel de Pays Bas, a good inn. By a bright moonlight I saw a fertile and highly-cultivated country. Ghent is rich in Gothic and antique architecture of many kinds. Amsterdam appears modern and vulgar in comparison; and even Nüremberg inferior as being merely German.

7. Into several churches at Ghent, and among others, the cathedral, with many chapels round the choir, which are inclosed with columns of marble and massy gates of brass and adorned with pictures of Rubens and Van Eyck. The canals present many points of buildings, shaded gardens, rushy banks, with stunted willows, and grounds level or rising. At 10 P.M. we went to Bruges' boat; and arrived next morning, July 8, at 5 A.M. Bruges is on a flat:

the buildings more exclusively Gothic than at Ghent, without the same appearance of former grandeur and opulence; but at present it is cleaner and neater, owing no doubt to the fewer manufactures.

We went to the Academy of Arts and saw a few pictures not of much note. Many Gothic churches; the cathedral the chief. The Hotel de Commerce a good inn.

July 9. From Bruges to Ostend by canal from 7 to 10 A.M. Slept in the steam-boat that night.

10. Left Ostend in the steam-boat at three o'clock in the night, and arrived in London at half-past 7 P.M.

CHAPTER XIII.

1834—1844.

Journal of a tour through Normandy and the South of France.—Verses and Epitaph to Charles Lamb.—Mr. Cary is refused the appointment of Librarian of the British Museum.—Letter to the Lord Chancellor thereon.—Resigns the office of Assistant-Librarian.—Removes to Park-street, Westminster.—Designs a History of Italian literature.—Engages in superintending a new edition of English Poets. Notice of miscellaneous English Poets: Churchill, John Cunningham, Penrose, Gray, Logan, Day, Hurdis, Burns, Thomas Russell, Coleridge, Walter Scott, and Lord Byron.—Visits the neighbourhood of Oxford.—Translation of Italian Poets.—A Sonnet from Costanzo, and from Petrarch.—Letters to Mr. Lyell, Mr. Digby.—Grant of a Pension.—Letter from Mr. Rogers to Lord Holland.—Letter to Mrs. Dyer, with epitaph to the memory of George Dyer.—Visit to Iffley.—Letters to Mr. Digby, Mr. Bullock, and Mr. Lyell.—Poem, "On a View of Folkstone Cliffs."—Verses written at Sandgate.—Letters to Mr. Digby, Mr. Parsons, and Mr. Lyell.—Proposed new edition of his version of Pindar.—His death.

On his return to England my father was able to resume his duties at the British Museum. But the benefit that he had derived from his former tour on the continent, induced him to spend his next summer holidays in an excursion through Normandy and the south of France, of which he has left the following account.

JOURNAL IN FRANCE, 1834.

Wednesday, July 30. Left London by mail.

31. At Southampton. Embarked in the Camilla steamer at half-past 5 P.M.; called off Portsmouth for passengers; arrived at Havre about 7 A.M., the sea quite tranquil all the way; no sickness on board.

August 1. At Havre at the London Hotel, on the Quay, a small place. The town appears pleasanter than Calais; close on the sea; streets handsome and well paved; market spacious and well supplied; no sands; the bathing machines do not go into the sea; used only for dressing and undressing. After breakfast walked round the basin, where we saw a large quantity of shipping, and admired particularly the American, which appeared to be laden chiefly with cotton. Looked in at the *Bibliothêque Publique*, consisting of two little snug dirty rooms, looking on the market. A placard announced it to be open (except on Sundays and *fêtes*) from ten to three in the winter, and to four in the summer months. To Honfleur in a steam-boat at half-past three; arrived in about an hour: the little bay of Honfleur, and the woody country rising beyond, extremely pretty. Went on almost immediately in a Diligence to Caen, where we arrived at 2 A.M.

2. The country, as long as we could see it, corn, wood, and some orchards, with ridges rather

than hills. At the Hotel de la Victoire, at Caen, a good place with a civil landlady. M. Trebutien, to whom I had a letter of introduction from M. Michel, was at Paris. M. L' Abbé de la Rue, to whom I had another letter from him, I saw on his return from a distribution of prizes to the young men. He had been five years at London at the beginning of the Revolution, and passed his time chiefly in the British Museum. We are richer, he said, in MSS. of old French poetry than the French. He had corresponded a long time with Mr. Douce, whose letters he had. His own, he said, were probably at Oxford. I left with him a copy of my Pindar, in which author he had been examining the young men.

St. Pierre is reckoned the finest church; it is in the florid Gothic: St. Etienne, in the Anglo or Saxo-Norman, pleased me more. The Musée was shut, with the public library and gallery of pictures. It is open, I was told (but doubt it) only Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Sunday, August 3. At Caen. Strolled to the port. There are a few two-masted vessels lying here. A low stone bridge obstructs further passage up the river. Went again into the church of St. Etienne, a large congregation; could not see the burial-place of William the Conqueror, which is in the choir, till mass was over—too long to wait. Left Caen at 1 P.M. by the Diligence. The road to Argenton, over a wide open country, rather cheerless, though not without corn, &c., and here and there heath and

furze. At Argenton, where we arrived between eight and nine, was a concourse of gentry, I suppose to the races, who were at supper. We could not get chairs for a time, nor then anything, hardly, to eat. How different from the relics of an English feast! All was gabble and confusion. From hence to Alençon I slept. We arrived at 5 A.M.

Aug. 4. Here the country improves, being inclosed with hedges, and becomes extremely pleasant when we had crossed the Sarte at Beamont; and then vineyards first made their appearance. At Alençon we met with a Diligence starting at about six, and it has now brought us (not the usual road by La Bazoche, which is stopped) at 1 P.M. to Le Mans. The town looks cheerful and rather handsome, the shops well set out, and the cathedral of florid Gothic, with many flying buttresses. Left it near 9 P.M. by another Diligence.

5. Arrived at Tours about 8 A.M. The entrance to the town over the fine bridge across the broad and yellow Loire, with its green islands, very striking. The road from about Chateau Loir, where we were about dawn, led over a light clayey soil, with alternation of rise and fall—walnuts—variety of grain, and plenty of vineyards—open country. We have now been from home six nights, and have been in bed only two, and one of them not till near three o'clock at night.

Tours is the finest French town I have seen next to Paris. The cathedral does not much resemble

any I remember; the effect is good. It is Gothic with a mixture of Morisco, as seems to me, in the round domes or towers; there is a good deal of stained glass, fine colours. The tints of amethyst in the western window, through which the sun was shining, lay on the pavement. The service was going on, accompanied by musical instruments, in the choir, to the gratification, I thought, of the performers, but with a very small audience. Towards dusk, when I walked again with Richard round the cathedral, several were kneeling in solitary and, as it seemed, abstracted devotion. The walk by the river side commands a long prospect of it up and down, and is set with rows of poplar trees. The valley appears two or three miles broad. Our passport, which was to have met us from Paris, is not arrived.

Aug. 6. Out at 7 A.M. Along the *Rue Royale* to the end opposite to that we entered at; then to the promenade on the left, a wide causey, partly green, sprinkled with wild flowers; on the inside below a parallel walk, shaded with trees, on the other side (at the bottom of a high wall with bastions) is a succession of gardens full of fruits and flowers, and a limited view of country beyond. It is such a place as I could waste hours in. At the end of the promenade we turned down to the river and so home. In the evening I took the promenade in the other direction, so as to make, in the whole, the circuit of the town. The walk is less agreeable on this side, having kitchen gardens on one hand of it, but ends

in a pretty road that winds between trees down to the river.

Aug. 7. Francis being lame with a swelled foot, we took a cabriolet for five francs, and drove to the Cathedral, Prefecture, Promenade, and a little way on the road down the river. At the Prefecture (where I found our passport arrived from Paris) I went into the *Bibliothéque Publique.* It is in spacious and retired rooms, and consists of about 30,000 volumes; many MSS., some of great beauty, illuminated; two MSS. of Seneca's tragedies. It is open from twelve to five three days a week, except in winter, when it shuts at dark. I had before wandered about the Prefecture, and come into a grand room that appeared to be a Hall of Audience. Went to the Bazaar, where I was told I should find some old books, and I did find three.

8. To M. Placé in the *Rue de Change.* He has a collection of old books, from twelve to fifteen thousand, in garrets and other holes. I bought the *Paysan Parvenu, Parties* 1—5. for twelve sous. I fancied that he thought he was asking a great price. At another shop bought the *Egaremens,* &c., of Crebillon, for fifteen sous. This is one of the commodities of which English travellers have not raised the value. We thought yesterday, that we had almost concluded a bargain with a *voiturier,* to take us to Clermont, in five days, for fifteen francs a day, comprising the expense of horse and driver; but found that he raised his demand to twenty francs,

and that he expected to be paid at the same rate for the five days of his return, two hundred francs in all. He reckoned the distance at eighty leagues, two hundred English miles. This expectation, therefore, failing us, we took our places in the Diligence for to-day to Chateauroux, part of the way to Clermont. At Tours, we have been at the Hotel de la Galere, a poor place, where we have stayed longer than we intended, owing to Francis and myself being unwell. Left Tours in the Diligence, at a quarter before 2 P.M. We soon leave the valley of the Loire, with its wide meadows, intersected with rows of poplars and willows; cross the river Cher, and then come on higher land, with poor crops of grain, and dotted here and there with trees of no great growth. Vines re-appear on our approaching Commery, a village with the Indre here like a spreading brook, and willows scattered about, and the white houses festooned with vines, and a church with Gothic tower of uncouth shape, but richly wrought. Country improves near Loches, a neat-looking town on the Indre, where we dined well, and had a very good white wine, at 8 P.M. Thence in the dark, till we came near Chateauroux, by a bare-looking country, with the exception of some vineyards. Here we found a long straggling town, also on the Indre, arriving at 5 A.M.

Aug. 9. We went to bed for a few hours, and then took a cabriolet, to set out at half-past 1 P.M., for

harm to France." *"Il avoit trop de religion.—Il faut de la religion; mais non pas trop."* The country hilly, woods, commons and inclosures as far as Villeneuve, a poor village, six leagues *de poste*.

The Aubusson boy insists that young Napoleon was poisoned by his grandfather.

At Villeneuve, where we breakfast, there is a little child playing about the kitchen. I ask his Christian name. No answer. I ask again (in joke), if it is Napoleon, and find it is. *"J'espère qu'il n'ait pas un grand papa."* The grandpapa was sitting in a corner, ill.

To Pont Aumur (by St. Avy), in a defile of rock, by the side of a brook. The country hilly, with very spacious views, the Puy de Dome in the distance, and a succession of mountains continuing from it to our left. At 9 P.M. at Pont Gibaud, also in a defile, with a stream called *La Sioule*. Here we slept at a very poor inn. Our bill only six francs for supper and beds. They showed me some specimens from a silver mine near. Its annual produce, six thousand francs.

Aug. 12. Left Pont Gibaud at half-past 6 A.M. Over a wild hilly country with rocks; the mountains of Auvergne before us. Descended into a valley through walnuts and vines to Clermont,* which

* For a description of Auvergne see Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo, libro iv., cap. 20, ediz. Milan, 1826.

Per che mi trasse allora in Alverno:
E ciò per amor d'Ugo assai m' aggrada,
Che per amor di Carlo andò allo Inferno.

appears to lie in a large basin among green mountains; though I find it open on one part. Arrived about 11 A.M. at the Hotel de la Paix, in the Place Jaude. Went to the cathedral. It is of dark-coloured stone, such as we saw them digging out of quarries by the road-side. It is imperfect, there being only four columns in double rows on each side the aisle. It has pointed arches, very elegant. The outside is much patched. The façade of the northern transept the best part. Much fine painted glass in different parts. In the evening walked by moonlight to the *Fontaine Petrifiante*, which gushes from under a little stone covering. The water appeared to me rather warm, and had a disagreeable taste. It was too late to see anything more. Went back to the Café de Clermont, near the cathedral.

Aug. 13. Walked before breakfast by the Promenade d'Espagne to the Place de Delille, where there is a pretty *fontaine* then under a long avenue of lime-trees, with a very pretty view of the country in one part, to the *Bibliothêque Publique*. It was shut, but shown me by the porter, along with the cabinet of mineralogy. The former is a handsome room,

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Silvestra e montuosa è la contrada,
Ed abbondevol di bestiame assai,
E in molte parte di vino e di biada.
La più nobil città, ch' io vi trovai,
Monclero là si noma nel paese,
Gente v' è buona per tutto ove vai.

See also Marivaux's Tale of the Franc Breton; and various passages in De Lille's Poems.—H. F. C.

with 17,000 books neatly arranged behind wire-doors; contains a good bust of Delille, a statue of Pascal, portrait of Massillon and others, and a whole-length of Louis-Philippe. It is open, except during the vacations, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 2. To-morrow will be the last day before the vacation. The cabinet consists exclusively of minerals of this neighbourhood. There was a fossil of an unknown animal with horns, a petrifaction of a large cabbage, &c. The library looks out on the botanic garden and to the mountains beyond.—Bought *Itinéraire du département du Puy-de-Dome, par H. Lecoq et J. B. Bouillet.*—Went again to the same Café as last night.

Aug. 14. The Hotel de la Paix is thronged with *negocians*, who are come to the fair, which begins next Sunday. We have been forced to put up with a small room in which there are four beds, and to keep our window open day and night—no great inconvenience, the weather being extremely hot. The *femme-de-chambre* tells Francis that the people of this country speak among themselves a language which other Frenchmen cannot understand, but which was understood by some Poles. We find the fruit rather poor. The pears have most flavour. I have seen some small peaches and some fine mulberries in the market, but none at the *table d'hôte*. The lady at M. Colangette's (where we got change) told me the cathedral was built by an Englishman. She inquired about the tunnel under the Thames,

which I observed was made by a Frenchman, and both left unfinished. Set out in a cabriolet at a quarter before 8 A.M., for the *Bains de Mont Doré* by the short road, which proved to be different from that marked in the book I purchased yesterday. Instead of passing through *Thede*, as it is there marked, it leaves the great road about three post-leagues from Clermont, and strikes across to the left. It is a wild road, over mountains, of which Puy de Dome is the most conspicuous. We had not gone far on the cross-road, when we came upon a wood of birch-trees, scattered about an uneven and somewhat rocky ground, with a greater variety of wild-flowers than I remember to have seen, blue-bells (a profusion of which we had seen already on the heath by the road-side), ranunculus, wild geraniums of an unusually bright red, and others of which I knew not the name. Afterwards we came on a cultivated spot of ground, where the Half-way House was—a very miserable place—and there we baited, but could not get even coffee. Again we passed over wild heathy mountains till we came to the descent of Mont Doré; and there one of the most striking views, or rather succession of views, I ever beheld, offered itself the road winding among fir-trees of very grotesque appearance, with fragments of rock and a little streamlet, and letting in, every now and then, openings to other woods of the same tree, fringing in various directions the mountains that lay about. Groups of peasants, goats, and herds, suited well

with this. On leaving the wood, we saw the village of Mont Doré at the extreme part of the valley, as it seemed (though the valley goes up, in fact, near a league beyond), the mountains enveloped in mist just above, and the moon hanging over. It reminded both Francis and me of some villages in North Wales. We arrived at Mont Doré about 8 P.M., having made a very slow journey, from the badness of the road and a weak horse; and went to the Hotel de Paris, kept by Chabôry, *médecin*, opposite the hot baths.

Aug. 15. Across the Dordogne (a little brawling brook, that one might stride over) by an iron suspension-bridge; ascended the opposite mountain by a winding road, that, after about half a mile brought me into a wood of shaggy fir-trees, with underwood chiefly of beech, large fragments of blackish rock (*quære*, granite?) with mixture of white brittle stone. In about half a mile or three quarters the road opened upon a wide grassy space, over which were dispersed groups of ladies sitting down, peasants who had conducted them lying down elsewhere, and the horses they had rode by themselves in another part, two dogs bounding over the *launde*, altogether a view for Wovermanns. I followed the way onwards till I came (still through the forest) opposite the *Pic du Capucin*, a mountain so called from its resemblance to a Capucin's cap. On the other side was a steep ravine covered with firs, and another brook, brawling through it. The way below is impracticable, as I

was told by an invalid gentleman, who had been carried up in an arm-chair on poles, (of which there are several here), and who was resting at this point of the ascent, while his wife had gone up to the peak; whither all wanted me to follow her. He perceived me to be English, said he had been two years in London, often at the Museum, but could never get admitted to the Reading-room; on my telling him it should not be so in future, if he returned to London, he invited me to his house at Lyons, and wrote down his address in this book. "*Tocanier frère, manufacturier à Lyon, place croix paquet, No.* 6." He said he was a silk-merchant. Opposite the hotel (between it and the baths) are fragments of stone columns, with sculpture of boys, &c., said to be the remains of a Roman Pantheon.

Set out at 7 P.M. to walk up the valley through the fields by the river side, crossed the cascade called here *Cascade de l'Angle*, because it falls from an obtuse angle formed by a rock at the top of the valley, then a brook which I took to be the Dore, and came to one broader, which I took to be the Dogne. It was too wide to walk through; (I had gone beyond the *Pic du Capucin*, which was to my right, with a wood of forest sweeping to its skirts, as in the morning it had been to my left;) I therefore turned towards a higher road I had observed to the left hand, and returned by it, but found it very inconvenient, as I had to walk again through the cascade, which was here broader, and many splashes

of water, formed by springs, that were over my shoe-tops, and among pieces of rock and stone; but by the help of the moonlight I got home at near nine o'clock, and then went to the *café* before bed-time.

A gentleman at this hotel, who comes from Moulins, says this country reminds him of Scotland, where he had been; but I imagine the vegetation there to be less luxuriant.

Aug. 16. Walked by the great road leading to Rochefort, till I came to some houses called, as well as I could make out, *Genistore*:* a way turned off to the left, and on my inquiring of a woman where it led, she offered to conduct me by it to the cascade of La Verniére. We crossed the Dordogne's divided stream over stones, as I was afraid of walking over a long plank laid across; then over a very blind way across meadows and through bushes till we reached the cascade. It is very picturesque, a broad dark rock with two falls, (and a thread of water between,) one in sunlight, the other in shade. About twice the height above, a steep covered with trees, underwood and grass, and a few tall firs at top. In a few minutes the whole rock was covered with water let out from the mills behind. In returning, while I was attempting to recross the cascade, and stepping from rock to rock, assisted by my guide, my foot slipped and I fell down in the water, and she, in attempting to raise me, fell also.

* Genistore is not in the map.

I find we have at the hotel, among other company, *la Vicomtesse Duthaly,* (so the name sounded to me,) with her family, a M. Bertrand, a celebrated physician, who remains here the season, and has the direction of the baths and apartments over them. In the evening, being rather tired with the morning's walk, I only strolled for about an hour up and down the little terrace between the Dordogne and the brook formed by the cascade. There was a bright moon, and this little valley appeared quite encircled by the mountains.

Aug. 17. Ascended by the same road as on Friday. There were a number of peasants collected on the green space in the fir wood. The gentleman in our hotel, the Vicomte Duthaly, was there with his lady and son, a little boy. He was setting the little boys to run races and to wrestle. The women and girls had baskets of *bluvets,* (*quære,* bilberries?—but if so, very inferior to ours,) a fruit that almost covered the ground in the wood. Soon after a fidler struck up, and a dance of the peasants began, which was called the *Danse des Montagnards.* We went onwards a little beyond the *Pic du Capucin.* A man had just descended with a fine nosegay of wild-flowers; he called himself a botanist, and told me, as well as he could, their names, which I write down below.* There are wild raspberries here. On our return in about two hours we found a much larger assemblage of gentry and peasants on the green space. Francis

* *L'Aureole, Oeillets, Sta. Antonia, Aconitum, Rosea Carolina.*

had a horse, and rode on to the village of La Tour, and home by the hamlet of Bourboule, late in the evening.

Aug. 18. Walked with Richard on the road we came here by, turned off a little to the right about a mile from the village, and saw the cascade of *Queureilh*,* and then a little further on to the right, and saw the cascade of Rezegnioles,† as a guide, we had with us, wrote the name for me. I do not find it marked in the map. All this tract is broken into the most agreeable views of grotesque-looking fir-trees, underwood of different kinds sometimes cresting the lower hills and knolls, small enclosures of meadow extremely green, or oats or barley, and brooks falling down or brawling among loose dark rocks.

19. Walked with Richard towards the *Pic de Sancy*. We mistook the direction given us, and turned off to the wood of firs on the left. After passing over much rough ground and over stony brooks we came to the *Cascade du Serpent*, and a little further on to the *Pic de Sancy*. We attempted to ascend it, but were too tired and too late, and returned by the direct road down the valley across the Dordogne.

The wages of a labourer here are twenty sous and his keep, by the day.

This hotel is the only French house we have been in that has any pretensions to cleanness. Consider-

* Thus in MS.

† *Quære*, Cascade called from Nightingales?

ing the short time the season lasts, our bill is not extravagant, eight francs a day, and one franc for the servants (for each of us) includes all charges. Each has had a bedroom to himself; and two of us on the first-floor.

Aug. 20. We left Mont Doré at 7 A.M., by the Diligence, to return to Clermont by the longer route. It is not equal in picturesqueness to that by which we came; but as far as one goes down the valley of the Dordogne, beautiful enough; and afterwards, on approaching Rochefort, a town half-way, the country is not unlike some of the most pleasant nooks in Herefordshire, except that I saw no apple-trees. At Rochefort a good meal is to be had, which is not so on the other road. After Rochefort it continues to be rich and fertile, till one comes near the *Puy de Dome*, when it is wild enough. We reached Clermont before 7 P.M., and took up our quarters again at the Hotel de la Paix.

21. After breakfast we went to the Cathedral, and to the petrefying fountain, where we saw the bridge it had formed, and many other things turned to stone, such as the skins of beasts, beasts, birds, their nests and eggs, vegetables, &c. Among others of this sort, there were together a cow, goat, and dog, with the figure of a man. There are baths near it, heated. Hence we went to Chamatiere, a considerable village and then by vineyards and orchards to Royat, a village where there is a cross with curious sculpture, and an inscription which my book calls Gothic, but

which I could not read. A decent-looking man told me it was either Greek or English, and a woman without hesitation pronounced it to be the latter. Close to Royat we saw the grotto from whence the water issues that supplies Clermont. It is in a gorge, full of trees, chiefly, I think, walnuts, of uncommon size, with some rocks. All round, the vegetation is unusually robust and luxuriant, walnuts, chesnuts, apples, vines, &c. We came back by a nearer road, almost all the way through vineyards, loaded with grapes, the lower branches of which were turned purple.

After resting an hour I walked to the Eglise du Port, an exquisite little specimen of very early Gothic, or what we call Norman and Saxon-Norman, with round arches, and richly wrought. The inside is undergoing a thorough repair.

Aug. 22. Left Clermont in the Paris Diligence at 7 A.M. Country open and flat, with a few exceptions, till we reached Moulins. The mountains about Clermont, with their white houses scattered here and there, reminded us of the neighbourhood of Florence. After we had passed Moulins, the country was close, with hedges and trees. I slept great part of the way. We dined at 2 P.M., at St. Pourcain. We reached Nevers at half-past 1 A.M., Saturday, Aug. 23, and after getting some supper at the Hotel de France, slept there. Before breakfast I went to see the cathedral, a tolerably handsome Gothic, not very early. The inside has been injured by being white-washed, and made very light. It has much

fewer pictures and other ornaments than usual. There is a little chandelier of cut glass hung over the entrance into the choir. Altogether it looks as if the funds for keeping it up were very scanty.

There are great iron-works in the neighbourhood of Nevers, in which, we are told, a hundred English workmen are employed; and the town has an air of business and opulence.

We left Nevers at half-past 1 P.M., by the Lyons Diligence, for Fontainebleau. The beautiful and wide-stretching valley of the Loire on our left. Dined at Cosne, where is a new suspension-bridge; breakfasted at Montargis, Sunday, Aug. 24, and arrived at Fontainebleau at 1 P.M.; saw the château, gardens, and parks, the skirts of the forest, &c., which we had passed in coming. At the Hotel de la Sirène. In the château, *Galeries de Diane, de Henri II., de François I.* The second, with large retiring windows, the handsomest. Table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication, which is glazed and placed in the room. The furniture rich but not tawdry. English garden private, French garden public. At Fontainebleau the *conducteur* demanded fifteen francs, which we had paid in advance. On our refusing to pay it again, a fellow-traveller, named Hippolyte Guynet, Rue de Clery, No. 25, kindly offered to be responsible, and, we found afterwards, had paid the fifteen francs for us, being certain the mistake would be rectified. Should we have done as much for a French traveler in England?

Monday, Aug. 25. Left Fontainebleau at 9 A.M., in the Diligence, for Paris. Several artists sketching in a picturesque opening of the forest among rocks, which we passed. One hundred and fifty, we heard, were at Fontainebleau for this purpose. Fine views of rich country, with the Seine sometimes appearing, till we reached Paris at half-past 3 P.M. Came to the Hotel de France, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre.

26. Went to the *Bibliothéque du Roi*, where I gave my letter of introduction from Sir Henry Ellis to M. Van Praet. He was very civil, as was the keeper of the MSS., who (I am told by M. De Bure) was M. Champollion. Three Italians, Giuseppe Campi, another, and Piero Giacinto Terrachini, were employed in collating MSS. of the Divina Commedia for various readings. Afterwards I returned with Francis and Richard; left with M. Van Praet a copy of my Pindar; and looked at the Print-room. I then went to De Bure, *frères*, booksellers, in the Rue Serpente, on a message from Mr. Baber, and came back to the hotel at five to dinner. In the evening, two of the Italians from the *Bibliothéque du Roi* called on me.

27. Confined to the hotel all day by bad weather and indisposition.

28. Went after breakfast to the Prefecture, near the Pont-Neuf, then had to go to the English Ambassador's Faubourg St. Honoré; then Francis and Richard had to go there a second time, then we had to go back to the Prefecture. I don't know

that any of these journeys could have been done without. I was some time in the Picture Gallery of the Louvre, where the sketch of Paradise by Tintoret pleased me best of all I saw:—

> "Dissolves me into ecstasies
> And brings all heaven before mine eyes."

Aug. 29. Richard and I set out in the Calais Diligence for Abbeville, and arrived at 1 A.M.

30. We were at the Hotel d'Angleterre, a good house at Abbeville. We set out at 8 A.M., for Boulogne, in a little Diligence that starts a few doors from the hotel (nearer to the entrance from Paris), though we were told at the hotel there would be none before 10. Arrived at Boulogne about 7 P.M., and slept at *l'Hotel de l'Univers*, a tolerably good house.

31. Left Boulogne at 9 A.M., in the Diligence, for Calais; arrived at half-past 12. We arrived and slept at Roberts's Hotel; had a bottle of Roussillon, a cordial wine. I found a pleasanter walk than I expected, on a terrace, looking towards the sea, at Calais.

September 1. We left Calais in the steam-boat, at half-past 7, and reached Dover in rather less than three hours.

For some time prior to this, Charles Lamb and his sister had dined at my father's table regularly every third Wednesday in each month. Excepting his old friends Mr. Digby and Mr. Bullock, I believe he had no friend living for whom he felt a more

sincere affection, than he did for Lamb. That there might be no uncertainty in their times of meeting, my father proposed that he and Miss Lamb should dine at the Museum on a fixed day in each month; at first, Lamb, from feelings of modesty, was for declining the proffered hospitality, but his sister said, "Ah, when we went to Edmonton, I told Charles something would turn up, and so it did, you see." And I believe that this "third Wednesday" was regarded by all the party as a red-letter day; as such, at all events, my father used to mark it, long before-hand in his almanack.

The last time of their meeting was in September of this year, 1834. My father, on his return from France, had written to Lamb to remind him of his engagement, and received the following pleasant answer:—

FROM CHARLES LAMB.

September 12, 1834.

"By Cot's blessing we will not be absence at the grace."

DEAR C.,

We long to see you, and hear account of your peregrinations, of the tun at Heidelburgh, the clock at Strasburgh, the statue at Rotterdam, the dainty Rhenish, and poignant Moselle wines, Westphalian hams, and bolargoes of Altona. But perhaps you have seen, not tasted any of these things.

Yours, very glad to chain you back again to your proper centre, books and Bibliothecæ.

C. & M. LAMB.

Not many weeks after, Lamb died. He had borrowed of my father Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum, which was returned by Lamb's friend, Mr. Moxon, with the leaf folded down at the account of Sir Philip Sydney.

Mr. Cary acknowledged the receipt of the book by the following

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES LAMB.

So should it be, my gentle friend ;
Thy leaf last closed at Sydney's end.
Thou too, like Sydney, wouldst have given
The water, thirsting and near heaven ;
Nay were it wine, fill'd to the brim,
Thou hadst look'd hard, but given, like him.

And art thou mingled then among
Those famous sons of ancient song ?
And do they gather round, and praise
Thy relish of their nobler lays ?
Waxing in mirth to hear thee tell
With what strange mortals thou didst dwell !
At thy quaint sallies more delighted,
Than any's long among them lighted !

'Tis done : and thou hast join'd a crew,
To whom thy soul was justly due ;
And yet I think, where'er thou be,
They 'll scarcely love thee more than we.

At a somewhat later period he, at Mr. Moxon's request, composed an epitaph, to be inscribed on his friend's monument at Edmonton :—

EPITAPH TO CHARLES LAMB.

Farewell, dear friend, that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth ;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words, no more assuage our woe ;

That hand outstretch'd, from small but well-earned store,
Yield succour to the destitute no more:
Yet art thou not all lost: thro' many an age,
With sterling sense and humour shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth. And if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

Not a single letter of any interest is to be met with for the next twelve months. On the recurrence of his annual summer holidays in the following year, Mr. Cary paid another visit to the Continent, of which he has left the following brief account:—

JOURNAL IN GERMANY, 1835.

August 19. We left London by the Britannia steam-boat, at a little after 7 A.M.

20. Thursday. Arrived at Rotterdam at 1 P.M., and went to the New Bath Hotel, where we had been in 1833.

21. Went on board the steamer at 4 A.M., but something was wrong in the machinery, and we did not get off till past five. Dort, oldest village in Holland; then Gorcum—fine churches in each; then Rommel. Stopped half an hour at Nimeguen, but did not go ashore. A thunder-storm at a distance up the river; vivid lightning. Arrived at Emerick about 11 probably, but we were asleep.

22. Left Emerick about 6 A.M.

23. Arrived at Cologne about 6 A.M. Changed the steam-boat, and proceeded about 7 A.M., and

arrived at Coblentz about 8 P.M. The beautiful part begins at near Drackenfels, and ends at Neuwiel. From thence to Coblentz resembles the country near the Wye as one goes from Hereford, as well as I can recollect it. On the bridge at Cologne, two companies of horse passed, with a band before each, blowing their trumpets, I thought, very finely. At Bonn, there came down, chanting very loud, a number of members of the University, accompanying some students who were quitting it, and who came aboard. In the midst of the song, the steam-engine set up a roaring that overpowered it ludicrously enough. The noise sounded almost as much like a tune as the other. At Coblentz, we were at the Hotel du Geant, a large, good house near the river.

Aug. 24. *Monday.* Left Coblentz in the steam-boat about 6 A.M. Between a defile of mountains, with villages and ruins, to Bingen; then like a broad lake, with the famous wine country on one bank. Arrived at Mayence at half-past 8 P.M.

25. Left Mayence at half-past 7 A.M., by the Eil-Wagen; arrived at Francfort at half-past 11 A.M., at the Hotel de Paris. We have had fine weather till to-day, when it has been raining continually. Set out from Francfort in the Eil-Wagen at half-past 9 P.M. We came at a round pace, but stopped no less than five times in this night and the following day to take refreshment. The carriage more convenient than the French Diligence, having a place for the middle passenger on each side to lean his

head against. The Thuringian forest, and the mountain of Koelen, near Weissenfels, the best parts of the road. Traveled again all night. Arrived at Leipsic, August 27; Thursday, half-past 1 P.M., came to the Hotel de Saxe. After dinner, went about the promenade, into the town, and to several booksellers' shops, where I got catalogues.

Aug. 28. In the morning to Weigel's (senior), bookseller, who gave, for the Museum, the continuation of his 4to. catalogue. He has a fine collection of prints, but we had not time to see them. From thence with his younger son to the elder, a printer, who also gave me two catalogues. After dinner, I called on Herman. He has lately lost his son—drowned in swimming; but I was told he would have no objection to receiving a visit. He is rather spare, with great vivacity, and does not seem broken by age. He is very fond of riding, was booted and spurred, smoking his pipe, in a sort of undress. He spoke of Porson, almost with affection; said he was an "honest man, and loved the truth." He inquired after our English scholars, showed me a second volume of the Anecdota Graeca, which he had just received from Cramer, and which I felt a little ashamed not to be acquainted with. We spoke of Pindar, after my giving him my translation. He said the last editor was "un homme malade, et un homme malade ne doit pas être l'éditeur d'un homme sain." I asked him about Thiersch's translation: he said one could understand it with the Greek on the opposite page, but not without;

that this was caused by his exact adherence to the Greek metres. So Voss has spoiled his first translation of the Odyssey, by endeavouring to adapt the metre more closely to the Greek. His version of the Iliad is objectionable on the same account. He spoke of wishing to come to England, but was afraid of the expense, as he should like to stay some time, and to visit Oxford and Cambridge.

Aug. 29. Left Leipsic in the Eil-Wagen at 6 A.M.; arrived at Dresden at 4 P.M. The road leads through a well-cultivated and not disagreeable country, though sometimes it has the appearance of a poor soil, till one reaches Meissen, the last stage, the place of the Dresden manufactory. Then one comes upon the Elbe; and goes up by the side of that river for some way along a narrow valley, with a strip of meadow on each side, rising into heights, here clad with vineyards, and there with wood of no great growth. After quitting the valley, the country had the appearance of a rich and well-wooded plain widely extended. Near Dresden, the Elbe is again approached; and the city lies beautifully enough at the end of a fine reach of that river, with a long alley of trees stretching on the other bank opposite to the road. We are come to the Hotel de Vienne.

30. At the morning service at the cathedral: the building grotesque, but simple within. The music very good; sometimes rather too military. The royal family there; as they were in the afternoon,

when we went again. On our return over the bridge, a violent whirlwind blowing clouds of dust about; abated by rain. In the evening walked along the river side, and afterwards in the town, where there was an illumination at the *rath-hause* and the assembly-house, in commemoration of the constitution.

Aug. 31. Spent the morning in the picture-gallery; in the evening about the town.

September 1. Called on Tieck with a letter of introduction from Mr. Robinson; then to the picture-gallery; and in the evening about the town.

At this point a sudden and severe attack of illness made it necessary for my father to return to England without delay. He was fortunately attended by his son Francis, who, from the time of his affliction on occasion of his wife's death, had scarcely quitted him for a day, and whose promptitude and energy now saved him from a recurrence of his former malady.

The two following years were spent in the usual routine of official duty, varied only by a visit during the vacations to friends in various parts of England. In the year 1836 his father had died at the advanced age of 89, and the good husbandry of the gifts of fortune, which he had shown through a long life, enabled him to make such provision for his family as made the subject of this memoir, as far as worldly circumstances were concerned, feel less forcibly than he would otherwise have done, the loss of his office at the British Museum, which now ensued.

I should wish, as far as might be in justice to my father's memory, to pass over in silence the course of events that led to that result. He, during his whole life, had scarcely ever entertained a feeling of resentment, he certainly never retained such feeling, against any human being. Therefore, though he was at the time most acutely affected by the treatment he met with, yet, in alluding to that treatment, I am desirous of imitating his forgiving temper and of avoiding the slightest appearance of asperity. Still my duty to his memory compels me to record what did transpire, and his consequent remonstrance.

In the spring of 1837 the chief librarian, Mr. Baber, resigned his office in the British Museum. Mr. Cary, who was next in succession, according to the ordinary practice, would have succeeded to his office. But the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons, acting doubtless under information, the source of which was probably known only to themselves and their informant, resolved on passing him over, and appointing his subordinate, Mr. Panizzi, to the vacant place. The Archbishop of Canterbury at first concurred with them, but on receiving the testimony alluded to in the following letter of my father's fitness for the duties of the office of chief librarian, changed his purpose, but could not prevail on his two co-trustees to concur with him. Mr. Panizzi was accordingly promoted over Mr. Cary's head.

This harsh proceeding called forth the following protest:—

LETTER TO THE LORD-CHANCELLOR.

PUBLISHED IN THE "TIMES" NEWSPAPER, JULY 18, 1837,

British Museum, July 17, 1837.

MY LORD,

I cannot suffer the communication yesterday made to me by our secretary, of your having passed me by in the nomination to the vacant office of Librarian, and appointed a subordinate officer over my head, to reach me without an immediate remonstrance against this disposal of your patronage. I have for the course of eleven years been constant in the discharge of irksome duties in this establishment; and at a moment when I was told to expect the reward, never yet denied in this place to such claims, I find it snatched from me by yourself and the Speaker of the House of Commons, in the face of a recommendation from the other principal trustee, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the only one of the three who has been in the habit of attending here, and making himself acquainted with our proceedings. My repeated requests for a personal interview with your lordship were met by refusal, and a desire to communicate whatever I had to say by letter. Three letters which I addressed to you were met by silence. In the last of these letters I endeavoured to answer the objections which the Archbishop, with his usual humanity and consideration for the humblest of

those who have any claim on his attention, had apprised me of, as existing on the part of the other trustees. The objections were my age, and the general state of my health. My age, between sixty-four and sixty-five years, it was plain, might rather ask for me that alleviation of labour which, in this, as in many other public offices, is gained by promotion to a superior place, than call for a continuance of the same laborious employment. My health for the last four years has been such as to allow me, with the interval of one fortnight only, to attend closely through every day to the business of my department. Before that time (and it was the only other instance of ill-health since I have been here) I had a severe illness, occasioned by domestic affliction, on account of which I was permitted to pass six months on the Continent; and even that time was not wholly lost to the Museum, as I availed myself of the opportunity to inquire into the state and management of the public libraries in most of the principal cities in Italy, where chiefly my time was spent. Lest, however, I should deceive myself as to the present state of my health, I thought it right to consult three medical men, who best knew the ailments I had been subject to. Their opinions I immediately laid before the Archbishop, and copies of them before yourself and the Speaker. They were unanimous as to my fitness in point of health for the place I solicited. On their testimonies, and

on his own previous knowledge of my character and services, the Archbishop was pleased to declare his determination to appoint me, with the understanding, that if at any future time infirmity should render me unfit for my trust, I should resign it.

You, my Lord, and the Speaker, have refused to concur in the appointment, and have placed my subordinate officer, Mr. Panizzi, a foreigner, who has been here some years less than myself, over me, and at the head of our national library.

Being convinced, that, when the nomination to offices in the British Museum was intrusted by the country to men themselves holding high offices in the state, it was on the implied condition that they would either acquit themselves of their duty by an attention to its internal management, or abstain from active interference if they were conscious of having given no such attention, I feel that I owe it not merely to myself, but to my fellow-countrymen, to protest against your present decision, to call publicly for an inquiry into the mode in which my duty in the Museum has been performed, and into the particulars of what I have done, which may be ascertained by means of our monthly reports, and to demand for what reasons a person of an inferior station has been preferred to me, in opposition to the only one of the three nominators who regularly inspects the minutes of the establishment, and is at all likely to have an intimate and accurate knowledge of its

concerns, and to be capable of forming a just judgment respecting them.

I am, my lord, your obedient humble servant,
H. F. CARY.

The demand of an inquiry was of course unheeded; the letter itself, as all previous ones had been, remained unnoticed, and my father, feeling it due to himself not to continue in office after his just claims to promotion had been neglected, sent in his resignation.

Though he could not but feel very acutely the loss of that preferment which he had long looked forward to as his due, yet I believe that his freedom from a regular and laborious employment, in the end, tended very much to his own comfort and happiness. He was now able to resume his favourite studies, which had been for many years interrupted; and his subsequent labours prove that the vigour of his mind was still unimpaired.

As a change of residence was requisite on the resignation of his office at the British Museum, my father took a house in Park Street, Westminster, and removed there with his two younger sons in the autumn of this year, 1837.

He now recurred to a plan, which he had entertained many years before, of writing a history of Italian poetry from the earliest period. He had contributed to the "London Magazine" in Novem-

ber and December, 1823, two articles on the early Italian poets, one on Guittone d' Arezzo, the other on Lapo Gianni; in these he gives a brief account of the poet, with an extract or two translated into English verse, as he had done with the early French. The plan was so far formed, that he made a chronological list of all whose names he thought worth inserting, selected the passages that were to be translated, translated several, and made references to the authorities whence his information respecting their lives was to be obtained. The task, however, promised to be one of great labour, and requiring diligent research and many more years to be devoted to it than he could reasonably calculate on. The possibility of its completion was therefore very doubtful, and as he could not afford to spend time, which could be more profitably employed, in a work of which the success in a pecuniary point of view was very uncertain, it was of necessity laid aside when a more lucrative but hardly less congenial occupation offered itself. This he shortly met with in a proposal from Mr. Smith, the publisher, to edit a series of English poets in a cheap form. This may seem a very trifling employment for one capable of so much; but he was able to bring to his task an accuracy of taste and a degree of critical acumen which could be surpassed by few: and I have little doubt that if the pains he took with his authors, and the uniform system he has followed with them, were generally known, future editors of the same authors would not

hesitate to adopt his text for future editions of the same works. His plan was to make use of that text which had received the author's own last revision, and on no account to restore older readings which the author had himself rejected, nor adopt the (so-called) emendations of subsequent editors. Added to this he observed one uniform system of spelling, except the metre or rhyme obviously required a different mode. The most remarkable of his rules was this, that in the past tenses of verbs the final *e*, where the present tense ends in *e*, should never be cut off, but should be so where the verb in its present tense ended with a consonant, and the last syllable was not separately pronounced; a rule which, if I mistake not, Cowper had before observed.

To the poems of each writer he prefixed a short life. In this series he edited the poetical works of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Young, Thomson, and Cowper. The continuation of the work was interrupted by want of sufficient encouragement.

My father, however, did not confine his labours to the writings of each author, as his works were in progress of printing, but collected materials for the lives of others also, and, as he felt disposed, wrote brief criticisms to be inserted in the lives when written. Of these latter, several, I persuade myself, are worth being preserved, though the account of the "Life" is not in a state sufficiently matured to justify its separate publication. I have therefore selected the following.

NOTICES OF MISCELLANEOUS ENGLISH POETS.

CHURCHILL.

"Churchill has little of the intellectual vigour that we admire in Dryden, none of the fineness, delicacy, and address that captivate us in Pope. He wrote for the multitude. His invectives are bold, palpable and coarse. His thoughts are trite and superficial, neither informed with knowledge, nor pointed by wit. Johnson had some reason when he said of him, that he was a shallow fellow. What most distinguishes him from others is a certain fervour of poetical declamation, that carries on the reader in spite of himself."

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

"One could wish that the greater part of Cunningham's poems were lost or forgotten, and that the best among them, which are but few in number, remained unshamed by the rest. The pastoral tenderness of his verses on the death of Shenstone, has not been surpassed even by that poet, who knew him and advised him to cultivate that species of poetry. Nothing can exceed the delicate turn with which it concludes."

THOMAS PENROSE.

"His lyrical effusions are rather light and spirited outlines than pieces properly filled up and coloured;

rather gushes of wild and bird-like music than regular strains."

GRAY.

"No wonder he should describe so well what he saw, for he seems to have been present at life rather as a spectator than an actor.

"When he wrote, it was more to exercise his mind, or entertain his fancy, than from any ambition to please or be admired by others.

"England had not sent abroad so elegant a scholar since the days of Milton; but he did not, like Milton, seek for distinction in the company of the learned. Whatever was going forward, he was anxious to observe, but cared not how little he was himself seen.

"The few incidents in his life are to be collected from his letters, which were written with no view to publication, and on that account show to more advantage the excellence of his character, his duty and affection as a son, his cordiality and sincerity as a friend, his diligence, accuracy and elegance as a scholar, and the high sense of probity and honour that actuated his whole conduct."

JOHN LOGAN.

"He has left little behind him; but that little (excepting the hymn taken from the Bible) is his own. It is purely the offspring of soft affections, tuning his verse to a correspondent softness. Neither

the thoughts nor the expressions are borrowed from others; or prompted by study and reflection. But in saying this, all is said. He has none of the higher faculties of the poet.

"His only gem is the "Ode to the Cuckoo," which procured him the honour of a visit from Burke. The friends of Michael Bruce have claimed it for that writer; but, as I think, not on sufficient grounds. The next to it, though much inferior, are the "Odes written in Spring," and "On a visit to the Country in Autumn." The latter of these has one stanza in which there is a fine expression of solemn feeling.

> Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
> That hides me in its gloom,
> While lost in melancholy mood
> I muse upon the tomb.
> Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed,
> Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
> They sadly sigh that Winter's near:
> The warning voice I hear behind,
> That shakes the wood without a wind,
> And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

"His sermons are more poetical than his poems."

THOMAS DAY.

"He is one of our best composers in that style of antithetic and declamatory couplets which we learned from the French. The resolute enemy of political bondage, he put on without reluctance the closest shackles of the poet. Disdaining to torture his looks in conformity with the reigning fashion, he curled up

his verses so as to adapt them to most arbitrary modes.

"The difference between the stiff couplet measure, as it is formed on the French model, and that looser disposition of it, which was practised by our elder writers, and which we have lately seen restored, reminds one of the comparison which the historian makes between the Macedonian armies and the Roman. 'In each the soldier was stationary, preserving his ranks; the phalanx of the former was immoveable, and of but one kind; the Roman force more distinct, consisting of several parts; and easily disposable for the purposes either of separation or of junction*.'

"Of his three poems in this style, The Dying Negro, The Devoted Legions, and The Desolation of America, the second (The Devoted Legions) is the best. It is a satire against our national degeneracy and the supposed avarice which made us engage in the American war, conveyed under a description of the Parthian expedition setting out under Crassus, and the prophecy of its ruin. There was something novel in the design, and it is executed with extraordinary vigour."

JAMES HURDIS.

"It was the chief ambition of Hurdis to be like Cowper. In this, as far as simplicity of diction

* Statanus uterque miles, ordines servans; set illa phalanx immobilis, et unius generis; Romana acies distinctior, ex pluribus partibus constans; facilis partiente quacunque opus esset, facilis jungente.—*Livius*, l. ix. c. 19.

and the natural delineation of common objects are concerned, he has at times succeeded. But like other professed imitators, he often pushes the beauties of his model into the defects on which they border; the ease of Cowper into negligence, his homeliness into vulgarity, and his sensibility into affectation. To the excellence of his versification he has scarcely made any approach; but little to his force of expression; and none whatever to the artfulness of his transitions. He seems not to have known that which his master speaks of so feelingly;

> ——— the pleasure in poetic pains
> Which only poets know;

but to have taken without choice whatever first presented itself to his pen. If he may claim anything as his own, it is a certain juvenile luxuriance of fancy, in which he occasionally indulges; and to which Cowper even in earlier life never showed much disposition."

BURNS.

"Humour, wit, pathos, a certain wild music in his numbers, and a hearty love of nature, such as might be expected in a poet whose life was past in the fields, are the ingredients that make up the genius of Burns. In most of his pieces these are imperfectly conveyed to the ear and understanding of an English reader, by his national dialect. Even when he used unmixed English, his pronunciation differing so widely from ours must have made the

effect different to his own ear. In this respect he is a foreigner."

THOMAS RUSSELL.

"Russell, as a poet, deserves to be placed among the foremost of those who, without originality of genius, have possessed an exquisite taste and discernment of what is best in others, together with the power of reflecting it in new and varied forms. His fancy had fed itself on the choicest stores of poetry, and his ear was tuned to the harmonies of Spenser, Milton, and Dryden; and fragments of their sounds he gives us back as from an echo, but so combined as to make a sweet music of his own. An instance of this may be taken in his Sonnet on Philoctetes:—

> On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright
> The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
> Great Pæan's son, unwonted erst to tears,
> Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light
> Of heaven he watch'd, and blamed its lingering flight,
> By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave
> Drove slumber from his eyes, the chiding wave
> And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.
> Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sigh'd
> Through his rude grot, he heard a coming oar,
> In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
> Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar
> Of Oeta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
> That parts famed Trachis from the Euboic shore.

"The whole of this is exquisite. Nothing can be more like Milton than the close of it. When the first seats are taken by the great masters in the

poetical art, we shall often be more gratified by those who are contented to place themselves and sing at their feet, than by others whose only ambition it is to have a chair of their own. If no one has been made great, many have at least been made pleasing, by skilful imitation. The first of the ancient tragedians, when he was complimented on the excellence of his works, modestly replied, that they were but the relics of Homer's feast.* The avowal in his case was somewhat too humble. But, assuredly many a modern poet may be well satisfied with the praise of having provided us a slight though elegant entertainment from the table of our elder bards. Few have done this so happily as Russell. If we except Collins and Gray and Warton, it would be difficult to name one in that school of lyrical writing that sprang up in the latter part of the last century, by whom he has been equalled.

"The name of Russell is still mentioned by his relatives and friends with such tenderness and regret as could be excited only by the liveliest recollections of virtues and abilities cut off in the full bloom of an exceding promise. His knowledge of literature, ancient and modern, is described as having been extensive and various; his wit in conversation prompt and lively, but always chastened by a nice sense of decorum, and his manners so ingratiating as to have conciliated the notice and intimacy of

* See before, p. 66.

those whose station was much superior to his own. With these endowments, and with those means of making them available, it is reasonable to suppose that, if he had lived, he would have distinguished himself in public life. He might, it is probable, have risen to the highest honours his profession had to bestow. As it is, he has left behind him that which is yet more valuable in the remembrance, the character of an amiable man and an ingenious writer. The little that remains of him entitles him to rank among the most pleasing of our minor lyrical poets."

COLERIDGE.

"He is superior, I think, to almost all our poets, except Spenser, in the deliciousness of his numbers. This charm results more from melody than measure, from a continuity of sweet sounds than from an apt division or skilful variation of them. There is no appearance of preparation, effort or artifice; they rise or fall with his feelings, like the unbidden breathings of an Æolian harp, from the deep intonations of passion to the light skirmishes of fancy.

"On the generality of readers it is to be feared this is all so much thrown away. Rapidity of reading hinders attention to it. To enjoy the instrument one had need be in some such happy Castle of Indolence as Thomson has placed it in.

"By Lamb, who conversed much with him in his youth, I was told that he *fed* himself on Collins,

to whom, in his earlier pieces, he bears much resemblance.

"He had little or no observation. What he saw or heard left an impression on him, as it seemed, almost without his own consciousness, and was then taken up and transmuted into music or beauty by an internal alchemy, or tinted in the ethereal colours of an ever-active imagination.

"He judges admirably in the abstract, but was below a common man when he came to compare and decide upon particulars."

WALTER SCOTT.

"No writer of modern times has combined so much power of imagination with such shrewdness in the observation of human character, and so much of the painter's eye in his delineation of outward objects, more particularly as regards the dresses, armour, furniture, and other decorations of past ages, insomuch that he is apt to dwell on these to the prejudice of what is more important to the general effect of his story. He delights in the interest excited by contention for superiority either by strength or cunning; and has little skill in moving the more tender passions. What he is chiefly deficient in is that which constitutes the form of poetry, the harmony of numbers. Yet in this, if he seldom gratifies the ear, he scarcely ever offends it, like some of his cotemporaries. If he

has not the music of Burns, he is still further removed from the discord of Byron.

" His good sense turns his resources to the best account; his critical works, compared to Dryden's preface, superior in depth of judgment and consistency, far inferior in style:—his lively illustrations by means of apt comparisons or short apposite stories:—not free from partiality and prejudice:—instance in Sterne:—

" He was never wilfully dishonest."

LORD BYRON.

" I have heard Mr. Coleridge compare him to the mocking bird, which had the note of every other bird, and a sweet one of his own beside. This was more ingenious than just, and must have been said with reference to his frequent imitations of particular passages in other writers, and not to any resemblance he bore to them in their numbers. 'His eyes,' said Mr. Coleridge, were like the 'gates of heaven; they bewitched one in his favour.' One of his intimates observed to me that 'his talk was all about himself.'

" His poems are remarkable more for animation than elegance, for vehemence of feeling than beauty of expression. In his tales there is little variety or incident. His heroes are savagely brave, his heroines devotedly tender. Much of the interest taken in his works was occasioned by curiosity about the author;

and as that has ceased, the other has declined with it. He made the public the confidant of his domestic affairs and his private emotions; and as he was a lord and chose to commit many extravagancies, the public were weak enough to be gratified by the trust he reposed in them.

"The deepest feelings are usually either buried in silence or deposited only in the faithful ear of friendship; but when Byron was in a fit of melancholy, or had quarreled with his wife, nothing short of universal sympathy could satisfy his craving after comfort. It was not that he did not in truth feel acutely, but that he found the best relief in the indulgence of vanity. The terrible picture which Burke has drawn of the running sores of the great was exemplified in his person, and he took a morbid pleasure in exposing them to the vulgar gaze.

"I have heard it said that his great fault was being too metaphysical; but the word must have been used in the sense to which Johnson has perverted it in his criticisms on Cowley.

"It was not much to the credit of the age in which he lived that no other writer in this country ever obtained so great a popularity so much at the expense of right feeling, decency and good manners.

"He unhappily caught an evil contagion from opposite quarters in the turbulent times on which he was cast, and was infected alike by the pride of the aristocrat and coarseness of the republican. Yet his

faults were almost overwhelmed by some noble qualities, the total absence of guile, and extreme frankness, an unbounded generosity, which at last cost him his life.

"In his poems, as in his character, there is a mixture of grandeur and vulgarity. He is generally turbid and obscure, with flashes of vivid imagery and violent outbreaks of passion. There is a total absence of that calmness and composure, which is requisite for the production of the beautiful. How insensible he was to the charm of a deep and tranquil feeling may be seen in his imitation of an exquisite passage in Dante, which many have attempted to imitate, but which no one except him could have so marred and distorted.

Era già l'ora che volge 'l disio
A naviganti e 'ntenerisce il cuore
Lo dì ch' han detto a' dolci amici addio,
E che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore
Punge, se öde squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muove.

Purg. c. viii. st. 1, 2.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.

Canto iii. st. 108.

Now ev'ning brought the solemn hour along,
When o'er the gliding prow, in anguish hung,
The sailor calls to mind his last farewell:

And the lone pilgrim, touch'd with tender woe,
Hears, o'er the long vale, chiming soft and slow,
The mournful tones of twilight's passing bell.
*Boyd's Translation.**

"His talents were best adapted to satire of the rough and caustic kind. In the 'Age of Bronze,' there is much power of this sort. These lines on Louis XVIII. are the best part of it:—

Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,
Desirable to be desired?
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,
Apician table and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled;
And love much rather to be scourged than school'd?
Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones.; the table sees thee better placed:
A mild Epicurean, form'd, at best,
To be a kind host, and as good a guest.
To talk of letters and to know by heart,
One *half* the poet's, all the gourmand's art;
A scholar always, now and then a wit,
And gentle when digestion may permit:—
But not to govern lands enslaved or free;
The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

"So strong at times was his disposition to acrimony, and so full did he feel himself of venom, that he could not resist the propensity to discharge it on his best friends.

* Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts the thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.
Cary's Translation.

"The Preface to his 'Prophecy of Dante' shows his slight acquaintance with English literature of the best times. He informs his readers that he was not aware to have seen the *terza rima* tried in our language except by Mr. Hayley, whereas it was not uncommon in the Elizabethan age, and has been employed even by Milton, in his translation of one of the Psalms. But what could be expected from one, to whom the father of English poetry appeared obscure and contemptible.

"In order to enjoy Byron, the lover of poetry must forget the harmonies of Spenser and Milton and Dryden; and suffer him, if possible, to enter the mind without passing through the medium of the ear; otherwise the effect is like that of good music played on a jarring instrument by an unskilful performer. Those who are insensible to the dissonance may be pleased, but should not wonder that others cannot partake in the pleasure. He must be read for the novelty and vigour of the sentiments alone.

"It may, however, be said in his praise, that he does not sacrifice sense to sound, and that no one is less chargeable with the

——— *versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

"Lamb's opinion, as it is recorded by Mr. Talfourd, was not far from the truth, 'he could find nothing to revere or love in the poetry of that extra-

ordinary but most uncomfortable poet; except in the apostrophe to Parnassus, in which he exults in the sight of the real monument, instead of the mere poetic image. All the Laras, and Giaours, and Childe Harolds, were to him but "unreal mockeries," the phantoms of a feverish dream, forms which did not appeal to the sympathies of mankind, and never can find root among them.'—*Lamb's Letters*, vol. ii. *near the end.*

"Don Juan is impregnated with the character of the author. It is voluptuous, turbulent, and powerful; but has none of the brilliancy, lightness, or elegance of Voltaire. As to sheer blasphemy, the Frenchman has the advantage. Byron had not like him been goaded into infidelity by the frequent sight of abject superstition. One of the attractions of Don Juan is the oddity of the rhymes; but in this it is not to be compared with Hudibras, where they come unsought, and are carried off by the wit that accompanies them. The mere personality with which it abounds is a yet poorer art of pleasing, as it gratifies only curiosity, malevolence, or a love of mischief.

"It was imagined by some, that, if his days had been protracted, he would have sunk into a bigot or a miser. Perhaps it had been fairer to suppose, that when the ferment of passion had subsided, his heart might have been purified by suffering, and his actions regulated by a sense of duty."

Some time before the period of which I have been speaking, I had abandoned the laborious study of the law for the quieter duties of the ministry; and was now residing at Temple Cowley, in the neighbourhood of Oxford. It is necessary to mention this, because my father spent part of the summer and autumn of this year, 1838, under my roof. He was then revising the proofs for his edition of Pope. The labour of preparing the copy for the press, and of writing the life was over, so that he had leisure to resume his readings in Italian. His mornings, therefore, were chiefly spent in the Bodleian, or in All Soul's College, whose Warden had obligingly provided him with the use of a sitting-room, and the privilege of taking books from the library, which is richer in Italian literature than that of any other College in Oxford. In the after part of the day he strolled about the fields, and translated passages which he had extracted in his morning's reading, and when finished read them aloud.

It is much to be regretted that a work, which would doubtless have been a valuable accession to our literature, should have been left, not only incomplete, but in a state of such little forwardness that the materials that are left can scarcely be put into shape, and published as his*. He has, indeed,

* Since writing the above, I have employed myself in endeavouring to make some use of these Notices of Italian Poets. Three papers with some slight additions of my own, have already appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for the months of November, December, and January now past.

made extracts from a vast number of authors, and a still greater number of references to passages which were to be made use of as materials for his work. But no account of any single author has been completed.

One pretty little Anacreontic poem, imitated rather than translated from Giovanni Gherardi de' Rossi, a Roman, who died in 1827, was subsequently inserted in Hood's Magazine. Some others were added to the notes in the last edition of his Dante, and to these I think it worth while to add the two following sonnets, from Costanzo and Petrarch, both of which were doubtless selected for translation, as harmonising with his own feelings.

SONNET FROM COSTANZO.

Where leftward slopes the King of Mountains down,
And still the north and winter are so strong,
That not a bird has tuned his wonted song,
Nor herb or leaflet on the hills are shown,
I wail aloud, unpitied and alone,
The sweet life past, the hopes I cherish'd long
All fled, my lot these cheerless wilds among;
But hear no voice that answers to my moan:
Yet is one solace left me, to withstand
Despair's last refuge, that dread friend of woe;
That to no valley in this desart land,
No cliff so rude and barren can I go,
Where on the knotted trunks, the stones, the sand,
Love paints not her from whom my sorrows flow.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

Sweet bird, that goest warbling, shall I say,
Or rather wailing for the time gone by,
Seeing the night and winter are so nigh,
And in the rere glad months and cheerful day:

If as thou know'st what ills beset thy way,
My like condition thou could'st so descry,
To this despairing bosom wouldst thou hie,
And share with mine the sorrows of thy lay,
I know not if the shares would equal be;
She whom thou wail'st perhaps is living still,
A boon that death and heaven deny to me.
Sweet years and bitter, that my memory fill.
Invite meanwhile to such sad talk with thee,
Dear bird, at this lone hour and season chill.

During his stay at Cowley he wrote the following letter to his friend Mr. Digby :—

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

Temple Cowley, Oxford, September 3, 1838.

My dear Digby,

You must have thought it strange that I have not been earlier in acknowledging the receipt of your pacquet and of the kind letter that accompanied it. But they did not reach me till the day before yesterday, when Francis brought them together with my other letters directed to London during the last month; for here I have been all that time domesticated in my son Henry's family, and enjoying the libraries of Oxford and many pleasant walks and drives in the villages about; I have read with much pleasure your well-tuned verses to Birch (well-tuned both as to the feeling and the numbers), and admired his ingenuous hesitation running like a limpid brook over the obstruction of pebbly doubts thrown in its course by your suggested alterations.

Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos.

With your pacquet came also Mrs. Birch's Paraphrase of Job in print, and a letter from Bullock. I fear she will be disappointed in her expectations of profit. May she never meet with worse disappointment! It is published by Rivingtons.

Bullock, I am glad to say, gives a very good account of himself, and invites me to renew my visit to him, which I hope to do before the winter sets in. If I were selfish enough, I could wish you were also within a day's drive of town. As to Pope, I am just got into the Dunciad, where you will perhaps think I may as well remain, not being unfitly lodged. This orthodox air has restored my taste for a glass of port, and I am no longer a Pythagorean.

When shall I send back your letters, and how? The verses may, I suppose, be kept. I conclude the Terræ Filius was not printed.

We purpose returning to Park Street next Wednesday. Believe me, dear Digby,

Sincerely yours,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

10, *Park-street, Westminster, January* 14, 1839.

My dear Digby,

I understood your letter as allowing me till the end of this month for an answer. In the meantime I have, like Cowper's "History,"

> "leant on my elbow, watching time
> Eventful to supply me with a theme."

But as I find he is not likely to supply me with any, I must content myself with replying to your kind inquiries. The gross air of London then has not counteracted the good effects produced on my appetite by the purer atmosphere of Oxford, and I take my two or three glasses of port as formerly. The last sheet of Pope was corrected some days since, and I am now beginning on Cowper. I shall read with much interest the verses, you are so good as to say you will send me, on the calamity that befel the faithful friend of Cowper and of your father. I remember hearing that when the sad event was told him he uttered a shriek, but in the evening of the same day recovered himself sufficiently to call in his family and read prayers to them as usual.

One good parish priest and faithful friend brings another into my thoughts. We went to see Bullock in October, and passed three nights under his roof. He appeared quite free from ailment of every sort, and eat and drank like other men. I trust he will do the same in this house and in your presence next spring, for he promised he would make the time of his visit to town, if possible, coincide with yours. Henry, who was here last week, tells me there are thirty sets of rooms vacant at Christ Church, and that the chaplains are summoned to take possession of their own quæd. Shade of Cyril! dost thou not tremble?

Believe me, dear Digby, ever sincerely yours,

H. F. Cary.

As the preceding letter informs us, my father having finished his edition of Pope, now began on Cowper. His life of the latter prefixed to this edition of his poems, though brief, is, I think, the most finished piece of prose-writing that ever proceeded from his pen. The sadness of his own life doubtless made him sympathise deeply with the afflictions by which Cowper was oppressed.

In the following summer, again he paid a visit to Cowley, and thence accompanied my family in an excursion into Monmouthshire, and along the banks of the Wye.

When my father resigned his office of Assistant-librarian in the British Museum, in 1837, the trustees of that institution had recommended him to the government for a pension. But this, as it would seem, partly in consequence of his letter to the Lord Chancellor, and partly owing to his having addressed a sonnet to Lord Durham on his recal from the government in Canada, was for a long time withheld. His conduct in one or both instances had been deemed disrespectful to the government, though the letter contained only a temperate yet firm remonstrance, which he considered due to his own character, and the sonnet was the expression of his opinion of a man, whose zeal for the cause of liberty led him to an intemperate, and, therefore, injudicious exercise of the power intrusted to him, but whose great qualities, in Mr. Cary's eyes, exceeded his failings. Without doubt the publication of a sonnet in

honour of a fallen minister was impolitic, but Mr. Cary was one who paid little regard to policy or expediency: his sympathies naturally sided with the unfortunate, and a panegyric on one in power, and from whom he might be thought to look for reward, was altogether alien to his feelings and disposition.

From the period of the resignation of his office at the Museum, Mr. Rogers had urged on the government my father's claims to a pension: and this probably with the more earnestness, because he was aware my father attributed his failure to obtain promotion to the fact, that Mr. Rogers concurred in thinking that his health was not such as would enable him duly to discharge the office of Principal Librarian.

I shall not hesitate to say, that though Mr. Rogers was quite mistaken in the view he took of my father's malady, yet he acted solely from motives of the sincerest friendship.

For a long time Mr. Rogers's efforts in my father's behalf were ineffectual. The following letter, with which he has kindly favoured me, evinces his own earnestness, and has at the same time made the foregoing remarks (which otherwise I had rather have omitted) necessary by way of explanation. The opening sentence, I believe, has reference to the charge of disrespect towards the government.

MR. ROGERS TO LORD HOLLAND.

Christmas-Day, 1838.

My dear Lord Holland,

The more I reflect upon it the more I am convinced it could not be: for a gentler, meeker spirit does not exist than Cary's. He may write with warmth under a wrong impression—he may turn when he thinks himself trodden upon—but if ever I knew a man, and I have known Cary in all weathers, he cannot be what you say he was thought to be.

His case is a very cruel one. He laboured long in a subordinate place; and, when a vacancy occurred, an under-servant was put over his head. The measure was perhaps a just one—I cannot say it was not; but the reason could not be explained to him, though it was a reason to create an interest in every generous mind, and he gave in his resignation.

Well, there he was—a man of great merit, great learning and genius, and in his old age without bread. Such indeed was his merit, such his learning and genius, such the cruelty of his case, that the trustees of the Museum went out of their way, opposite as most of them were to him in political sentiments, and recommended him as a proper object of bounty to the Government, and yet nothing has been done!

Was the pension-list committee averse to such pensions? Quite otherwise, as I am assured by Lord John Russell.

But he has written a sonnet. What had not Montgomery done, when Sir Robert Peel gave him what he did? If Dryden and Johnson were now alive and pouring forth toryism or bigotry, would not I serve them if I could? Cary has now withdrawn his friendship from me. He thinks I was his enemy in this matter, but that shall not make me less anxious to render him any service in my power, but power I have none.

Yours ever,

S. R.

"He is now slaving for the booksellers."

At length, on the 23rd of August, 1841, my father received the grant of a pension of 200*l.* a year from Lord Melbourne: it was almost the last act of the administration of which that nobleman was the head.

During the years 1840 and 1841 I have only met with three letters which are of sufficient interest for insertion in these volumes: the first is addressed to a fellow-labourer in that field in which the greater part of his own life had been employed; the second is in behalf of an old servant of his father's; the third is in answer to one from Mrs. Dyer, requesting him to write an epitaph to her husband's memory.

TO CHARLES LYELL, ESQ.

10, *Park-street, Westminster, March* 6, 1840.

My dear Sir,

I have to thank you for the favour of an agreeable letter inclosing a copy of one to Mr. Rossetti respecting the bust, of which you were so good as to send me a lithograph.

It gives me pleasure to learn that you continue to amuse yourself with the old Florentine and his contemporaries. I do not remember ever to have seen or heard of any attempt at a translation of Cavalcanti's *Donna mi Prega* in any of the languages you mention. It is very obscure, and I must confess myself not to be among *le persone c'hanno intendimento,* for whom the writer says he designed it. You are no doubt aware that Crescimbeni in his *Storia della Volgar Poesia* gives a list of commentators on it. They are probably the same as those spoken of by Bayle, whom I have not at hand to consult.

You have done me a great service in pointing out to me the two strange omissions I had made in my translation of the Divine Comedy. I cannot account for them otherwise than by supposing the passages were dropped when I was transcribing my manuscript for the press.

I am, dear sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

Park-street, Westminster, March 20, 1841.

My dear Digby,

Both your petitioner Hannah Hales and her late husband were for a long course of years much esteemed by my father and all his family for their simple honesty and good conduct. They were found by my father on the premises at Beveré, where they had been alike regarded by the former inhabitants. I know not whether Thomas Hales was of kin to the judge or him of Eton; but I don't think he would have disgraced either; and from all I have seen or heard of his widow, they need not have been ashamed of her introduction into their families. She is now left destitute, and the more comfortless, I fear, from the cottage in which she has so long lived having passed, together with the house at Beveré, (to which it is an appendage), into the possession of a stranger.

My name should not have appeared where it does, if my son William had not desired me to place it so conspicuously, in hopes, as well as I remember, he said, of attracting your notice. Else I should have taken the "lower room" in the page.

This is a plain tale in prose; but will, I trust, be as effectual in favour of your petitioner's necessity, and in excuse of my presumption, as if I had sent it you in numbers as sweet as Cowper could, and I have no doubt, in the like case, would have clothed

it. At his bidding the Muse came readily, and in her best attire. Not so at mine. Scarce will she deign a visit; and if she does, it is in such a dowdy dress, that I cannot ask any respectable company to meet her.

It is well the influenza has left you nothing to remember it by. Still, I trust you will be more cautious when you come to town this spring, and put yourself under a little course of discipline, which I think you said you had neglected last year, before your journey. I will rely on your apprising Bullock of the time, so that I may have another chance of seeing you together.

I did not escape the last winter without a few rheumatic twinges; but they were not enough to prevent me any day from taking exercise out of doors.

Yours truly,
H. F. CARY.

TO MRS. DYER.

May, 1841.

DEAR MADAM,

According to your wish, I send you a few lines in memory of my respected friend. I am sorry to hear you have been so ill. I intended myself the pleasure of calling on you before now, but have not for some time walked so far from home. I hope you will take the will for the deed; and believe me, dear Madam,

Yours very sincerely,
H. F. CARY.

EPITAPH TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE DYER.

Above the scholar's fame, the poet's bays,
Thus, Dyer, on the tomb, we write thy praise;
A life of truth, a heart from guile as free
In manhood and in age as infancy;
And brotherly affection, unconfined
By partial creeds, and open to mankind.
E'en here did Heaven to recompense thee send
Long life uncensured and a tranquil end.

Later in the same year my father paid me another visit at Iffley, still in the neighbourhood of Oxford. Though his mind was as vigorous as ever, his bodily strength was now evidently failing: he was unable to take the long walks through the fields, which in former years had contributed much to his happiness and his health; he could not even get to Oxford unless driven there. Exercise, however, was indispensable; and as he seemed to take delight in witnessing and aiding in the sports of children, which I have no recollection of his having done in my own boyish days, he now spent an hour or two of every day in playing quoits and bowls with my two sons and myself, and then passed several hours in his own room in reading books which I was able to procure for him from my own college library. During the space of nearly three months that he now spent with me, I remember that among other works he read through the whole of Lucian and of Rabelais; and, as I have noticed his having done before, in the

evening our assembled party was entertained with his account of his morning's reading.

During this visit he wrote the following poem :—

AT IFFLEY.

August 20, 1841.

Fair pile, by Saxon hands uprear'd,
Whom Isis yet admires,
Though late a prouder flood she steer'd
By those majestic spires ;
Once more, as fades the purple day,
Beneath thy skirting elms I stray,
And list the sounds of evening swell,
Of yonder mill the busy roar,
Or frequent plunge of hurried oar,
Or sheepfold's quiet bell.

But, hark along the distant meads,
From Wolsey's reverend tower,
Of deeper voice a chime succeds
To close the solemn hour :
My soul the secret spell obeys,
I wake and live to former days,
Again beneath the sacred dome
Enrapt I pace the cloistered aisles,
And hope again delusive smiles
Upon the bliss to come.

As then with vain ambition fired,
I ope the magic page
By ancient Greece or Rome inspired,
To charm a laggard age ;
As then with unavailing toil,
Unseen I waste the midnight oil,
Yet why with fond regret complain ?
A fruitless labour none employ
Who in the quest enough enjoy
To recompense the pain.

Hence fairy forms to gild the shade,
Aërial music hence,
And nature's self in hues array'd
That mock our proper sense ;
And scorn of every meaner thing
That wealth, or power, or fame can bring ;
Nor decked with earthly gems, a cell,
Where love and friendship's hallow'd name,
And Liberty's undying flame,
And Truth and Justice dwell.

But where are they, the faithful crew,
That wont with converse gay,
Or graver mood, as best they knew,
To smooth the rugged way ?
The most to other climes removed,
Remembered still, and still beloved,
Beyond the reach of Fortune—blest !
Two only left, alas ! to cheer
The few short hours that linger here
Till we, like them, shall rest.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

Park-street, Westminster, November 6, 1841.

My dear Digby,

I am glad to see your handwriting once more, though it is used to pick another hole in the old translation. The truth is, the line you criticise deserved no better, for it is a botch occasioned partly by my inability to express the simplicity of the original without becoming flat, and partly to my using a word in its old and now unaccustomed sense.*

* The line referred to is the first in the 16th canto of the Paradiso,

"O slight respect of man's nobility !"

O poca nostra nobiltà di sangue.

I intended the meaning, which you suppose the passage to bear, to be conveyed by my translation, and that "respect" would imply not "reverence" or "honour," but merely "consideration," as Shakspeare often uses it, for instance—

> There 's the respect,
> That makes calamity of so long life.

I felt at the time it would be obscure; but after much difficulty it was the best I could make of it. The printer, I perceive, has improved on my obscurity by beginning the word with a capital letter. Nothing has yet been done towards printing another edition with the original opposite. I have sometimes wished to be employed in that task. It is many years since the publisher proposed it to me. I doubt whether he would think it worth his while to engage in it now.

I have edited Milton, Thomson, and Young in one volume since Cowper. But that work too is at a stand, together with the trade in our chief manufacturing towns, on which the publisher tells me his sale principally depended. I returned here the beginning of last month, after a sojourn of more than two months with my son Henry, in his pleasant cottage at Iffley. There I had a short relapse of rhyming. For the first time in my life, I believe, I expose the fit specially to your view, in respect of your being partly concerned in the conclusion. As a first fault I trust it will be pardoned. Henry was

busy in printing two volumes of letters at the close of Charles the First's time (several of them from Cromwell), from MSS. in the Bodleian. It is strange they should not have made their appearance before. In a letter received while I am writing this, he says he expects them to be out in a fortnight. He has added short notes of his own. Of what I saw, Sancroft's letters (then a tutor at Cambridge) pleased me most. Francis and his wife accompanied me home, which is not the less pleasant to me for the addition he has made to it.

I am, dear Digby,
Ever truly yours,
H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Park-street, Westminster, February 11, 1842.

MY DEAR DIGBY,

I have not lost a minute in communicating the glad intelligence to my son William; and I am sure he will have as much pleasure in conveying it to Hannah as I have had in receiving it. He has several times written to me anxiously about her. You will therefore have the satisfaction by one act of having obliged many.

In consequence of your former letter I wrote immediately to Bullock; and was glad I did so, as it brought me a very affectionate one from him in return.

What you said of an incorporated society for translators amused me much. Soon after I inquired

of my publishers what had become of the Dante. They told me that the last edition was exhausted, and at first proposed reprinting it with Flaxman's designs. But after some consideration they represented to me that they had been so long in selling the last two editions, that it would be not worth their while to offer me any fixed sum for another. I well know what this means, and that if I agreed to their terms I must give up any further expectation of profit from the work. I have, therefore, thoughts of stereotyping it in a cheap form on my own account, with the addition of some notes. This would tend to secure the copyright to my family, who would otherwise lose it in a few years more in the event of my death. My sons Henry and Francis urge me to this, and offer to do it at their own risk if I will not. So here I am, collecting as well as I can whatever has been said on the subject of Dante and his writings for the last twenty or thirty years. You would wonder at seeing how much it is. The labour consists chiefly in selecting what appears really worth notice.

Can you not contrive matters so as not to be at Coleshill when those spring airs are so prevalent?

I have got through the winter thus far with nothing worse than some sharp twinges of rheumatism. These have now given me a respite, and I am able to walk and drive out as usual.

Believe me, dear Digby,

Ever yours truly,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Park-street, Westminster, June 6, 1842.

My dear Digby,

Many thanks for your kind attention to my last.

If you find the passage in Bishop Hopkins on your return to Offenham, I beg you not only to see whether it is printed "its" or "his," but to give me the page in which it occurs, the exact title of the book, and the year it was published. I have been looking over the "Paradise" this morning for the note on "Form,"* to no purpose. Do you happen to know where it is? I read Plato through last year, but did not make any note of his using μορφή as Dante uses it, though I marked other passages for insertion, in my additional notes.

The "O poca nostra" I cannot manage.

A journey by railroad alone is more than I could undertake; so I must be contented to let your rhododendrons, like Wordsworth's daffodillies (forgive the comparison)

——— flash upon that inward eye
Which is bliss of solitude.

The Pindar is not half sold, and about 500 copies of the "Birds" that remained, went lately among the trade for sixpence a piece. Judge whether new editions are wanted.

Yours affectionately,
H. F. Cary.

* "Form," canto xxix.—*Note by Mr. Digby.*

TO THE SAME.

London, June 20, 1842.

My dear Digby,

In the uncertainty you express about Bullock, I hasten to send you this letter from him, received yesterday. I have great hopes, though not unmixed with fears, that the operation he speaks of may rid him of his most painful and dangerous malady.

Thank you again for the trouble you have taken about Dante and his unworthy traducer.

I have lately met with a sentence in my favourite Henry More, which, I think, carries the Platonic sense of "Form" as high as it can be taken. "A man, though he have one form already, viz., the *natural soul*, it hinders not but he may have another, the *quickening Spirit of God.*" O thou, falsely termed a Latitudinarian by those who know thee not, better mightst thou be named Profunditarian!

Yours affectionately,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Iffley, July 22, 1842.

My dear Digby,

Having left your last letter in town, I must obey, as well as I can, your kind desire for a speedy answer.

The passage I quoted of Henry More's was from an 8vo vol. of "Discourses," or sermons, printed after his death. If you are a collector of his works,

you probably have them. I cannot tell you how pleased I am that he is a favourite with you.

The first proof sheet of Dante is not yet come, though I sent one volume to the printer about six weeks ago. He is founding a new set of types for it. I fear they will be so small as to require your thorn-extractor.* But it is very desirable, on many accounts, that the book should be made as low-priced as possible. The former edition was reprinted in America. In that now forthcoming they will not be able to undersell me. I look on this as the best means of preventing what is commonly called piracy, but, as matters stand, is surely no more than a fair competition between the two countries. I have, too, a fellow-feeling with those among my own countrymen who cannot allow themselves dear books.

I had a few lines in pencil lately from Bullock. He describes himself as gaining strength, but that slowly. His recovery may, I think, be attributed partly to his fortitude of character and equanimity. I join with you in the wish that it may be permitted us to meet again. I am come here to enjoy the fresh air at my son Henry's pleasant cottage, and to see whether I am as good a match for him and his boys at a game of quoits as I was this time last year. To say the truth, I have more hopes of succeeding in my rivalry with the Americans.

* Alluding to the Bishop of Winchester's notion that Blindness was "the thorn in the flesh" of St. Paul, a spectacle the thorn extractor.—*Note by Mr. Digby.*

If you vouchsafe to write soon, direct to me at Henry's lodgings, No. 3, St. John Street, Oxford.

Believe me yours affectionately,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Iffley, September 10, 1842.

MY DEAR DIGBY,

Though I have indulged too much that propensity, with which you sometimes charge me, to hold my tongue when I ought to speak, which I take it is the same thing as not writing when I ought to write, do not, therefore, conclude that I neglected your commission to inquire after a copy of More's Discourses. I did not go into Oxford for some days after I heard from you, but sent a messenger to Parker's, and found he had not the book. Indeed, I did not expect that he would, as I have been searching all the booksellers' catalogues I could lay my hands on, for it, in vain. My son Henry had the luck to pick up a copy. I have made much use of it, though I had before read the book at the British Museum.

I have seen, by the public papers, that you have lately lost a very near relative. The difference of your pursuits through life must have prevented any frequent intercourse, and may thus, I trust, have made you feel the loss less than you would otherwise have done. My son William, with his wife and eldest boy, have joined our party here. He gratified me by the good account he gives of Hannah Hales,

your pensioner, in the alms-house at Worcester. I am glad to hear that your bounty has not been thrown away upon her, and that she enjoys what to her is riches.

Believe me affectionately yours,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

6, *Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, November* 25, 1842.

MY DEAR DIGBY,

I have not heard from you since I wrote to you three months ago from Iffley. This shall not deter me from writing again to tell you of the change that has been made in my town residence. I am now a lodger in a house taken by Francis, for the purpose of carrying on a School of Art, that has been long established in it. Nothing could suit me better in the way of apartments, and I am perfectly satisfied with my landlord and landlady. I returned to town on Monday, after an abode of four months on the banks of the Isis, which I was not sorry to leave to the winter floods.

A letter from Bullock, dated the 20th from Brighton, gives me, on the whole, a very good account of him. When you have a few minutes leisure, I should like to have the same from you.

Yours affectionately,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

6, *Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, January* 19, 1843.

My dear Digby,

My son William tells me you have been kindly inquiring what progress I make with Dante. Very little indeed. I sent the first volume to the printer's more than half a year ago, under a promise that he would begin on it in six weeks, and it is only a few days since I got the first sheet from him. It does not, however, I fear much concern you when it is finished, as the print is too small for you to see what alterations or additions I have made.

I have just been tempted to renew my acquaintance with his successor Petrarch; William Price, (whom you remember under the name of the Doctor), having brought from Paris Biagioli's edition. B. is an Italian commentator of much repute, on both his great compatriots. But his rage at one of the former annotators is such as to produce, on the whole, the effect of a dog barking at an ass, who brays while a nightingale is singing. And how truly a nightingale is Petrarch: little but the music—yet that music so full of feeling and so divine, that one wants nothing more.

We are comfortably settled here; and Francis very diligent in his new occupation. His brother James, a schoolmaster too, is a candidate, together with forty-two others, for a school at Marlborough for the education of clergymen's sons.

I had read in the newspapers of the family losses you mention, but did not know how much reason you had for regretting one of them.

Believe me truly and affectionately yours,

H. F. Cary.

In the summer of this year, my father showed the first symptoms of declining health. He had been always disposed to disregard his own complaints, and could hardly be persuaded to take medical advice. Therefore, as he complained of weakness in the legs, and mentioned that they were affected with a slight purple eruption, my brother Francis, with whom he resided, and I, were forced to have recourse to a harmless stratagem to induce him to take advice, or rather have it thrust upon him. We accordingly stated the circumstances to our friend and adviser, Mr. Skey, who by agreement called as on one of us, and then by leading the conversation to the state of my father's health, induced him to make known his own ailments. Mr. Skey pronounced the complaint to be *Purpura Senilis*, indicating a breaking up of the constitution, and advised, in addition to other remedies, an immediate removal to the sea-side. On the following day, therefore, he set out with his two sons Francis and Richard, for Herne Bay, "a place," as the former of the two writes me word, "he had long wished to see; he was however disappointed with it; though his health had improved, he remained only a fort-

night there, and then drove on to Sandgate. How well he was pleased with this beautiful spot, the letters written from thence, and the two little poems composed there will prove. Here he spent nearly all day strolling on the beach, or in long walks and drives into the surrounding country; the Roman Camp, the beautiful road below the cliff, to Folkstone, and Limne Castle, and the magnificent ruins of Saltwood Castle, the habitation of Thomas à Becket, were visited repeatedly with fresh pleasure. After spending two months here, his health was apparently restored, and he could walk six miles without fatigue."

TO THE REV. JAMES BULLOCK.

Sandgate, August 17, 1843.

My dear Bullock,

I am here in search of health, or rather of respite from pain. Soon after I last saw you in town, the difficulty in walking and pain in my legs, attended with eruption, became so great that I was coaxed by Mr. Skey, Richard's good surgeon, to show him the part affected. He found my complaint to be what he called *Porpyra Senilis*, and not erysipelas as I had supposed it; and recommended more generous diet, Tunbridge waters, or steel medicine, and sea air. But remembering

——— the perils that environ
The man who meddles with cold iron,

I omitted that part of his prescription, and hastened

to father Ocean, who has received me very paternally, the eruption having disappeared, and the pain being removed, though I still walk with much difficulty, and shall probably continue to do so, as long as I can move. I was first for a fortnight at Herne Bay, of which, as I cannot say much good, I will say nothing. Not so of Sandgate, one of the pleasantest places I have been at. The sea is almost always up nearly to our chamber windows. A high green bank, partly clothed with trees, protects us in front from the north, and a hill between this and Folkstone, from the east. Add to this, that the drives along the shore and up among the hills are delightful. All that is wanting is a little sand to expatiate on. The communication with London is made expeditious by the railroad lately opened to Folkstone, so that Francis is enabled to visit us weekly without inconvenience. Richard is much better, but still under Skey's hands, as is my son Henry also.

In reply to all this list of grievances, it will be some consolation to me to hear that you are enjoying health and comfort at Hambledon.

With kind remembrances to Mrs. Bullock,

Believe me, dear Bullock, yours affectionately,

H. F. CARY.

TO CHARLES LYELL, ESQ.

Sandgate, August 29, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,

You may have thought me ungrateful in not acknowledging sooner the honour, which I under-

stand you have done me in your new edition of the lyrical poems of Dante. The truth is, that I have but just heard of it; and that the book itself has not yet reached me, having been sent to a wrong number in Park Street, where it has been lying probably for many months. It has been at last fortunately recovered, and I hope to receive it in a few days, when I promise myself much pleasure in renewing my acquaintance with the original and your faithful translation.

Believe me, dear sir, with much esteem,

Your sincerely obliged,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Sandgate, September 5, 1843.

My dear Sir,

Be assured that the public mark of approbation you have been pleased to honour me with is highly gratifying to me. I have now received your book, and have read all you have prefixed to your version of the lyrical poems, and scarcely need say that I concur in the view you have taken of Dante's religious principles. It may be more particularly useful at this time, when a leaning to some of the errors of the Church of Rome is but too apparent. In saying this, I do not mean to reflect on the motives and intentions of any. When a mind like Dante's, so vigorous and so impatient of any authority except that of truth, continued in some points still so

enthraled, can we wonder that others should fall under the same delusions, even after all the efforts that have been made to undeceive them?

The second copy of your work is very acceptable for the purpose you mention.

I am, my dear Sir,
Ever sincerely yours,
H. F. CARY.

TO THE REV. JAMES BULLOCK.

Sandgate, September 25, 1843.

MY DEAR BULLOCK,

Both your letters reached me. I have stayed at this place longer than I purposed. It has agreed well with my health and spirits, not that either is so good as to make me regardless of the memento you speak of. The "threescore years and ten" would, or at least ought, to be enough for that. The pain of my late ailment was trifling in comparison of that I have before suffered. I can easily believe what your medical prosodist tells you, that it is one younger persons may be subject to, for Skey explained to me that it proceeded from want of due action in the heart, to which I conclude we may be liable at almost any age, though it is more likely to occur in advanced life.

Mrs. Birch called lately at my abode in London to consult me, as you say, not about doctrine, but L. S. D. I am afraid I should have been as bad an adviser in one case as in the other. Francis was at

home and gave her better information than I could have done. He and his wife left me yesterday for their own home. The latter has been with me almost the whole time of my being at the sea-side. Richard is therefore now my only companion, and he is very quiet and sufficiently attentive to my wants, so I do not desire a better. When we go back he must be again in the surgeon's hands; for the abscess in his arm has not yet healed. Meantime sea-air and bathing may, I hope, prepare him for this operation, as his general health is improving.

Dante is nearly in port, but an adverse wind from the printer may still keep us sometime from entering it. I doubt there is not much chance of my seeing you at Hambledon this year. Is there any of my having that pleasure in London? I am glad you spoke of my goings-on to Digby. I fancy he does not much like letter-writing, or I might have done so myself. Besides, I never know where he is to be found. With kind regards to Mrs. Bullock, believe me, dear Bullock,

Yours very affectionately,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

Sandgate, October 9, 1843.

My dear Digby,

Pens, ink, and paper are almost exhausted; but as on my return to town this week, though I may have plenty of all these, yet time will not be so

abundant, I will even bestow the remnant of them in replying to your last kind letter.

The word you could not decipher (was it the only one?) in Bullock's last, was probably *Porphyra*. I have not made it plain now, so I will try it in Greek, Πορφύρα, *Angl., purple,* and to agree with Νοσός understood; it indicates the appearance of the complaint, which is an eruption of that colour, as Senilis, added to it, does the time of life in which it is most commonly found,—the autumn, or, more properly speaking, the winter of our days. Skey the surgeon, explained to me that it is occasioned by want of due action in the heart, which does not propel the blood with sufficient force to make it return again into the circulation, and the consequence is that certain particles of it remain on the surface of the skin. This was attended with chilliness and a good deal of pain. He recommended me to take the Tunbridge waters or steel medicine, and then to go to the sea-side. I passed by the former part of his prescription, and trusted to the

Βαθυρείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο,

which proved quite sufficient, for a few days saw an end of these symptoms and restored my appetite, and in some degree my power of walking, both which had nearly failed me. Here is a longer comment, I fear, than you bargained for; yet I must add, as a corollary, that I have not only been eased at present of my suffering, but have enjoyed great

pleasure from my abode of two months at this place.

Bullock's recovery is indeed a wonderful one; and must be the subject of delight and gratitude to all his friends.

From your account of yourself, you have, I think, good reason on the whole to be satisfied. The inconvenience you speak of in your voice, will probably be compensated to your audience, by the authority and affection, which length of years, particularly in our profession, usually brings with it.

It has not been my lot to merit much of either, yet I am willing to persuade myself that I have not been a mere ἄχος ἀρούρης. I hear you say, will this fellow never have done with his Greek quotations? The pedant!

To descend, then, to the Italian. Dante, as you suppose, is high up in the Paradiso. Another sheet will complete my labour in revising the text. But there is the index to come, which will give me some more trouble. If I live to see the end on't, you shall hear from me again. I am pleased to hear that you approve of what my son has done in editing Cave. The task you would set him is, I doubt, utterly impracticable with his other numerous avocations. It would not be an easy one, if he had no others. Believe me ever truly yours,

H. F. CARY.

ON A VIEW OF FOLKSTONE CLIFFS.

Newdigate, October 4, 1843.

Say hoary Cliffs, when first ye saw
The Roman standard wave,
Shrunk ye, abash'd in mullen awe,
To feel your isle a slave?
Or onward passed the prescient gaze
Through vista of long brightening days,
When, from your heights, in turn, should flow
The flag, that owns no rival power below?

No Fortune ranges.—Kingdoms rise
And vanish, like the light
That bursting from the northern skies
Sinks into deeper night;
But mighty Nature, still the same,
Holds on untired her steadfast frame,
And smiles to see her creature, man,
With airy pride his novel wonders plan.

Those barks, which, vassals of the wind,
A doubtful voyage held,
Leave now the flagging gales behind,
By native force propell'd;
Yon chariots, for uncertain speed,
Indebted late to panting steed,
Through rock, o'er flood, by steepy verge,
Self moved alike, their fleeting journey urge.

To earth or sea, confined no more,
Perhaps some destined day
May mark the bold adventurer soar,
Nor line his purposed way:
And what for fiction quaint we hold,
Reveal'd in tale of poets old,
Shall be, when hourly seen, believed,
And fable be for prophecy received.

O nobler empire, yet, than these!
Ah, when shall man assert,—
And learn, not less than land and seas,
To rule his subject heart?
Then nearest to the heaven indeed
May he with fearless course proceed,
Tracing, in meek submissive love,
The pathway mark'd by Wisdom from above.

SANDGATE.

October 11, 1843.

'Tis sweet, upon this couch reclined,
To hear the bellowing sea and wind,
And see the waves their foamy snow
Above the garden paling throw;
Howe'er they roar, howe'er they foam,
They cannot harm this peaceful home:
The little flowers securely smile,
And blend their 'customed scents the while;
Carnation pied and periwinkle,
With many buds of golden twinkle,
Geranium, "pansy freak'd with jet,"
And the bee-haunted mignonette.

But chief of all this shore the boast,
Like myrtles on Italian coast,
The bushy tamarisk is seen
With blossoms pink and tresses green,
Shadowing each rock or grassy ledge
That skirts the water's murmuring edge.

Here could I wish, so fate allow'd,
No longer toiling through the crowd,
Mine age in calm content to waste,
And mix, with ocean's breath, my last.

In the month of October, as his son Richard's health required surgical treatment, he was induced to return to town. The following letters will serve to show that his mind still retained its usual vigour.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

6, *Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, February* 7, 1844.

MY DEAR DIGBY,

Bullock forwarded to me a few lines you wrote to him some time ago. You were so good as to inquire after me, and he desired me to answer for myself, which I now do. I am, then, much as usual; or rather, better to-day, from being just about to go to my printer with the last sheet of Dante corrected. When he will let me have the whole, is still doubtful. An American house has proposed to my bookseller taking 250 copies of the dearer edition; so Jonathan and I are still friends.

Yours ever truly,

H. F. CARY.

TO W. PARSONS, ESQ., BOSTON, U. S. A.

February 26, 1844.

SIR,

Many thanks from an old brother translator for your kind consideration in sending him your version of the first ten cantos of the Inferno. I received it only a day or two since, and have read it twice with much pleasure. It appears to me to possess, in a remarkable degree, the fluency, vivacity, and harmony of original composition. This, unavoidably, is effected at the expense of some departure from Dante's grave and sedate character, though his general meaning is faithfully given. The form of rhymes

you have adopted is probably the best our language can afford for the purpose: the *terza rima* would often be found totally unmanageable.

If you persevere in your intention of going on with the remainder of the Divina Commedia, there is great hope of your producing a work that will please a numerous class of readers; and you will render a good service to the cause of our common literature. I remain, sir,

Your very faithful humble servant.

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

6, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, March 6, 1844.

My dear Digby,

You have given me the first *certain* intelligence of the two column edition of Dante being published. I had seen it advertised last Saturday, but knowing the odd ways of booksellers, did not feel sure it was out. I don't know when the other will follow, the printer having still several sheets of it on hand. I do not recollect having made any alteration (except of one word) in the translation, besides those mentioned in the notes. But other insignificant ones may have been made, and I have forgotten them. There has been no return of the purple complaint. In other respects, I perceive little difference. But the γνῶθι σεαυτόν is as hard a rule to observe in body as in mind. It gave me much pleasure to find our friend Bullock quite recruited. He dined here last

Saturday. We regretted your having given up your annual visits to town.

Yours, ever sincerely,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

6, *Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, April* 10, 1844.

MY DEAR DIGBY,

In your progress through the Zodiac, you enter this day on the Constellation of Coleshill; and I address you accordingly.

No news in these regions of the two or one column edition. The former was disposed of in the first fortnight. It was of that I gave Bullock a copy. The other is, I believe, not yet out of the printer's hands; though I have done all I could to urge him.

The quotation you gave me sometime ago from Sir Kenelm Digby, relating to the word *Form*, I thought very applicable, but that I have taken from More, still more so. I have, from time to time, looked in many booksellers' catalogues for a copy of his *Discourses* for you, but in vain. I will continue this search. The printer's mistake of *mortal* for *moral** probably arose as you suggest.

Believe me, affectionately yours,

H. F. CARY.

* Pope's Epitaph on Digby.

TO CHARLES LYELL, ESQ.

6, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, May 1, 1844.

My dear Sir,

In reading your Essay on the Anti-papal Spirit of Dante, I did not observe that you had said any thing that it was unnecessary to say, or that you had omitted anything which could reasonably have been expected. You would, therefore, be imposing on yourself a needless task, if you were to sit down with the intention of revising and re-producing that work. Such, at least, is my opinion. Should you, however, have leisure and inclination to prepare for the press, the version you formerly mentioned having made of the Vita Nuova and the Convito, the service thus rendered to our literature, and particularly as regards the admirers of Dante, might be considerable. The style of such a work ought, according to my notions, to be formed as nearly as possible on the best prose writers of the Elizabethan age, such as Sidney and Hooker. Pardon the liberty I take in offering this suggestion, which is prompted by the wish to make our favourite author better known.

I am flattered by what you say of having all the editions of my translation. The last will, I fear, disappoint you, as far, at least, as the type is concerned, if it does not in other respects. But I found that the only chance of making the book circulate widely, was to make it very cheap.

With many of the bodily infirmities of age, I find

my inclination for literary pursuits undiminished. I am much mistaken if you do not know the full value of this blessing; and that you may long be in possession of it, is the sincere wish of, dear sir,

Your faithful servant,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

6, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, May 15, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for your kind present of Rossetti's *Mistero dell 'Amor Platonico*. From what I have had time to read of it, he appears to me, as usual, argumentative and eloquent, but apt to be carried away into extravagances by an over lively imagination. I have never seen the criticism in the Review you speak of, nor have any wish to see it. If the production of him to whom it is attributed, Rossetti need not care much about it.

I can thoroughly enter into the force of your objections to the task I ventured to suggest to you of translating the Vita Nuova and Convito into the English of the Elizabethan age.

You speak of distinguishing Dante's Lyrics according to the division made of them by Fraticelli. Now let me freely own to you, that after having read all he has written on the subject, I am not inclined to place any reliance on the judgment of that critic. One of his remarks in particular betrays such a total want of feeling for a chief excellence of his author, that, as far as taste is concerned, his opinion as to the

authenticity of any one poem weighs very little with me. It is this:—" Un accurato moderno editore dovrà scegliere fra le varie posposizioni di parole, che si rinvengono nelle varianti, quelle che rendono più armonico il ritmo; ed invece di stampare,

'Con tre gole caninamente latra lezione,'

per la quale il verso viene ad essere privo di suono (perciocchè la parola *gole* non può leggersi coll' accento, *golè*), dovra preferir l'altra,

'Caninamente con tre gole latra.' "

—*Opere Minori di Dante*, Pte I. p. cclii.

Ugo Foscolo justly observes on this reading, " La misura é piu regolare ma il suono non rende l'immagine."

An ignorant and tasteless editor might indeed prefer the reading that made the verse most regular, though least adapted to the purpose of the poet. How many are the instances in which Dante departs from regularity or, more properly speaking, uniformity of metre, in order to produce an effect; and if to all these we were to apply Fraticelli's *canon*, what havoc might it make!

I am well pleased that my last little edition has found so much favour in your sight.

Such powers of application as I still retain are now employed in compiling notes for a translation of Pindar I published some years ago, and in correcting the translation itself.

Believe me, dear sir, your sincerely obliged servant,

H. F. Cary.

To the foregoing letters, I know of nothing that I could add to throw any light on this, the closing period, of my father's uneventful life. He had now completed the last revision of his translation of Dante. Pindar held the second place in his affections. His version of that author, printed upwards of ten years back, had gone forth without note or preface, and was consequently unintelligible to the unlearned reader. He now resolved on adding explanatory notes: but it was evident that he had little expectation of living long enough to finish his task. On every occasion that I spent a day with him in town, during the last several months of his life, he seemed anxious to impress me fully with his plan, and carefully marked every passage in which a note should be written, intimating at the same time, that he expected me to complete what he must leave undone.

I could not, at the time, do otherwise than take these as sad, but sure forebodings of approaching dissolution. His mental faculties were, indeed, still unimpaired; but he was, doubtless, well aware that his bodily strength was giving way. "In the month of June," as my brother Francis, his constant attendant, informs me, "he took lodgings at West End, Hampstead, and afterwards at Willesden, from whence he drove into town every day, spending his mornings in London, and the evenings in the country; this appeared to agree well with him, and he very much enjoyed the walks about the fields and

lanes till about a fortnight before his death. Towards the end of July many little things happened to make us uneasy about him; he complained to William Price that his morning's occupation, which was at that time to prepare notes for a new edition of his translation of Pindar, disturbed his night's rest. William prescribed for him, and recommended his seeing somebody else, if he did not get better after he left town. My father mentioned, only a few days before his death, his having had a sensation of suffocation, accompanied with violent palpitations at various times during the last twelve months, from which he felt he could not recover, but which had left him as suddenly as they came. Still, till the last few days, he continued to drive to Willesden; he then yielded to my wish that he should have medical advice, and, accordingly, consulted Skey, whose remedies relieved him for the time, and only the day before his death his general sprightliness and good humour returned. The next morning he was so ill that I went the first thing for Skey, in whose arms he died before ten o'clock."

This happened on the 14th of August, 1844. His character I feel myself incompetent to draw; it is, however, plainly written in his own letters.

His remains were laid beside those of Samuel Johnson, in Westminster Abbey, to which I would apply the words of his own favourite poet.

Μηκέτι Πάτταινε Πόρσιον.

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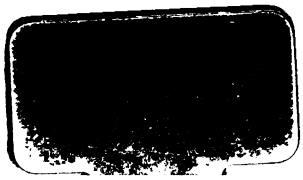
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